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STATE OF CALIFORNIA

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 434.—JANUARY, 1913.

Art. 1.—SOME NEW VERSIONS OF LEOPARDI.

1. *I Canti di Giacomo Leopardi*. Commentati da Alfredo Stracali. Firenze: Sansoni, 1895.
2. *The Poems of Leopardi*. Edited with introductions and notes by Francis Brooks. Manchester: University Press, 1909.
3. *Vita di Giacomo Leopardi*. Narrata da Giuseppe Chiarini. Firenze: Barbéra, 1905.
4. *Poesia e Storia di Giosuè Carducci*. Bologna: Zanichelli, 1905.
5. *A History of Italian Literature*. By Richard Garnett. London: Heinemann, 1898.

WHAT is Leopardi's true place in literature? That assigned to him by his countrymen is very high, higher than they would concede to any other Italian poet born since the close of the sixteenth century. As for his European reputation, Dr Garnett, in one of the most brilliant pages in his 'History of Italian Literature,' declares that within certain limits the author of the 'Canti' 'has approached absolute perfection more closely not only than any other Italian, but than any other modern writer.' He then goes on to say:

'He (Leopardi) is one of that small and remarkable class of men who have arisen here and there in recent Europe to reproduce each some peculiar aspect of the ancient Greek genius. As Shelley is a Greek by his pantheism, Keats by his feeling for nature, Platen by the architectonic of his verse, so is Leopardi by his impeccability. All the best Greek productions, whether of poetic or plastic art, have this character of inevitableness; they can be neither better nor other than they are. . . . So wrote the Greeks; and the recovery of an appar-

ently lost type makes amends for the monotony of Leopardi's dismal message to mankind and the extreme limitation of his range of thought' (pp. 359, 360).

So enthusiastic a verdict from this excellent critic and historiographer is sufficient proof of the exceptional qualities, even among men of genius, which Leopardi possessed—qualities that at any time would justify a fresh examination of his life and work and his claim to literary eminence. Unfortunately, for reasons easily understood, his reputation in this country is not so great as on the Continent, and certainly less than he deserves. Of these reasons the principal appears to be a prevailing impression that help and encouragement are unlikely to be derived from so decided a pessimist. This we believe to be an error, yet one that can only be dispelled by reference to the 'Canti'; and it is with a view to facilitate the study of the best and most striking of these remarkable productions that the following notes and translations have been prepared.

This, it will be seen, brings us to the other great cause of British neglect—the inadequacy of the existing translations of the poet into our tongue. Italian is not a difficult language to acquire so far as ordinary prose, or even narrative verse, is concerned; but the idiomatic forms on which a subjective poet relies for compression and other effects offer serious obstacles to the student. A good translation is therefore indispensable; yet this evident want has not hitherto been met. Of course we are aware that an almost complete translation of the odes, by Mr J. M. Morrison, was published about ten years ago; but this work, though conscientious and painstaking, preserves little beyond the literal meaning of the original. Sir Theodore Martin, shortly before the close of a long and active literary life, issued a translation of some of the odes which certainly contains many good lines, but is very unequal, occasionally lapses into prose, and entirely omits the 'Risorgimento,' in spite of its importance as the pole on which this poetic galaxy revolves. There is also Mr F. H. Cliffe's more recent version, which repays perusal, and may be consulted by those desiring to have the entire work before them; but it does not reproduce the higher qualities of the original verse. All these able writers have been animated by love of their author and

admiration for his work, but their performances do not close the field to fresh endeavour, nor can it be said that any single ode has hitherto been translated in a manner which even by courtesy can be described as adequate.

In truth the difficulty of such a task is very great, the precise thought of our author being so often apparently inseparable from the words chosen to express it. But this is a difficulty which every attempt to translate fine poetry has to meet. An English dress, as the phrase goes, is hardly what the occasion requires, but rather, by some development of metempsychosis, a living English body in which the unquiet spirit of the Odes can feel at home, if not at peace. To translate Leopardi the writer must have been subjected, at any rate for a season, to Leopardic environment—steeped in the bitter waters that gave such mordant energy to his line. No poet has ever suffered more from the attentions, however well intended, of those who have undertaken to interpret him; and this applies to French as well as English interpretation.* The simple diction and animated style, the almost cheerful tone and singing quality of the verse that brings such sad tidings, vanish in most metrical renderings; but the prose translations published abroad have considerable value, and their example might well be followed here.

Having thus shown the propriety of making a fresh attempt to bring the true Leopardi before English readers, we may briefly state the reasons for selecting the poems written between the spring of 1828 and the early summer of 1830 with this object. These poems form the smallest body of verse that will give an idea, sufficient for our purpose, of the author's genius; they have a certain unity and continuity; and they belong to the years immediately following the writer's recovery after a period of great depression and mental effacement, of which we shall shortly speak. They are also, with one

* 'Un homme né débile et pauvre de richesse,
Pour peu que dans le cœur il ait quelque noblesse,
Ne se donne jamais pour opulent et fort.
Dans le monde il n'a point l'insigne ridicule
De jouer au Crésus, de poser en Hércule.'

(*'La Ginestra,'* 87-93.)

The above, by M. Lacausade, is a fair example of French translation in verse. In the passage translated Leopardi says nothing about Croesus and Hercules.

slight omission, the entire poetical fruit of these years, exhibit most of their writer's idiosyncrasies, and are highly charged with personal interest associated with his early life, his first affections, and his birthplace—the hills and cedar groves of Recanati, surrounding that semi-cloistral retreat where the young student, poet and philosopher grew to manhood and slowly discovered that, with one of the weakest and sickliest bodies, he possessed probably the most powerful mind in Italy. It is this 'Power girt round with weakness'—physical, not mental or moral weakness as with Shelley, Cowper and others—whom we would introduce to a wider circle than can study him with any pleasure in his own tongue; and the short series we have selected—standing midway in point of time between the 'Ode to Italy,' which at the age of nineteen established his fame, and the 'Ginestra,' apparently heralding at the close of his life a new departure, had time permitted—seems well adapted to that end. The last on our list is also thought by many, though we do not quite share this opinion, to be the author's masterpiece, and is unquestionably the most brilliant of the Odes.

Of Leopardi's literary environment and the great names, such as Niebuhr and Bunsen, that appear even in his youthful correspondence, attesting the consideration very early entertained for him by these leaders of European thought, we can say nothing at present, nor do we propose to discuss his philological, philosophical or epistolary labours; but a word may be added touching his English contemporaries and competitors. In 1822, when, shortly after his twenty-fourth birthday, his father, Monaldo, first allowed him to quit Recanati, he visited Rome, where Keats had died a year and a half previously; but it does not appear that the author of the two odes that challenge Leopardi's superiority on his own ground had ever held communication with him. Nor does he appear to have met Byron or Shelley. The ten years by which he was Byron's junior, combined with the comparative lateness of his best work and his essentially modern view of things, bring him more nearly into line with Victorian than with Georgian writers; that is, of course, with those of advanced tendencies such as Ruskin and Morris, for there is nothing of

middle-class optimism about this 'spirit that denies the excellence of sublunar conventions and superlunar direction, and, like Mill in his celebrated essay, denounces Nature as the great criminal. With regard to our leading poets of the later Georgian period, all in some measure affected by the relaxing influences of that day, the contrast between them and Leopardi is very considerable; and what first strikes us, in the slight and cursory comparison our space permits, is the impeccability (corresponding to that mentioned by Dr Garnett in another connexion) observable in the tone, conduct and manners of this scion of a noble house on the eastern seaboard of the old Papal States. In all he says or does we perceive an almost puritanic forbearance from coarse ideas, and an ever-present sense of due restraint, probably allied to the asceticism which had part in his nature, but never prevented the eager longing for refined enjoyment that pervades and animates his poetry. In spite of his Latin blood he appears more Athenian than Roman,* yet far removed from the orgiastic Hellenism of the Byron group.† Beauty he worshipped, and Love, whereof he professes himself the life-long votary, but not with the Mænad-like devotion to these sovereign influences that impelled Shelley to sacrifice wife and friend in wild pursuit of an ideal. Further comparison, however, is difficult, owing to the far wider activity of these spoilt children of the Muse.

To go back to a somewhat earlier epoch, the limited output and high finish of Gray's classic and elegiac verse and Cowper's tender sensibility suggest points of resemblance; but there is little of the inspired seer, who brings welcome or unwelcome truths from the 'great deep of being,'‡ in these sweet singers; yet both are distinguished by similar propriety in thought and language.

* He had a truly Athenian desire to set up an 'altar to Pity' in Western Europe. It is strange how close these Attic conceptions come to Christianity.

† If we go more into detail, Byron's epic, dramatic, and satiric powers hardly enter into the field of comparison, and in other matters he would appear at a disadvantage. His 'Isles of Greece' seems to us better than the 'Ode to Italy,' but the latter was written at nineteen, and 'The Dream' is hardly equal to 'Memories.' Leopardi's sorrow is also more genuine than Byron's.

‡ 'Lo gran mar dell' essere.'—Dante.

Returning to the early years of the last century and applying the same superficial examination to Wordsworth, who shared with the unwilling recluse at Recanati his delight in landscape and his affection for the children of the soil, we feel at once how great is the advantage this proper sense of restraint gives to the least diffuse of poets over one who is most so. In the realm also of lesser ethics, the undeniable self-sufficiency and occasional want of consideration for others shown by Wordsworth, and his extraordinary complacency, compare poorly with the perfect breeding and 'divine discontent' of one who cared nothing for worldly wealth or state and everything for his art.

These are considerations that lead us to ask how far the quality of an artist's production may be affected by the ethical atmosphere in which he works; and certainly in the present case much of Leopardi's distinction of manner may have sprung from his avoidance of anything that could exercise a lowering influence on his intellect and nature. Doubtless this was a necessary concomitant—we remember how jealously the author of 'Paradise Lost,' who so well understood the virtue of condensation in verse, guarded the purity of his singing robes; but the faultlessness referred to seems rather, or also, to derive from an inbred *gentilezza* which may have come to Leopardi from a lineage connecting him with the Crusades, and is apparent in all he does. On the other hand, more must not be claimed than is really deserved. The narrowness of the limits within which Leopardi excels should always be borne in mind; and, if less subject to worldly solicitations than the great men we have named, he may have been less in sympathy with the bulk of mankind. Looking round for comparisons that may further enlighten us, it is, we think, in the deep sad thought of Dante that equal depth and pathos should be sought; and only in the matchless prosody of Milton that a finer ear for melody and surer mastery over numbers may possibly be discovered. We have not here to deal with a Jove-like creative force such as that wielded by Goethe, but rather with a co-ordinate influence that may perhaps be likened to that of the Parcae. It is the sense of doom, of weight and authority in all he says, and his intelligence of the

underlying principles in human life, that make Leopardi's work so impressive.

But it is time to turn to the poems, and in the first place to the 'Risorgimento.' We hear it often said that some man of marked originality or genius came into the world charged with a message, whether of joy or sorrow, of warning or encouragement, to his fellow-men, received presumably from what conventionally we refer to as Nature. Among these cases it occasionally happens that Nature's ordinary channels or media of communication, such as the popular preacher, politician, novelist or essayist, seem hardly suited to her purpose; she then makes a poet. But the process whereby a true poet is made has often proved extremely painful, so much so that few would claim the honour, were choice permitted, at the cost of suffering so unusual; and, in effect, much of the best work of those elect to the office has been produced under a burning sense of resentment at the unhappiness of their lot. This was eminently the case with Leopardi, whose finest poems relate almost exclusively to his personal experience and include much bitter denunciation of Nature and Fate, 'il brutto poter che, ascoso, a comun danno impera.' Essentially a cry of distress, this lyrical work has the high and rare merit of absolute sincerity unaffected by literary pose; and, as we read, we feel that he speaks for large classes who from ill-health or adverse fortune have, like himself, been deprived of the ordinary solaces to human existence—scapegoats condemned to suffer in silence and bear the woes, if not the sins, of their more favoured fellow mortals. From the point of view of such an unfortunate, as represented in Leopardi's odes, Nature appears wholly indifferent to his distress, if not actually the cause of it. He therefore proclaims her the enemy, and advises union among men to oppose her—a kind of Socialism, as Carducci observes, far removed from the merely negative philosophy which is sometimes laid to his charge, and has militated against a better knowledge of his work in England. Like Keats, whose Hellenism he shared, but with the added discernment of a profound scholar, Leopardi was perhaps only half in love with death, and bravely endured the worst his supposed enemy had to inflict.

Leopardi's metrical compositions, being thus inex-

trically bound up with the course of that 'long disease his life,' constitute in effect a kind of autobiography in verse, which however requires a commentary. The circumstances attending their production may well be recalled. As to the 'Risorgimento,' interesting and attractive as it is, Straccali seems to be justified in observing that it must be considered 'one of the least beautiful among Leopardi's odes'; and for this the metrical form here employed, for the first and last time, may be held responsible. Biographically, however, it is one of the most important. In it are described the successive stages in an abnormal mental condition which began in the twenty-second and continued until the thirtieth year of the poet's life (1819-28). It is a prelude to the later and more elevated flights, to which in tone and expression it stands in marked contrast, while throwing needful light on the origin and tendency of the finer work; for all this later production proceeds naturally, almost logically, from the state of mind analysed in the poem. This mental disturbance resembles in many particulars the well-known crisis in John Stuart Mill's life. In both instances (which rather curiously happen to synchronise) the malady was partly caused by over-study; and if Mill's attack, which was certainly shorter, appears from the account he gives to have been less severe, allowance must be made for the time which elapsed before he set down his impressions, while Leopardi's ode followed hard upon the events to which it refers.

In 'Il Risorgimento' Leopardi commemorates his release from this oppression of spirit and paralysis of poetical power, which he divides into two periods or phases. The first lasted about three years. It was occasionally relieved by pleasant recollections and some of the illusions of childhood. But gradually a sombre conviction of the utter nullity and lack of significance in human affairs forced itself on the sufferer's mind; and, in the second term, which continued five years longer, complete apathy and suspended emotional and intellectual energy supervened. Escape from this overshadowing influence, which might have quenched the most vigorous mind, seems to have been hastened or assisted by some disdainful act on the part of a lady to whom the poet was attached and whom he compliments rather ambiguously

in some of the stanzas. Mill was more fortunate in this respect, and may have owed ultimate recovery to the smiles of his Egeria. In spite, however, of the scanty measure of favour extended to Leopardi by the fair sex, he rarely loses an opportunity to pay poetical tribute to Love, 'immortale amor,' as here designated. This lady is believed to have been the Countess Teresa Carniani Malvezzi, a literary celebrity of the day, twelve years older than her admirer and engaged at the time of their acquaintance (1825-27) in translating Cicero. She also published a blank-verse rendering of 'The Rape of the Lock' and some original verse. At this period Leopardi was earning a bare subsistence in the service of the publisher Stella, which enabled him to live for many years, with some intermissions, away from the paternal roof, first at Bologna, then at Florence and Pisa. The kind of intimacy between him and the Countess may be gathered from the following letter. Although an admirer of Pope, this *gentildonna* seems to have emulated Lady Mary in her treatment of genius allied with physical infirmity.

'To his brother Carlo at Recanati.

'BOLOGNA, 30 May, 1826.

'... I have entered into relations with a lady, Florentine by birth and married into one of the principal families here, which now make up a great part of my life. She is not young, but (believe it from one who till now thought the thing impossible) her charm and intelligence take the place of youth and create an astonishing illusion. During the first days that I knew her I lived in a kind of delirium and fever. We never speak of love except to laugh at it, but live together in a tender and delicate amity, with mutual consideration and absence of restraint, which is as it were a love affair without disquietude. She has an excellent opinion of me; if I read to her something of mine, she often sheds heartfelt tears without any affectation. Praise from others has no effect on me whatever; hers seems to mingle in my blood and become part of my being. She is attached to and thoroughly understands letters and philosophy; subjects of conversation never fail, and almost every evening I am here with her from Ave Maria till past midnight. We confide all our secrets to each other, correct each other, and advise together upon our defects. In short this acquaintance forms, and will form, a well marked epoch in my life, for it has

disillusioned me of disillusion, has convinced me that there really are some pleasures in the world, which I used to think impossible, that I am still capable of permanent illusion in spite of experience and contrary ways of thought so deeply rooted; and it has resuscitated my heart after a sleep, rather an absolute death, of many years.'

It is a pity that an acquaintance begun with so much mutual esteem should have so soon withered; but within a year the lady seems to have grown tired of her sickly poet's attentions. We will now give the poem which had its origin in the circumstances just told, rendered in the exact form and measure of the original. We also append, for comparison, the passage in Mill's 'Autobiography' which relates his similar experience, and which may be new to some of our readers.

'IL RISORGIMENTO (*The Awakening*).

Penumbra.

'I thought, while my springtime yet lingered,
All feeling within me was dead,
That the sweetness of sorrow had fled,
Sole joy of my earlier years;
The sweetness of sorrow, the tender
Repinings that sank on my heart,
Whatever could pleasure impart
To the well-spring of feeling, my tears.

What tears, then, what querulous plainings
Were mine when I learned my new state,
When sorrow herself, my poor mate,
In the cold of my bosom had died!
When affliction no longer could pain me
Nor love wring a sob from my breast,
Now stiff in a wintry unrest,
And frozen the breath that had sighed.

I wept, thus despoiled, my lost sorrow,
The life without life that I led;
Over earth seemed a barrenness shed
Where aught that could move me must die;
By day all was desert about me;
The night in her silence, how dark!
Of stars I saw never a spark,
The moon looked a blot on the sky.

Still, the source of this strange lamentation
Was the feeling that filled me of old;
Deep down, thus encircled and cold,
My heart lived and fluttered within;
Though wearied, my fancy yet summoned
Her vassals unchilled by the frost;
And sorrow for sorrow now lost
To sorrow herself seemed akin.

Umbra.

But soon in my bosom this sorrow,
Last vestige of feeling, was spent;
The will and the strength to lament,
Withering, no more with me dwelt.
I sank down astounded, bewildered,
Comfort I knew not, nor sought;
As the dead, or as one distraught,
No pain, then, nor pleasure I felt.

Such was I—how little resembling
One who had nursed in his mind
All truth which the wise have divined,
All error that nobly can soar!
The swallow who twittered each morn
At my window, and sang the new day.
To my dull heart had nothing to say,
Now cold to the innermost core.

Nor spoke to me then pallid Autumn
In my sad home, nor evening's low bell;
The sun, in this darkness that fell,
Fled westerly hectic and pale.
In vain might fair Hesperus lead
Through the silence that circled me round;
In vain would the valley resound
To the chant of the lone nightingale.

And you, tender glances, so shyly
That start on soft errands, that rove
Charged with token or message of love—
Love that for ever shall reign!
Thou too, little hand lightly laid,
Gentle promise of welcome, in mine—
Vainly those pupils would shine,
The touch and the promise were vain;
So deep was my stupor! Thus widowed
Of all that is sweetness and grace;
Thus placidly wretched, no trace

Of misery gloomed from my brow.*
 With fervency then had I longed for
 Some ending, though death were the term;
 But languid, o'erladen, infirm,
 The courage to wish left me now.

'T was decrepitude, age without years,
 The dregs of a life, nude and vile—
 That sweet April, which others beguile
 With illusions all Aprils renew!
 Thus our springtime ineffable languished,
 O my heart, thus we dragged out our days,
 Inurned in a deathly amaze—
 Those moments so fleeting and few!

Emergence.†

From this heaviness, heedless and dumb,
 This entrancement more grievous than grief,
 Who wakes me? Whence this relief,
 This virtue that floods all within?
 Soft sorrowings, flutterings, fancies,
 Error that robes the bare sky,
 You will not for ever deny
 To my heart your incitements benign?

Perhaps 'tis the joyance of childhood
 Reviving, sole light of my days?
 Emotions I lost in the haze
 That encompassed my spirit so long?
 In the sky, in the rivulet's margin,
 Wherever my glances may turn,

* This sounds anti-Byronic. Byron was not a favourite with our author. It is curious that, with a similar theme, Leopardi should have chosen a measure similar to that employed by Byron in the following:—

'I am ashes where once I was fire,
 And the bard in my bosom is dead.
 What I loved I now merely admire,
 And my heart is as grey as my head.'

† 'The poet here sings his revival, his reawakening, from the death-like leap into which he had fallen for many years. After long experience of odious reality, the illusions of early youth are recognised as such. The vanity of his former hopes is evident—and of all human hopes. He knows, moreover, that imagination and sentiment are unable to sustain in him the wish for, or delusion of, future happiness. He knows therefore that, recovering, he awakens to a life of sorrow. But is not pain better than tedium or insensibility? And the consciousness of having been made capable of this is a cause of pleasure to him,'—Alfredo Straccali, Notes to the 'Canti.'

Some sorrow or joy I discern ;
The universe pipes a new song.

The woodland, once more, and the highland
Dwell with me—the shore and the plain !
My heart hears the brooklet again,
The sea whispers soft in my ear.
Who quells this cold cureless obstruction ;
Who gives back the tears to my eyes ?
Why hastens the earth in new guise
Before me thus changed to appear ?

Perhaps, O poor heart, hope relenting
With a smile will turn even to thee.
Alas ! never more shall I see
Smile that my grief can assuage.
The joy of delicious delusion
Is mine, Nature's sorrowing kiss !
Misfortune had quenched even this,
My sole, my supreme, heritage,

But annulled not ; unvanquished by Fate,
Nor abased by calamity's might,
I shrank not nor quailed in the sight,
How hideous soever, of Truth.
My pleasant imaginings wander,
I know, from her impious facts ;
That Nature, judged by her acts,
Shows neither pity nor ruth.

Unmindful of happiness she,
Her care but to keep us alive ;
She preserves us to suffer and strive
And to nought but existence gives heed.
I know, among men, that compassion
For misery rarely is found,
That the wretch to his wretchedness bound
Goes despised and alone in his need ; *

That the wise and the good are ignored,
Virtue the scorn of our age,
Genius denied his poor wage,
The laurel long vigils have bought.
And you, trembling glances, once more,
That beam with a radiance divine,
In vain you resplendently shine ;
No sparkle of love have you caught.

* And yet he was able to write : 'Buoni amici e cordiali si trovano veramente nel mondo, e non sono rari.'

No inward affection, no kindness,
 No tender emotion is there;
 That white bosom has never a share
 In the joy from true sympathy born.*
 Thus fondness perceived in another
 Is matter for jesting and jeers,
 And fire that descends from the spheres
 Requite with laughter and scorn.

Still, revived and apparent within me,
 I feel my illusions once more;
 Of her own tender joys yet unsure,
 My bosom scarce heaves in surprise.
 From thee, O my heart, this new virtue,
 Existence regained, natal fire,
 What comfort I yet may desire,
 Solely from thee will arise.

Not to a spirit thus chastened,
 Clear and pure, is the world, I well know;
 Let Fortune and Nature both go;
 And Beauty, now only a pain.
 But if thou, O sad one, yet livest,
 To thy part in affliction resigned,
 Need I think her still cruel and unkind,†
 Who gave me to breathe, not in vain?‡

Of the similar crisis in his own mental history, John Stuart Mill gives an account in his 'Autobiography' (cap. v), as follows.

'It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves . . . the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first "conviction of sin." In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realised; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant; would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" ‡ At this my heart sank

* See the letter printed above.

† Fate. Probably his most conciliatory reference to this Power.

‡ It is interesting to note that a very similar crisis occurred in the life of Tolstoi, after a long period of production, when he was about fifty years old. He says in his 'Confession' that, when he found himself suffering from this mortal depression, he asked himself questions very similar to that

within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for . . . and I became persuaded that my love of mankind and of excellence for its own sake had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. . . .*

'I frequently asked if I could or if I was bound to go on living when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading accidentally Marmontel's Memoirs, and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me† was gone. . . . Relieved from my ever-present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life could give me some pleasure, that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky,‡ in books, in conversation, in public affairs. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and, though I had several relapses, I never again was as miserable as I had been.'

The first fruit of this mental rejuvenescence was the poem to Silvia, a cottage maiden in whom Leopardi discovered, after her death, a symbol of all that was fairest and happiest in his own life, the youthful hopes, dreams and aspirations, prematurely blighted, towards which he ever turns with regretful longing. What was the precise nature of his affection for her, or hers for him, is difficult

asked by Mill, e.g., 'Suppose you are more famous than Shakespeare or Molière—what does it lead to? And I could find no reply at all.' He continues, 'I felt that what I had been standing on had broken down, and that I had nothing left under my feet. What I had lived by no longer existed, and I had nothing left to live by.'

* Cf. 'Comfort I sought not nor found' ('Risorgimento').

† Cf. 'All feeling within me was dead' ('Risorgimento').

‡ Cf. 'In the sky, in the rivulet's margin . . .

Some sorrow or joy I discern' ('Risorgimento').

to say ; the witnesses are not to be relied on. We may perhaps consider it as originating in feelings common to all, and gradually etherialised into a sentiment such as Dante and Petrarch have celebrated at greater length but scarcely in a sweeter strain. Her identity with Nerina is disputed, but the circumstances set forth in the two cases are so nearly alike that they can hardly refer to different people. Teresa Fattorini is certainly Silvia ; she also appears as the nameless girl-figure in 'Il Sogno,' written shortly after her death ; and the change of name to Nerina may be accounted for in many ways, even by the exigencies of verse. The poem is an acknowledged masterpiece, and to find another of equal beauty on a similar theme we must go to the Ayrshire hills.

This ode was written in 1828, ten years after the death of the young girl whom love of music, sad destiny, and the chance circumstance of nearness to the Leopardi household unite for ever with one so much her superior in rank and culture. As this is the first example we give of the 'free verse' Leopardi evolved from the form of the classical ode in which his earlier compositions were written, it may be well to say that, in the version, the order of the rhymes and exact length of each line are not preserved. These are matters which depend on circumstances that differ in different languages, and the translator requires equal freedom with his original. This invention of Leopardi's has, in his hands, much of the dignity of blank verse, and avoids the occasional oversweetness of rhyme, also the recurrence of too familiar endings. The 'Ode to Silvia' is the first in which he departs, in rhyme, from a regular stanza formation, and reveals his later manner. Concerning it he wrote to his sister Paolina, May 2, 1828 : 'After two years I have made some verses this April ; verses such as I used to write, with all my old heart in them.' It is indeed with becoming pride that Italians dilate upon the beauty of the picture here presented in the contrast between the girl at her cottage door, singing while she weaves or spins, and the studious youth stirred to the depths of his being by the fresh young voice, which his parents had failed to exclude, entering through the heavy casements of old Monaldo's library.

'To Silvia.

'Silvia, rememberest thou

Still thy glad time on earth

When beauty dwelt with thee, and thy glad eyes,

Shyly, in meditation or in mirth,

Turned t'ward the flowery verge

Where youth in womanhood would merge?

To thy sweet singing

The walks around me and my quiet room

Sounded perpetually;

The while thou, on some female labour bent,

Wouldst sit content

In dreamful thought of happy hours to come.

It was the odorous May; and so each day

For thee sped brightly by.

I, my loved studies

Leaving at times, and the o'erlaboured page

Whereon I spent the better part of me,

Of my yet tender age,

Stole near the casement in my father's home

And listened to that voice, and to the sound

Of thy swift hands about the arduous loom.

The serene heaven above,

The sunny lanes, our garden, and the hills

Around, I gazed on, and the distant sea

No living tongue can tell

What thoughts then stirred in me.

What radiant dreams were ours;

How high our hearts, our hopes, O Silvia mine!

Life, and man's destiny,

How fair they seemed to us!

When I bethink me thus

Of all we then believed

My spirits droop and pine; disconsolate,

In bitterness, I sorrow o'er my fate.

O Nature, Nature, why

Didst thou the promise of that Spring belie?

Why are thy children ever thus deceived?

Ere Winter seared each leaf,

Disease, insidious, met thee on thy way,

Sweet maid, and brought thee death. To thee not shown

The flower of life; unknown

The homage lovers pay

To sable tress and eyes that shyly gaze;
 Nor might companions dear
 Beguile thine ear
 With sweet discourse of love on festal days.

So even for me ere long
 The tender hope I cherished waned and died;
 All springtime gladness to my years denied.
 Alas, alas, how thou didst fly from me,
 Gentle companion of those earlier days,
 My vanished, mourned for, hope!
 Is this the world, this our expected doom,
 Love, joy, ambition, and the lofty ways
 We pondered oft together? Is the race
 Of man thus frustrate ever?
 Truth her face
 Unveiling, hope fell down; and with her hand
 Showed to me from afar
 Death and an empty tomb.'

Shortly after composing the 'Ode to Silvia,' and under dire stress of poverty, Leopardi, who had been supporting himself by literary work at Florence and Pisa, returned for the last time to his father's house at Recanati—the 'Borgo Selvaggio' where none could understand him, and where he seems to have felt himself more in sympathy with the peasants, for whom he always shows a kindly regard, than with those of his own class. The deadening influences of the place were so strong that he conceived an active dislike of his native town, declaring at times that his patriotism related only to Italy. But in this as in other matters, inconsistencies abound in the poems. While expressing horror and detestation of Recanati as a place to dwell in, he paints it in most delightful colours and associates it with his tenderest emotions; while asserting with constantly renewed vehemence that he has found life fruitless and barren, he shows a capacity for refined enjoyment and exquisite sensation that can only excite our envy. But, as one of his ablest commentators truly says, the high poetic value of the verse is frequently evolved in great measure from this very inconsistency—from the ceaseless battle raging within him between his convictions and his sentiments, between the philosopher and the poet, between his mental energy and his physical weakness. Although, in any circumstances,

one so constituted was foredoomed to suffer acutely, the accidents of his early life intensified this suffering almost to an unendurable degree. For this doubtless his parents must be held chiefly responsible, particularly the Countess Adelaide, her husband Monaldo being much under her direction. She seems to have been cold to her children, careless (it is said) even of their continued existence; and it remains on record that she paid no regard to her brother's powerfully worded protest* against the unremitting course of study which her son was encouraged to pursue, and which debilitated and deformed his naturally delicate frame. Possibly she may have considered robust health hardly desirable in an ecclesiastic—Giacomo having originally been intended for the priesthood—as likely to divert his mind to more attractive prospects.

With so stern and harsh a parent it is little surprising that an imaginative youth should have transferred the maternal physiognomy to Nature, the universal mother, and have come to consider that a certain malignity reigned in the world as well as in the household at Recanati. Seeing also that those responsible for much of his suffering were very scrupulous in all religious exercises, it may have occurred to him that the Power they worshipped shared their indifference to human sorrow. At any rate irreconcilable divergence of opinion on religious matters soon manifested itself between Giacomo and his parents. He declined to pursue an ecclesiastical career, and, finding himself completely miserable at home, made shortly after his twenty-first birthday an abortive attempt at flight. It was not however until three years later (November 1822) that he succeeded in quitting Recanati; after which, with his father's consent, he passed the winter in Rome. During the next few years he lived alternately at Recanati and Bologna, and later for about a year in Florence, and Pisa, where the 'Risorgimento' and the lines to Silvia were composed. In November 1828 he was compelled, as we have said, to return to Recanati, and probably the sixteen months that followed, before his final escape from paternal domination, were the saddest in his life. His health suffered so

* Chiarini, 'Vita,' cap. ii, p. 43. Letter from Carlo Antici.

severely that a report of his death was at one time generally believed, and the letters written by him during these months are pitiful in the extreme, reminding one of Tasso's lamentations, addressed to all quarters of Italy from his prison in Ferrara. But there is evident relief that the cloud mentioned in 'Il Risorgimento' had passed away; and the poems which belong to this period are second to none in the 'Canti.'

The poem that follows, 'Memories,' as the name implies, is a record of Leopardi's previous life, the greater part of which had been passed at home. It savours of the soil of Recanati, and little imagination is required to conjure up the scenes pictured to us in the verse. Heard in the original, each successive mood of the poet is so melodiously conveyed that one seems to be listening to a symphony by some famous composer; and, although less violent, the successive moods and emotions played on with such admirable taste and feeling change as frequently, yet far more artfully, than those awakened in the breast of Alexander by the rival of St Cecilia. Blank verse, always handled by Leopardi with great skill, though weakened in Italian by the addition of an eleventh syllable, is the medium employed, reducing the difficulty of transference to our idiom to a minimum. The self-portraiture is more complete here than in any other of the odes. Lovers of Pope will recognise an old friend towards the close of 'Le Ricordanze' (see below, p. 24), a jewel three words long to which a splendid setting is accorded (*eterno sospiro mio*). And indeed it is an eternal sigh that comes from the soul of this 'delicate Ariel' imprisoned in a body which he must have found as much a thing of torment as the pine tree, chosen by Caliban for the abode of Shakespeare's most ethereal creation.

'Le Ricordanze' * (*Memories*).

'Stars of the radiant Bear, I little thought,
Communing with you nightly as of old,
To find you shining o'er my father's garden
And from these windows greet you yet again,
Hither returned, where I in childhood dwelt
And saw the end of every joy once mine.

* First published in the Florentine edition of 1831; composed at Recanati between Aug. 26 and Sept. 12, some months after Leopardi's return in 1829.

What strange conceits, what fabulous histories
 Your aspect made familiar to my mind,
 And all your bright companions! in that time
 When, silent, seated on the verdant earth,
 I whiled so many twilight hours away
 Gazing upon the sky, and, listening, heard
 The bull-frog chanting in his distant home.
 Near me the fire-fly through the hedges gleamed
 And o'er the furrows; whispering with the wind
 Were alleys overgrown and cypresses
 Fragrant in yonder grove; while from this roof
 Alternate voices came, the tranquil hum
 Of menial labour. Then, what high resolves,
 What dreams, the vistas of the sea inspired;
 And those blue mountains, dimly visible,
 I thought one day to traverse, nursing hope
 Of hidden worlds and happiness beyond
 Wherein to dwell! unwitting of my fate,
 And of the hours when this poor sickly life
 I would have bartered gladly for a bier.

Nor any presage gave me then my heart
 That, young in days, I should be thus condemned
 To wither out my life in this dull town
 Among a people ignorant and rude,*
 To whom all learning is a senseless jest,
 An unknown word fit argument for mirth;
 Who hate and shun me, not that envy moves
 Their churlish thought—they deem me not their better—
 But, though I let no outward sign appear,
 They hold that I esteem them less than me.
 Here then I pass my years, neglected, lost,
 Loveless and lifeless, in my own despite
 Harsh to the folly and ill-will I meet;
 Stripped of compassion, of the genial warmth
 That misery chills; contemner of my kind—
 So grown through contemplation of this herd!
 Meanwhile, flies from me the sweet time of youth,
 Dearer than fame or laurels, dearer far
 Than the clear light of day or breath of being:
 I lose thee, joylessly, without return,
 In this abhorred confine, amidst these ills—
 O, in the desert of my life, sole flower!

* These strictures would only apply to persons of his own class; towards the peasantry Leopardi is always kind and sympathetic. He was unanimously elected to represent Recanati at Bologna in the abortive Revolution of 1831.

Now, borne upon the wind, the hour-bell's chime
 Comes from the tower hard by. Great comfort oft,
 I well remember, was that sound to me
 In my dark chamber, when, a child, at night
 By haunting terrors held, I wakeful lay
 And wished the dawn. Nothing I see or hear
 About me but recalls some tender image,
 Or wakes some sweet remembrance in my mind—
 Sweet in itself, though with regret intrudes
 Sense of the present, and the vain desire,
 Still sad, of bygone joys, the thought: I was.
 That arbour turned to meet the sun's last ray,
 The painted cattle on those pictured walls,
 And rugged weald o'er which the morning breaks,
 Brought to my careless hours untold delight,
 When, wheresoe'er I went, my potent error*
 Was ever with me, whispering at my side.
 In these old halls, bright from the winter's snow,
 About those casements rattling to the wind,
 Our sports resounded and the noisy mirth
 Of children's voices, in that fraudulent time
 When the unworthy mystery of things
 Puts on alluring airs before our eyes,
 And the too credulous youth, like a fond lover,
 Sighs for his untried life, and in his mind
 Feigns the celestial beauties he admires.

Hopes, tender hopes, delusions of my youth,
 Ever discoursing thus I turn to you;
 Since, through the intervention of long years,
 Other affections, and new paths discerned,
 You I may not forget! Honour—I feel—
 And glory are but phantoms; our delights,
 The good we seek, mere unappeased desire;
 Nor has this life one fruit—vain misery!
 And, though my lot be empty of all joy,
 My mortal state a dark and barren waste,
 Fortune takes little from me, I well see.†
 But oh! alas! when I look back on you,
 My early-cherished hopes, my first sweet dreams,

* 'Possente errore.' A supposed illusion concerning the possibility of human happiness which dominated the writer's mind in early years. Elsewhere called 'l'antico error, celeste dono,' now only permitted to the young; of old the companion of man through life. See also 'Alla sua donna,' l. 37.

† Because, *philosophically* considered, life at best is so poor a thing; but the poet protests.

And think, of all the promise of that time,
 Death is the only hope now left to me,
 I feel my heart would break ; I feel that never
 Shall I find comfort in my destiny.
 And when this death, so long invoked, draws near,
 And I have reached the end of my mischance ;
 When earth becomes a stranger's land to me,
 And future hours no more beguile my eyes ;
 Surely you will be present to my mind,
 Will cause fresh tears to flow, will make more bitter
 The life thus lived in vain, and with regret
 Temper the sweetness of that parting day.

And more than once in the first youthful tumult
 Of new contentments, anguish, and desire
 I had already called on death ; long while
 Sat by yon fountain half resolved to end
 Sorrow and hope beneath those waves. At last,
 Led near the grave by some strange malady,
 I wept my youth, the flower of my poor days
 So early blasted, and, through the late hours,
 Oft seated on my conscious bed beside
 A feeble lamp, in plaintive elegy,
 Lamented with the silence and with Night
 The spirit that seemed eager for release,
 And faintly sang my own funereal chant.

Who can remember you without a sigh,
 O first approach of youth, O happy days,
 Sweet, inexpressible, when one so ravisht
 First sees love smile on him from maiden's eyes ;
 When all things, emulous, appear to smile
 And envy sleeps or, pitiful, is mute ;
 When, to his new-found guest (unwonted wonder !)
 The World holds forth almost a helping hand,
 Excuses faults, makes holiday, bows low,
 And shows he would receive and hail him lord ?
 Fleet days, that vanish like the lightning's gleam,
 Who can be truly ignorant of sorrow
 For whom this radiant season is no more—
 If youth, alas for youth, if youth be spent ?

O Nerina ! of thee haply I hear
 These haunts no longer speak ? Faded perhaps
 Out of my mind art thou ? Where art thou gone,
 Sweetest, that nothing but remembrances
 I find of thee ? Alas, this natal earth

Shall see thee not again. That little window
 Where thou wert wont to talk with me, and where
 Glitters the starlight sadly glimmering now,
 Is desolate. Where art thou that I hear
 Thy voice no more resounding as of old
 When every distant accent from thy lips
 That reached me urged the warm blood to my cheek?
 Fled is that time. Thy days, so sweet to me,
 Are past. Thou'rt gone. And others tread the earth,
 And have their dwelling mid these fragrant hills.
 Brief was thy stay, and like a dream thy life,
 To which thou cam'st as in some jocund measure,
 With lightsome step, joy shining from thy brow,
 While in thine eyes hope undiminished beamed—
 The light of youth—when they were quenched by Fate
 And low thou liest. Ah Nerina! yet reigns
 The old love in my heart; and if at times
 I go where others meet in festal guise,
 Then to myself I say: O Nerina,
 No more dost thou adorn thee for the dance!
 Thou com'st not now where others gaily meet.
 If May return and lovers with glad voices
 Go carrying sweet boughs to their loves again,
 I say: Nerina mine, for thee no more
 Returns the spring; returns not gentle love.
 With every sunny day, each fair hillside
 I gaze on, every pleasure that I feel,
 I say: Nerina is not glad, she sees
 No smiling meadows, heeds not the light air.
 Alas! thou art gone, thou, my eternal sigh,*
 Art gone from me, and, with all pleasant thought,
 Each dear emotion, every tender joy,
 Sorrow, or sad sweet pleading of the heart,
 Mingles the sharpness of that memory.'

The utterance of so much sorrow seems for a short space to have banished the cloud of melancholy from Leopardi's mind. His next effusions—the following little

* 'Ahi tu passasti, eterno
 Sospiro mio: passasti: e fia compagna
 D'ogni mio vago immaginar, di tutti
 I miei teneri sensi, i tristi e cari
 Moti del cor, la rimembranza acerba.'

Cf. Pope, 'Essay on Man,' Ep. iv:

'That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die.'

idyl, and the longer piece from which the succeeding excerpt is taken—belong to a very different class, and remind us of our own Crabbe in closeness and tenderness of observation. They give a pleasing picture of peasant life, and harvest or vintage festivals, a century ago. We may imagine Nerina to have been the young girl bringing flowers, gathered in the fields on her way home, for the next day's fête. They are perhaps the least sad, the brightest and pleasantest, to be found in the 'Canti,' and it is fortunate they fall within the period under review.

'The Village Saturday.

(Composed Sept. 29, 1829).

'Comes now the cottage maiden
 From the meadows, while the evening shadows fall,
 Her basket trimly laden at her side;
 In her hand are posies,
 Violets and roses,
 For tomorrow is the village festival,
 And with them she will deck her breast and hair.
 Sits spinning on the stair
 The aged crone, good neighbours near attending;
 Her face is to the side where sets the sun.
 They hear her tell how she
 Could brisk and merry be
 In her young time, when, upon festal days,
 She too adorned herself with flowers at eve,
 And tript it gaily with the friends she had,
 As young companions, in that age more fair.
 Meanwhile the dusky air
 Grows darker still, and soon
 The sky puts on a robe of deeper blue;
 Their shadows now the roofs and hills renew
 Beneath the rising moon.
 The merry bell rings out
 Glad presage for tomorrow;
 Respite from daily sorrow
 May with that sound begin.
 The boys with whoop and shout
 The welcome signal greet,
 Come capering through the street,
 And make a joyful din.
 Home to his frugal meal the labourer goes
 Whistling, and thinks but of the day's repose.

Then, when no other light is seen around,
 And hushed all other sound,
 Hark to the noisy hammer and the saw
 Of the carpenter, awake,
 Who hurries at his task,
 In his closed shop, by candle light, intent
 To have all ready ere the morning break.

This of the seven is the happiest day,
 Joyous with expectation;
 Tomorrow new vexation
 The hours will bring, and to the accustomed toil *
 Each in his secret thought will steal away.

My lad, so brisk and frolic,
 Thy flowery age is as this perfect day,
 Serene and bright,
 No cloud in sight,
 Forerunner of the festival—thy life.
 Enjoy thy youthful state;
 A pleasant time it is.
 All I will say is this.
 If thy hoped festival seem long a-coming,
 Regret need not be great.'

'After the Storm.'

Now is the tempest past:
 I hear the birds make merry, and the hen,
 Returning to the street,
 Her simple verse repeat. Lo, where the blue
 Of heaven breaks gaily through
 Clouds that go scattering o'er the western hills!
 The landscape doffs her veil,
 And clear appears the brook in yonder dale.
 Now joy each bosom fills;
 On every side arise
 Accustomed voices, and the busy train
 Of life begins again.
 The workman glancing at the humid skies
 Hums an old tune, and near the open door

* In his admirable English publication of the text of the 'Canti' (p. 133) Prof. Fr. Brooks has the following note:—

'41. al travaglio, etc. At first sight almost every reader would interpret this as meaning that each one's thoughts will turn *with regret* to the labour which awaits him on the day after the *festa*; but this is to mistake Leopardi's purpose. The day of *festa* is conceived by him as itself bringing weariness and disappointment (*tristezza e noia*), so that a man's thoughts will turn *with relief* to the labour of the morrow.'

Speeds at his task ; the women folk run out ;
 Each would be first to catch the new-fallen rain ;
 Journeying from lane to lane
 The herb-seller once more
 Begins his daily cry.
 And lo, the Sun ! lo, how his glances beam
 On house and hill ! In neighbouring terraces
 The inmates open to his light once more
 Casements and balconies :
 And tinkling mule-bells distantly I hear,
 In the long high-street, where the wagoner
 Drives on his rumbling team.'

We now come to the last and most effective of the poems written at Recanati, the celebrated 'Canto Notturmo,' in which Leopardi in the character of a nomadic shepherd, and accepting the point of view of so strange a modern representative of the tribes mentioned in Genesis and the Book of Job, attacks the established order of things with his accustomed vehemence. It is a fine example of rhetoric in poetry ; of irony, at first playful, then scornful, then melting away into pathos ; of fearless thought, soaring up into the spheres, but finding little music there, and then descending with perfect ease to alight on *terra firma*, and contemplate the lair of some wild thing in the forest, or the cradle of a new-born babe, alike vowed to misery 'as the sparks fly upward.' The poem speaks for itself, like all good work, and is an instance of unusual freedom, metrically, in the use of *strofe libere* ; the anapaestic or dactylic movement at first noticeable yielding presently to the stately *iambus*.

'Night chant of a Wandering Asian Shepherd.*

'What art thou doing, O Moon, say, what dost thou do
 So silently roaming
 At night through the stars ?

* First published in the Florentine edition of 1831 : composed between October 22, 1829, and April 9, 1830. Leopardi added in a note the following extract from the 'Journal des Savans,' p. 518, 1826 (Voyage d'Orenbourg à Boukhara) : 'Plusieurs d'entre eux [a wandering Asiatic tribe] passent la nuit assis sur une pierre à regarder la lune, et à improviser des paroles assez tristes sur des airs qui ne le sont pas moins.'

It has been suggested that Leopardi's lyrical compositions came to him at once, perfect and entire, as we may imagine the bronze Perseus revealed to the mind of Cellini, in a flood of creative light. This, however, can hardly have been the case with the 'Canto Notturmo,' begun in the autumn of one year and finished in the spring of the next.

Thou art minded, Ah, wherefore ? to go
 Contemplating deserts ; to rise in the gloaming
 And presently set.
 Art thou fain still to gaze on these valleys,
 Those paths sempiternal to keep ?
 Or wouldst thou have done with them yet ?
 The life thou dost lead
 Seems the life of a shepherd !
 Early he rises and wanders,
 Guiding his sheep,
 Onward through valley and mead ;
 Sees pastures, and waters, and flocks ;
 Then, wearied, he lies down to slumber
 At dusk—his sole joy ! Tell me, Moon,
 What matters his life to the shepherd ?
 To thee, what boots it, thy own ?
 Say ; to what does it tend—
 My journey so brief,
 Thy course without end ?

Old, grey-headed, infirm,
 Half-clad and ill-shod,
 With burden of sickness, of sorrow, of years,
 He seems ever in haste, ever seeking a term
 To his woes ; bends his back to the rod
 Of the tempest, the fierce biting blast
 That now freezes, now sears.
 The pathway is rugged ; he stumbles, he bleeds,
 Falls, rises, still on without rest, till at last
 He comes where the road he traverses leads—
 The dreadful, the monstrous abyss—
 There headlong to plunge, and forget.
 Such, virgin Moon, is the life that is his.

To travail is man born, his birth
 Sore risk of dying ;
 The first sound in his ear
 A sound of sighing !
 The affliction of his birth so clear,
 So poignant his distress,
 That parents with soft word and kind caress
 Persuade, cajole, and courage would instil
 To bear so great an ill,
 And ever as he goes new hope impart.
 No tenderer office, in a world of woe,
 Than this which parents to their offspring show.
 But why charge with this weight

Him whom we thus conciliate?
If life be a mischance,
Why this continuance?
Such, Moon, serene in thy virginity,
Is mortal life. But mortal thou art not,
Nor haply heedest thou our mortal lot,
Nor this my bitter cry.

Yet, lone and eternal wanderer,
So meditative on the path thou wendest,
Haply thou comprehendest
This earthly wilderness
Wherein we err,
Our tears and our distress;
And death, this later blending
Of everything in nothing, this
Evanishment of all we cherish here,
And fading of the hues of life away.*
Doubtless thou knowest the Why of everything,
Canst find some use in year succeeding year,
In the day's dawn and ending.
Thou seest on whom the Spring
Smiles lovingly, to whom some profit
Comes with the summer's heat and winter's cold;
A thousand things thou knowest,
Hast seen and solved,
To simple shepherd yet untold.
Oft when I gaze on thee,
So silent in yon desert plain,
Where thou art set aloft and must remain,
Or when my sheep are following me,
And step for step with mine keep pace,
And when I see the stars blaze in the sky,
I ask myself: Why all these torches bright,
That ether infinite,
Such infinite space,
This solitude immense; and what am I?
Why this vast family, this measureless
Sublime abode; these forms that turn and turn,
Ever without repose?
Why all this toil and stress?
No fruit, no use can I discern.
But doubtless thou, in thy immortal youth,
Discernest better, know'st all truth!

* The death of all sources of happiness—not physical death—seems here intended.

Yet this I know and feel :
 Whatever in the eternal round of things
 Others may find of joy or weal,
 To me life sorrow brings.

My flock reposing, happy, happy flock—
 For such I think thee, ignorant
 Of thine own misery—
 How much I envy thee!
 Not that I know thee free, almost, from want,
 Abiding fear, and sense of injury
 To come ; but that no tedious hours are thine.
 Beneath the shade thou canst recline
 On the soft grass, composed, content,
 And thus thy waking hours are chiefly spent.
 I also sit upon the grass
 Under long shadows ; but, alas,
 Distress, distaste, disquietude
 At once upon my mind intrude,
 And strange incitements urge, and doubts displease,
 That, sitting thus, I'm ever least at ease ;
 Yet have I nought to wish, nor cause of tears.
 What sweet contentment cheers
 Thy lot, my gentle flock, and in what measure
 Granted, I cannot tell, but know thy state
 Peaceful and fortunate ;
 With me small joy abides,
 Yet therefore, solely, do I not complain.
 If it were given thee in my tongue to speak,
 An answer to this question I would seek ;
 Since every animal has joy in leisure,
 Why wakens it in me the breath of pain ?

Perhaps, if I had wings to cleave the sky
 And number every star suspended there,
 Or like the thunder roll from steep to steep,
 I might be happier, my beloved sheep,
 Fair Moon, perhaps I might be happier.
 Yet no ; thus prompt to seek a better fate,
 Far from the truth my erring fancies fly ;
 Rather, in whatsoever form or state
 We first draw breath, in cradle or in den,
 Sad is the hour of birth for beasts or men.'

It would be agreeable to finish here and leave the last word to this sad shepherd of Recanati, who pipes not to make others dance ; but a little yet remains to be said.

Notwithstanding the inadequate consideration entertained for Leopardi among us, his influence at second hand has been considerable. The few lines freely rendered by J. A. Symonds in his school journal, 'The Cliftonian,' 1872, show how early the historian of the Renaissance fell under this influence; and, in the posthumous 'Essay on Nature,' Mill makes himself to a great extent the mouthpiece of Leopardi's ideas. We have here a curious instance of an education conducted by a materialist, and one presided over by Jesuits, leading to similar conclusions.

Unfortunate as a man, Leopardi had every qualification fitting him, as a writer, to achieve greatness, and, with the exception of the founder of Italian literature, has no absolute superior among his countrymen. In the sphere of conduct, high principle and conscientiousness few records are fairer; rank and wealth awaited him in an ecclesiastical career, but he sacrificed all to retain his intellectual freedom. His example also teaches absolute fearlessness in the pursuit of truth—sorely needed in this age of political shams—and contempt for the current Omar Khayyám doctrine, that we should drown disquietude in dissipation. In spite of his disbelief in accepted forms of Christianity, a more reverent mind than his, or one more prompt to give praise where he considered it due, has never contemplated with unflinching gaze the mystery of existence. In his case also it is well to remember that among Latin races Christianity and Catholicism are practically identical; and rejection of the doctrines of Rome implies very commonly a 'conversion to philosophy.' Moreover, we cannot tell what form his views would eventually have taken. This great poet and philosopher died young, at about the age when Dante himself found 'Chè la diritta via era smarrita.'

HENRY CLORISTON.

Art. 2.—A NEW ENGLAND PURITAN.

1. *Diary of Cotton Mather*. Massachusetts Historical Society Collections. Seventh Series. Vols VII, VIII. Boston : Published by the Society, 1911, 1912.
2. *Cotton Mather, the Puritan Priest*. By Barrett Wendell. New York : Dodd, Mead and Co., 1891.
3. *Cotton Mather et la fin de la théocratie au Massachusetts*. By Louis Chevalley. Paris : Imprimerie Coopérative Angevine, 1909.
4. *Cotton Mather's Election into the Royal Society*. By G. L. Kittredge. Boston : Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, XIV, 1912.
5. *Some Lost Works of Cotton Mather*. By G. L. Kittredge. Boston : Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, XLV, 1912.

COTTON MATHER lived and died in the colonial city of Boston, in Massachusetts. Just after his sixty-fifth birthday, in February 1728, they laid him to rest there, in his father's tomb on Copp's Hill. Yet his name remains faintly familiar wherever his native English language is spoken; between 1891 and 1909 he has been the subject of three extensive biographies; and any discussion of him among students of American history is apt still to flush into perilous warmth. He was the last and the stoutest defender of New England theocracy—the principle that political suffrage should be confined to members of the New England churches. In his own day his cause, which he passionately believed to be that of the New England fathers, was already lost. From that time forward the progress of liberal principles has been little interrupted. The traditions of victorious liberalism are merciless. Those who cherish them deride and condemn him still, almost as if he were a living political opponent. To such as these, his lately published diary may probably seem refreshingly dull, confirmatory of their worst opinions. Read aright, it burns with the devout fervour which animated his untiring life.

He was born at Boston, on February 12, 1662/3, the son of Increase Mather, and the grandson of Richard Mather, Minister of Dorchester in New England, and of John Cotton, who, after many years in charge of the church of

St Botolph at Boston in Lincolnshire, closed his venerable career as Minister of the First Church of Boston in Massachusetts. When the boy, thus born in theocratic purple, was only two years old, his father, who had taken degrees at Harvard College and at Trinity College, Dublin, became Minister of the Second Church of Boston. Like the sound theocrat he was, the sturdy Puritan divine did not allow clerical duties to absorb his energies, but concerned himself also both with political matters and with the administration of Harvard College. In 1684, after nine years' consideration, the Court of Chancery cancelled the Charter of Massachusetts; without legal government, without a single secured legal right, the Colony lay at the mercy of the Crown. With the Charter fell all rights granted under it, among which was the Charter of Harvard College, an institution then about fifty years old. In these straits Increase Mather proved his quality. In 1685 he became President of Harvard College, with the firm purpose of holding it loyal to the faith of the fathers. In 1688 he was semi-officially dispatched to England, for the purpose of negotiating a new charter for the Colony, and incidentally a new charter for the College as well. In the latter effort he failed; in the former, and by far the more important, he succeeded. After four years of diplomacy rivalling that of Franklin, he procured for the Province, as it was thereafter called, the admirable instrument of government under which it flourished till the Revolution of 1776. It was during this auspicious period of his father's career that Cotton Mather grew to maturity.

In 1678 he took the Bachelor's degree at Harvard College—until this day only two men have taken it younger. Three years later, though not yet twenty years old, he was made assistant to his father at the Second Church of Boston. While his father was in England, from 1688 to 1692, the full charge of the pastorate fell on the son, who seems to have won general admiration. Meanwhile he was incessantly interested and influential in public affairs and in those of Harvard College; he was an omnivorous reader; his curiosity concerning natural phenomena was insatiable; and he was well started on that career of authorship which made him what he remains—the most voluminous of American writers.

The year 1692, when his father returned triumphant from England, proved critical in the public lives of both. Theocracy—the government of the State in accordance with the will of God, in this case as interpreted by the orthodox New England Churches—was the ideal to which they were devoted. A charter openly theocratic in terms had proved beyond the diplomatic skill of Increase Mather. He had succeeded, however, in securing considerable power to the royal Governor of Massachusetts, and in persuading the Crown to name as Governor a particularly loyal member of his own congregation. This state of things was obviously unwelcome to the more liberal feeling of his political opponents. What ensued has in it a touch of tragedy.

Almost at the moment when Cotton Mather, fasting and praying in Boston for the prosperity of his father's mission abroad, first had news that the new charter was signed, and thereupon vowed in thanksgiving to do some special service to God, there occurred in Massachusetts an outbreak of what might now be called psychic influence, but was then, throughout Christendom, called witchcraft. Amid the confusion and jargon of the evidence, for example, appears an undisputed statement that a shrewish woman, by making certain signs before her husband's face, would sometimes prevent him from praying, until she chose to step towards him with a loud cry, whereupon his lips would be unlocked. No one who dabbled in such elementary hypnotism under William and Mary had a shadow of doubt that it was actually what the law of all Europe had immemorially declared it—the direct work of the Devil. Some such view is said still to be held by eminent ecclesiastical authority. To Cotton Mather's mind, the call of God to fight this diabolical attack was immediate. The sad history of the Salem Witches ensued—a story magnified and distorted by tradition, but deeply memorable in New England history. For, whatever else it did, it fatally hurt theocracy.

Among those accused of witchcraft were some who believed themselves guilty, some concerning whom the evidence leaves doubt, and some who appear to have felt innocent. Neither court, clergy nor people, in New England or anywhere else at that time, questioned the real existence of the diabolical crime. To have done so

would have been to deny scriptural authority—an impiety of which New England had not yet begun to dream. How the crime of witchcraft should be proved was another question, not yet legally determined. The more prudent advisers of the court on this point, among whom was Cotton Mather, recommended that no evidence should be admitted which would not be admissible in other criminal proceedings. Less thoughtful enthusiasts counselled the admission of spectral evidence—that is, of statements by the bewitched of what they had perceived while suffering from diabolical possession; in brief, this was much as if a court of law should admit as evidence in a capital case the statement of one who had been hypnotised, as to what he had seen while in hypnotic trance. The court decided to accept spectral evidence. Cotton Mather, never faltering in his belief that witchcraft was the Devil's own work, did not openly protest; though, in the end, he seems to have believed that the fatal decision of the court on this point was itself of diabolical origin. This, indeed, was probably the opinion of Judge Sewall, when, some years later, he requested public prayers for the guilt he had contracted on that occasion. What ensued was inevitable; guilty and innocent were hopelessly confused in mists of spectral accusation and testimony. Some twenty witches were hanged, among whom several were surely guiltless. Reaction followed on the panic. Spectral evidence was excluded; and no more convictions occurred. The adversaries of the Mathers took the occasion to throw the burden of the tragic blunder on them, the chief pillars of theocracy. Far more than they deserved, they have traditionally suffered under it ever since.

This was not their only blow. Sir William Phipps, the Governor, who sat at their feet in church, proved at best tactless. For one thing, having come to some misunderstanding with the captain of a royal frigate, he took occasion to cane that officer in the public streets. Before long he was summoned to England to give account of his conduct. There he died, early in 1695. His successor, Joseph Dudley, soon quarrelled with the Mathers. From that time onward their public influence was broken. Victorious politically, the liberals presently turned their attention to Harvard College. For some

years Increase Mather fought stoutly to maintain himself in the presidency. At last, however, he yielded it up, outgeneralled. His ministry in Boston had always appeared to him his principal duty. To get rid of him the liberal majority in the governing boards of Harvard College passed a vote, still in force, that the President of the College must actually reside in the town of Cambridge, where the college is situated; it was then some eight miles from Boston. Mather therefore resigned, in 1701. Theocracy had lost not only control of the State, but all considerable influence in the oldest and at that time the only important institution of the higher learning in British America.

Increase Mather lived for twenty-two years more, Cotton Mather for twenty-seven; throughout the time left them they were singularly and beautifully sympathetic. Though their political influence was at an end, and their influence on the training of the ministry—at that time the chief end of New England education—mortally enfeebled, they never relaxed their faithful work as ministers of the Gospel. With Cotton Mather, the while, not yet stricken in years, there was rather increase than relaxation of his lifelong effort to do good in every way. This effort impelled him to meddle incessantly with public and with academic affairs, thereby keeping aflame animosities excited when he was politically and academically influential. At the same time, he concerned himself with what would now be called social service, in a manner which won him the lifelong respect of Benjamin Franklin. He wrote and published incessantly on all manner of subjects which he conceived might tend to the greater glory of God. He collected and transmitted to England, under the title of '*Curiosa Americana*,' notes on natural history, and the like, which won him the honour of fellowship in the Royal Society. And, in 1721, against a storm of opposition which actually attempted assassination, he introduced in Boston the practice of inoculation for smallpox—it is said for the first time in the history of European medicine.

His credit for this, to be sure, has been disputed. Prof. Kittredge, however, has lately demonstrated that the then accessible facts concerning inoculation in Turkey and among the negroes of Africa had been in Mather's

possession for fully five years before the outbreak of smallpox in Massachusetts which made him put them to proof; and, moreover, that throughout these years he had purposed to try the efficacy of inoculation whenever occasion should sadly arise. Mather's claim to fellowship in the Royal Society has also been disputed, and indeed was challenged in his own day. Another paper of Prof. Kittredge's finally explains the accident by which his entirely regular election, of which he received formal notice in 1713, was not formally confirmed in an open meeting of the Society until ten years later. There can be no further question that he was fully recognised as a man of scientific eminence by the highest authority in England.

The diary of such a man, if concerned with matters of fact, would have been replete with interest. Instead, the volumes now before us seem, at first glance, so dull that one might well wonder why they were rescued from the oblivion of manuscript. What few vivid passages they contain have mostly been printed before. They form a surprisingly small part of the whole, which was intended to be a record not of fact, but of spiritual experience. What is more, the diary, for the most part, exists not in the original copies but in digests, carefully made by Mather's own hand, preserving only such passages as afterthought assured him might be spiritually useful. As now preserved, the records are made in separate note-books, one for each year, beginning with his birthday. There remain twenty-six, the first for the year 1681, when he was eighteen years old, the last for the year 1724, when he was sixty-one. Down to 1711 they are scrupulously summarised; the seven note-books which survive from subsequent years are just as they came day by day from his pen. In that year he began a practice of asking himself every morning, 'What shall I render to the Lord?' His answer to each of these questions, he writes, 'will be a GOOD DEVISED, for which a G. D. will be the Distinction in these Memorials.' So for seven years out of fourteen we have his daily record of what he purposed doing for the glory of God and incidentally for the good of mankind. The published volumes supplement the diary, and fill its gaps, with a number of not very memorable letters. In brief, these

books are not an objective record of his outward life; they are rather records of his inner and spiritual life, in such aspects as he thought he ought to remember, and give posterity a chance of knowing.

Any such compilation must evidently be perilous to the reputation of a man whose enemies for two centuries have held him credulous, hypocritical and mendacious. Whoever seeks there may doubtless find confirmation of much that has been said against him. The simplest rule of life, however, is to explain things in the simplest way. Taken simply, accepted as honest, these pages of Cotton Mather are, after all, a document of historical importance. Beyond almost anything else in existence, they exhibit what life meant to earnest New England Puritans.

These emigrant Englishmen devoutly accepted the dogmas of Calvin. Human beings, the offspring of Adam, they held to be justly perverted in will. No voluntary human effort could ever make any man's will coincide with the will of God; yet any slightest act of will in the smallest degree opposed to the infinitely right will of God was infinite and mortal sin. Salvation, which could come only through the atonement of Christ, was vouchsafed only, as an unmerited mercy, to the elect. The token of election was miraculous ability not only to yield to the will of God, but to accept it so unreservedly that no consciousness of conflict should remain. Complete union with Divinity, however, was impossible this side the grave; until freed from every fetter of the flesh, children of Adam could never be securely rid of the penalty his fall had imposed. The Devil, too, loved no wile more than that by which, now and again, he deluded sinners into fleeting assurance of harmony with the divine will. No man could ever be finally certain that he was either beyond hope or beyond fear. So far as he rebelled, he manifested his ancestral curse; so far as he unflinchingly submitted to the dispensations of God, he showed signs of how, if he should chance to be of the elect, God's grace might work. To record such signs, and the struggles which environed them, was therefore a precious service to God—at once an encouragement and a warning both to the maker of the record and to any who should ever read it aright. Such service to God is the purpose of Cotton Mather's diary. Thus und

the pages no longer seem dull, but rather glow with spiritual passion.

Take, for example, what at first sight seems a dry, superstitious passage, written on September 18, 1701 :

'One day this week, I mett with a particular Experience (as I have often done, tho' thro' my sinful Sloth, I have not recorded it,) that may serve to illustrate the Operation of the Holy Spirit upon the *Words* of the Faithful in their *Prayers*, and the great Occasion and Advantage, which there may be of my observing, what Words I am drawn to utter, when I am under the most praying *Energies* of the Lord.

'Wee received advice that the Husband of a young Gentlewoman a little related unto me, was come to a tragical Death, in a Fight with a *Zallee* Man of War. In my visit unto her upon this Advice, I went to *Prayer* with her, as it was my Duty. She had a sister in the Room who was also a young Widow, and had been so for many months. Now, in my *Prayer*, I found myself strangely diverted from the Condition of the person to whom only I intended my Visit. I was as it were compelled so to Word my Prayer, as to take in all along the Condition of her Sister; even as if my Prayer had been chiefly, if not only, for her. I wondered a little, at my Frame in this Matter.

'But the Spirit of the Lord knew what I did not know. Within two Dayes, there arrived Intelligence, that the young Man, the Husband of the supposed Widow, to whom I gave my Visit, was yett living.'

A mere matter of chance this would seem nowadays. To an earnest Puritan of the seventeenth century—who incidentally had common sense enough to commend him to Benjamin Franklin—it seemed a spiritual experience worth recording for a purpose almost scientific. It pointed towards the fact that a human being, devoutly serving the Lord, had been vouchsafed an unwitting share in divine omniscience. It did not stand alone, either; only the sin of sloth, deadly since the curse of Adam, had prevented a record of other such experiences, which might have gone far to prove their regularity as spiritual phenomena. Hypocritical though this self-abasement may seem, nothing short of it could acknowledge the just curse which had fallen upon the children of men, godly and godless alike. Nothing, again, could more gravely reassure a Puritan that in prayer he

ought to depend on the inspiration of the moment, instead of slothfully relying on the words of a liturgy. Nothing could be more simply reverent than the evangelic spirit in which it discovers a passing presence of God in that bereaved little Boston room, when William III was King. Few will believe Cotton Mather right in his interpretation of what occurred there; none who cannot imaginatively sympathise with his interpretation can understand the New England Puritans, whose faith was the life-spring of a nation.

After a while, it is not the historical passages of Cotton Mather's diary which linger in memory, nor even any particular spiritual passages. It is the strenuous fixity of purpose with which he persevered in effort to commune with divinity. Though the presence of the Lord might reveal itself anywhere, it gleamed most brightly in moments of solitary rapture. So, sometimes on particular occasions, oftener impelled only by spiritual craving, Mather would betake himself to his study, where with prayer and fasting, 'prostrate in the dust,' he would implore the grace of mystic communion. His notes of these devotions are numberless—monotonous, if you fail to sympathise, fervid if you can make the words live with semblance of the passion which drove his pen. In 1685, for instance, he notes that he would study his sermons kneeling, calling 'upon the Eternal Spirit that he would assist mee in what I am about. If I do it, in a *settled Prayer*, I would, after the Prayer is over, still remain in my Posture, for some Time, noting down what *Hints* occur to mee, fitt for my Improvement.' This memorandum of spiritual experience in the New England of King James II accords remarkably with the assertions of Indian devotees that the postures in which they pray perceptibly modify their consequent spiritual insight. In the same year, 1685, Cotton Mather was visited in his study by an angel—a vision which he records in Latin, deficient in classical purity, but surging with a glorious rhythm like that of the Vulgate and of the Fathers.

'Res Mirabilis et Memoranda.'

'Post fusas, maximis cum Ardoribus Jejunisque Preces, apparuit Angelus, qui Vultum habuit solis instar Meridiani micantem, caetera humanum, et prorsus imberbem; Caput

magnificâ Tiarâ obvolutum; in Humeris, Alas; Vestes deinceps candidas et splendas, Togam nempe Talarem, et Zonam circa Lumbos, Orientalium cingulis non absimilem. Dixitque hic Angelus, a Domino Jesu se missum, ut Responsa cujusdam Juvenis precibus articulatim afferat referatque. Quamplurima retulit hic Angelus, quae hic scribere non fas est. Verum inter alia memoratu digna, futurum hujusce Juvenis Fatum optime posse exprimi asseruit in illis Vatis Ezekielis verbis: Ezek. 31: 3, 4, 5, 7, and 9. "Behold hee was a Cedar in Lebanon" [&c.]. Atque particulariter clausulas de Rationis ejus extendendis [*sic*] exposuit hic Angelus, de Libris ab hoc juvene componendis, et non tantum in Americâ, sed etiam in Europâ, publicandis. Additque peculiares quasdam praedictiones, et pro tali ac tanto Peccatore valde mirabiles, de Operibus insignibus, quae pro Ecclesiâ Christi, in Revolutionibus jam appropinquantibus, hic Juvenis olim factururus est. Domine Jesu! Quid sibi vult haec res tam extraordinaria? A Diabolicis Illusionibus, obsecro te, Servum tuum indignissimum ut liberes et defendas.'

Though this was not his only entertainment of a celestial visitor, it seems to have remained his most memorable; he refers to it specifically so long afterwards as March 14, 1712/3. In view of this, a note in his vast, unpublished 'Biblia Americana' appears like a record of personal observation. It is a comment on John i, 32: 'And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from Heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him.' This does not imply, Mather writes, that the Holy Ghost ever assumed the shape of a bird; it means that 'assuming a body of light, or surrounded with a Guard of Angels in Luminous Forms, . . . [He] came down from above, just as a Dove with spread wings uses to do.' On March 14, 1701/2, he had intended to set apart the day for prayer:

'But because I preached yesterday, and was afraid of overdoing, unto a Trespass against the sixth Commandment, I omitted it. However, in the Evening, I perceived I was able to have done more than I thought I was. Wherefore I called now to Mind, that the primitive Christians, in obedience to that Commandment of *Watching unto Prayer*, sometimes had their *Vigils*, which were of great use unto them in their Christianity. . . . They found God often rewarding the Devotions of such *Vigils* with a more than ordinary degree of heavenly Consolation. Accordingly, I resolved, that I would this Night, make some Essay towards a *Vigil*. I dismissed my

dear Consort unto her own Repose; and in the Dead of the Night, I retired into my Study; and there casting myself into the Dust, prostrate on my Study-floor before the Lord, I was rewarded with Communications from Heaven, that cannot be uttered. . . . If these be *Vigils*, I must (as far as the sixth Commandment will allow) have some more of them!'

Whenever he could find time and strength, he had them thenceforth. In April 1703 he managed to fast and pray for three days together. 'Astonishing Entertainments from Heaven,' he writes on the second day, 'were granted me, in and from this Action. God opened Heaven to me, after a Manner, that I may not, and indeed cannot express in any writing.' The 15th of May in the same year

'was a Day full of astonishing Enjoyments; a Day filled with Resignations, and Satisfactions, and heavenly Astonishments. Heaven has been opened unto me. . . . I was not able to bear the Extasies of the Divine Love, into which I was raptured; they exhausted my Spirits; they made me faint and sick; they were insupportable; I was forced, even to withdraw from them, lest I should have swoon'd away under the raptures.'

Passages like this form the substance of the whole diary. It is a record of God's dealings with a sinner to whom perhaps has been granted the unmerited grace of salvation—to whom surely have been granted glimpses of what that salvation might be like, in its infinite, reconciled communion with divinity. To the generation of Puritans who preceded the Civil Wars in England, whose descendants persisted unchanged in New England long after their like had vanished in the mother-country, such glimpses were what made life worth living. They rarely recorded, in set terms, perceptions which must transcend the limitations of human expression. Like Cotton Mather, they recorded only that such perceptions had been the most wondrous incidents of their fervid lives.

In an old volume of the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society* lies forgotten a letter which more nearly sets forth what Mather perceived in his mystic raptures than any passage in his own writings. It was written from England on March 21, 1637/8, by Edward

* Series IV, vol. vi pp. 504, 505 (1863).

Howes, an accomplished Puritan who never fulfilled his purpose of crossing the Atlantic, to his intimate friend, the younger John Winthrop, afterwards Governor of Connecticut. After touching on certain religious disputes in New England, Howes proceeds as follows :

'I wonder your people that pretend to know so much do not know that Love is the fulfilling of the Law, and that against Love there is no Law. But no marvel, when many have not the beginning of wisdom in them ; and how can they that fear not God keep his commandments or fulfill them? . . . *The terra incognita cognita est paucis, arcanum Jehovahæ adest reverentibus ipsum* ; to tell you my thoughts or knowledge of it, it's neither earth, water, air, nor fire, nor æther, so that it's beyond sense, or my expression ; but to give you an intelligible taste, it's lesser than the least, it cannot be divided nor communicated, it's bigger than the biggest, for it's perfect, it's beyond the highest, and below the lowest, for thought cannot reach it ; if you know it I need not tell you it, if I speak in an unknown tongue, I do but beat the air.'

This passage, more boldly attempting to express the inexpressible than any of Cotton Mather's own, throws light on some aspects of Mather's character and reputation. Human beings, confined within a circle of knowledge which may be tested by observation or experiment, feel as if they were surrounded with unknown regions accessible, if accessible at all, only to a kind of perception for which the everyday faculties of humanity are singularly unsuited. Whether these regions really exist is not to the point ; they certainly seem to. Throughout human record, men have striven to penetrate these mysteries, and to utter and record concerning them truths less mutable than the truths of this passing world. Thus have arisen the various systems of religion. Now a remarkable fact about these systems is that none of enduring vigour has originated in Europe. In practical affairs and matters of human knowledge—in politics and law, in science and mundane philosophy, in literature and other fine art—Europe more than holds its own ; in matters spiritual it must still, and probably always, sit at the feet of Asia. The true seers are Asiatic ; the rigid formulas of European creeds are based on mystical perceptions inconceivable in Europe. So when Howes in Old England, and Cotton Mather in Boston, strove, like

the faithful Puritans they were, to penetrate the veil of eternity, they attempted a spiritual feat for which all their centuries of European ancestry had increasingly tended to make them unfit.

Of Howes little more is known; of Mather, it is sadly certain that his words and conduct, devout in persevering purpose throughout his life, impressed unsympathetic contemporaries, and have impressed unsympathetic tempers ever since, as wanting in candour, in trustworthiness, and even in honesty. The considerations now before us should help us to see why. From childhood to the verge of an old age which he was spared, he incessantly strove to see God, even as the Beatitude gives hopeful promise that He shall be seen by the pure of heart. Such strivings demand, for fulfilment, complete spiritual freedom. Any effort to make mystic perception conform to a preconceived system must probably distort it; any effort to combine mystic perception with the practical conduct of human affairs must bewilderingly confuse it with the phantasmagoric quiverings of earthly atmosphere. Yet Cotton Mather, Puritan of Puritans, would never suffer himself for an instant to admit any gleam of perception not completely harmonious with the dogmas of Calvin, nor yet tolerate the passing of a single day in which he had failed to do something tangible for the glory of God at Boston in Massachusetts. Had he relaxed either of these purposes, and thus soared into spiritual freedom, he would not have been what his diary proves him—magnificently faithful. Had his enmeshments with earth, as he aspired heavenward, failed to make those who have been blind to his spiritual life distrustful of his honesty, his enemies would not have been human.

Among his essays to do good, none were more incessant than the labours of his pen. Sibley's 'Harvard Graduates' names more than four hundred of his works. On February 1, 1701/2, Mather himself records that he prayed for two hundred and five of them, title by title; in the last three years of life he added fifty to the list of his publications; and not a few of them, sent forth anonymously, remain unidentified. They are of all sorts and sizes—for the most part sermons, biographies, tracts, books of good counsel, and the like. In August 1713 he even thought of sending some 'agreeable Thing' to the

'Spectator,' though whether he ever did so does not appear. Among all these works, however, three surpass the rest, both in bulk and in general interest. The first, the '*Magnalia Christi Americana*,' was published in England, and finally reached his hands, in folio, on October 29, 1702; wherefore he set apart the next day 'for solemn Thanksgiving unto God, for his watchful and gracious Providence over that Work, and for the Harvest of so many Prayers, and Cares, and Tears, and Resignations, as I had employ'd upon it.' The second, the '*Angel of Bethesda*,' completed after many years' work in February 1723/4, has remained in manuscript, but is shortly to be published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The third, the '*Biblia Americana*'—to his mind the most important of all—was begun in August 1693, finished on May 28, 1706, and augmented throughout his remaining twenty-one years; it remains, as the publishers of his time found it, far too bulky for publication. Together, these three books show how he believed that his pen might best do the earthly work of the Lord.

The '*Magnalia Christi Americana*' is an '*Ecclesiastical History of New England, from Its First Planting in the year 1620 unto the year of our Lord 1698*.' Approached as if it were intended to set forth that history in modern spirit, it may well seem perversely irregular, over-emphasising such events and persons as enjoyed Mather's approval, neglecting or abusing the rest. The dates of its composition should correct this impression. He conceived the plan of it in 1693; he finished the first draft in August 1697; the manuscript, revised and added to meantime, was dispatched to England, in 'near 300 sheets,' on June 8, 1700; the printed volume, as we have seen, arrived in Boston on October 29, 1702. These years, from 1693 to 1702, were precisely those between the witchcraft trials and the resignation of Increase Mather from the presidency of Harvard College, the years in which the power of theocracy was broken, and New England finally abandoned what Cotton Mather believed to be the divinely ordered policy of the Puritan Fathers.

The '*Magnalia*' is at once an epic celebration of these ancestors and a passionate controversial document. By means of it Mather hoped to prove that during the early years of the New England colonies the conduct of life and

affairs there had been so nearly pleasing to God that God had been moved to designate from among the New England colonists an unprecedented proportion of His elect. This admitted, the divine right of New England theocracy should logically follow; and there might still be hope for it. The work is hastily written and hardly composed at all. The first of its seven books recounts in epic temper the history of New England; the second contains the lives of godly governors and magistrates there, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the time of Sir William Phipps; the third contains lives of some sixty emigrant ministers of the Gospel; the fourth tells the history of Harvard College, and includes lives of ten eminent ministers who graduated there; the fifth sets forth the orthodox doctrine and discipline of the New England churches; the sixth records remarkable judgment and providences which have occurred in New England; the seventh tells of the 'Wars of the Lord,' that is, of the various disturbances which have harassed the New England churches and the New England people. The style of the book has been remarkably appreciated by M. Chevalley. He admits its pedantries and oddities and prolixities; but these, he says, in no wise affect its marvellous lucidity; nor has he found from beginning to end a single paragraph which, for all the aridity of the subjects, is quite uninteresting.

'On the other hand' (he goes on) 'it is full of happy expressions, of phrases which one might quote for the harmony of their rhythm, of passages worthy of an anthology for the solemn emotion, the enthusiasm, the fervour of spirit which conceived them and has imparted itself to the style. . . . The *Magnalia* is the work of a man inspired by profound conviction, who writes to communicate it to his readers; it is the work of a poet, who sets forth in prose, under the cloak of imaged history, the preoccupation, the effort, the torment, the love and the faith of his whole life.'

The 'Angel of Bethesda' is a treatise on medicine, little more systematic than the 'Magnalia,' but more compact. The manuscript comprises 410 quarto note pages, evidently written and added to at various times. As might be expected, it touches so often on divine interposition that it has been pleasantly described as the fountain-head of Christian Science. On the whole, how-

ever, its purpose is benignly practical. In popular terms it describes the maladies prevalent in New England, and, without pretence to scientific generalisation, indicates remedies which have been found, or are said to be, useful. Some of these are still approved; many are absurd; but few, if any, would have been condemned by the medical practice of contemporary Europe. Three facts about the book are noteworthy. First, in an early chapter, he expounds a conjectural theory of disease, substantially tending toward the modern science of bacteriology; although he describes his malignant germs as 'insects,' too small to be observed by the instruments of his time, his conception is surprisingly like those held nowadays. Secondly, he seldom fails to distinguish between matters which he has observed and matters of hearsay; in this respect his book is authoritative. Thirdly, his account of smallpox, and of inoculation, may fairly be held a document in the history of English medicine.

The 'Biblia Americana' was begun in 1693, at the same time as the 'Magnalia.' The note in his diary when he conceived the work indicates both his purpose and his method:

'With many cries unto the God of Heaven, that Hee would by His *good Spirit* Assist me, in my Undertaking, and that Hee would employ his *good Angels* to supply me from Time to Time, with materials for it, I sett myself every Mprning to write upon a Portion of *Scripture*, some *Illustration*, that should have in it, something of Curiositie. I considered that all the Learning in the World might bee made gloriously subservient unto the *Illustration* of the *Scripture*.'

So, omnivorous reader that he was, he added something to the notes every day of his life. The result is preserved in six folio volumes, closely written on both sides of the sheets, and interspersed with memoranda on smaller; the total number of pages exceeds 5000. To summarise such a work is impossible; one or two quotations may give some notion of its temper and style.

We have glanced already at his explanation of how the Holy Ghost descended 'like a dove' before the eyes of John the Baptist. In the matter of the harmony of the Gospels, he accepts the views of William Whiston, almost exactly his contemporary. At the beginning of

the Psalms he enters into a considerable discussion of Hebrew prosody, coming to this conclusion :

'I must keep to the Opinion That the Poesy of the Ancient Hebrews knew no *Measure* but that of the now unknown *Music* whereto it must be accordant. . . . [Certain authorities] go to resolve the Hebrew *Poesy* into I know not what *Lyricks* and *Hexameters*. But from the present practice of the Jews to *Sing* what they should *Read* in their Synagogues I rather gather a Concession that the Lawes of *Song* were the only ones that were considered in their primitive *Poesy*.'

In a comment on Jeremiah viii, 7, he proceeds thus : 'Among the *Season-Birds* we read of the *Crane* and the *Swallow* : Are the names truly translated ? A. Bochart says, No, but reads the *Swallow* and the *Crane*. The Hebrew (סוס) *sus* or rather (סיס) *sis* is to be translated not a *Crane* but a *Swallow*;' and so on, with a long philological dissertation, in which he cites the Septuagint, Theodotus, Jerome and Symmachus ; and, in support of certain onomatopœic conjectures, incidentally refers—perhaps on the authority of Bochart—to examples of relation between sound and meaning in languages so diverse as the Arabic and the Italian. To venture a final opinion on his work would require not only deep learning, but long study of his rather illegible handwriting. Casual examination suggests that, if it ever sees the light, it may conceivably prove to be an unexpectedly enlightened precursor of the Higher Criticism.

On February 11, 1728, when he lay dying, his son, Samuel, asked him, 'What sentence or word he would have me think on constantly, for I ever desired to have him before me and hear him speaking to me. He said, "Remember only that one word *Fructuosus*." ' His diary demonstrates how he strove all his life to cultivate what fruitfulness was in him. His life and his works make clear how perseveringly he hoped that the fruit of his labours would eventually be garnered in the harvests of the Lord.

BARRETT WENDELL.

Art. 3.—SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by F. Elrington Ball, with an Introduction by the Right Rev. J. H. Bernard, D.D. Vols I-III. London: Bell, 1910-12.

A CLASSICAL edition of a great author confers honour upon all concerned in its preparation, and we can easily believe that to a great publishing house no distinction is more welcome. It must be a consolation to a publisher gifted with a sense of literature to reflect that, if he has perhaps made a fortune out of the profits of much rubbish, he has at least spent some of it upon the worthy production of those great works, more often talked about than read, the sale of which can never be in proportion to the labour and money expended upon them. Not a few instances of the kind will occur to those who are familiar with good libraries, but the most recent example is seen in Messrs George Bell and Sons' elaborate edition of the complete works of Swift, an author who can never be popular in the whole range of his writings, yet whose works demand more learned editing than perhaps any other classic of his rank.

The issue of the 'Prose Works' in twelve volumes, under the skilful editorship of Mr Temple Scott and his industrious colleagues, has wholly superseded all previous editions, except perhaps for readers who prefer large type and wide margins to accurate texts and exhaustive notes. These luxuries of type and margin, however, are happily supplied, without neglecting the other more important qualities, in the edition of Swift's 'Correspondence' now appearing in six volumes, of which three are so far issued. We had thought it impossible to excel the accuracy and industry of Mr Temple Scott's annotation, yet Dr Elrington Ball bids fair to achieve this pre-eminence; but, as he is the first to confess, with a generous acknowledgment of others' help which is among his natural graces, he could never have succeeded so well if he had not been preceded by the editors of the 'Prose Works.' When the 'Correspondence' is complete, with (we make sure) an exhaustive index, we shall possess such a final presentation of the whole of Swift's writings,

so far as they can be identified and traced, as may challenge comparison with the best editions of any English classics. The mantle of H. G. Bohn fell on worthy shoulders; and Messrs Bell are to be at once congratulated and thanked for their judgment and courage.

We are assuming that people outside the circle of serious students of literature do not read Swift. We wish we may be wrong, for, to limit our view to the letters alone, we know of no correspondence that throws a more brilliant light upon a commanding personality and upon the world in which he lived. We envy the sensations of the reader who for the first time enters Swift's world—the society of the early part of the eighteenth century—through these spacious gates. For these volumes do not give us only one side of the correspondence; a great part of letter-writing depends upon whom you are writing to, and letters without their provocations and their replies are maimed. If you may know a man by his friends, you may certainly know a correspondent by the style of the letters written to him; and none shows this more plainly than Swift. No man, assuredly, was less 'all things to all men,' but none knew better how to fall into the mood of his correspondent—the mood, to wit, imagined by the writer; for the genius of letter-writing consists in sympathetic imagination. You visualise your friend as you imagine he is at the moment you write; and on the fullness of the vision depends the intimacy of the letter. Swift undoubtedly had this gift essential to real letter-writing; without knowing the word telepathy, he 'saw' his correspondents. The qualification is so obvious that Mr E. V. Lucas does not find it important to include it in the necessary equipment for good correspondence which he enumerates in the preface to his charming 'Selection from Cowper's Letters.' He rightly makes a point of the letter-writer not being a man of action, with too much to tell.

'He is then in danger of becoming exciting. The best letter-writers never excite: they entertain, amuse, interest; excite never. A humorous observer of life, of strong affections, and possessed of sufficient egotism to desire to keep his friends acquainted with his thoughts, adventures, moods, and achievements, is, when he is without responsibilities or harassing demands on his time, in the ideal position to write such letters

as become literature. Cowper at Olney, FitzGerald at Woodbridge, Gray at Cambridge, Walpole at Strawberry Hill—these fulfil the conditions absolutely: all childless; all solitaries, or at least quite happy when solitary; all amateurs; all blessed with a competency; all men of thought rather than action; all interested in themselves; and all possessed of a variety of mind which may be said never to have been in *déshabillé*' (*op. cit.* p. v).

It was just when Swift's life corresponded best to these conditions that he wrote some of his best letters. 'My solitary way of life,' he wrote, 'is apt to make me talkative on paper.' The moderate competency of his deanery, the comparative solitude which he courted (though it would be idle to say that he was 'happy' in it), the absence of any very active or harassing responsibilities—all these were the nursery of some of the best letters in our literature; though it would be rash to assert that Swift could not write well in much less favouring circumstances. And in the epistolary twin, the stimulus of his correspondents, Swift was fortunate far beyond most letter-writers—infinitely beyond Cowper, for instance. Statesmen like Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Peterborough; political prelates such as King and Atterbury; Court ladies from the Countess of Orkney—William's 'weakness'—to Lady Masham and Mrs Howard, not forgetting the distressful Ladies Ormond and Bolingbroke; the poets Pope, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Addison—a genius would be hard put to it to find more variously stimulating correspondents. They wrote to Swift more frequently than he to them, and their reproaches for his silences re-echo through the years. They went on writing to him till they died, however; and the wonder of it is that the best part of this wide correspondence has survived and is now printed. Dr Ball has gone very carefully into this question of survival, so far as relates to the letters from 1714 to 1726, and his conclusion (iii, 541) is that

'the greater number of the letters from his [Swift's] more prominent correspondents have been preserved. In the collection in the British Museum, which must have been made by Swift with an idea of its ultimate publication, there is evidence that every letter from his English friends which did not trench dangerously on the politics of the day was kept by him with sedulous care. The letters from the Duchess of

Ormond, some of those from Prior, and the notes sent to him during his two visits to Pope, may be cited as instances that no letter from those whose friendship Swift really valued is likely to have been rejected on account of its slender interest.'

Pope, indeed, weeded out some of his own letters to Swift; and the political letters of Erasmus Lewis, John Barber, and Charles Ford were sometimes too unguarded in their references to be prudently preserved in days when 'the Pretender' was on the horizon. Swift did not reckon his Irish friends or their letters as of any importance; and they on their part did not fully realise his genius, but valued him on other grounds. But they often kept his letters; the series to Chetwode and to Stopford are complete, and 'the care with which Sheridan and Walls cherished even a few lines from his pen leaves the impression that not many letters which they received are missing.' The letters to his more notable English friends seem to have been jealously treasured; 'the series of his letters is unbroken, or almost so,' says Dr Ball; 'and the first and second Earls of Oxford, Carteret, Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Mrs Howard, Archbishop King, Addison, and Tickell are found amongst those who recognised that any letter from him was of more than ephemeral interest.' Bolingbroke, Prior, and Arbuthnot were naturally careless men and lost not a few.

Some interesting conclusions may be drawn from the proportion of the letters so far printed in these volumes. Swift appears to have been an infrequent writer. He seldom initiated a correspondence, and his dilatory habits were apt to compel him to a spasmodic and hurried yet by no means careless dispatch of a number of letters by the same mail. He admitted (ii, 284) that 'my nature and custom . . . never suffer me to be a very exact correspondent,' and that he had 'left off my old custom of answering letters before the post-day; and it happened that upon post-day I never had leisure' (ii, 264)—a confession entirely unoriginal. Taking the letters here printed and omitting the 'Journal to Stella,' the average comes to hardly more than one letter a week in the earlier, or one a fortnight in the latter part of the period comprised in these three volumes. This is the more remarkable because there is no doubt that Swift loved his friends and knew that they delighted to hear from

him, and further because, judging from the style of his intimate letters, he took a pleasure in writing them. It is difficult to believe that he could have written as he did if he did not enjoy doing it.

Of course, a considerable proportion of these letters are not strictly literary—we do not mean in the sense of letters about books, for Swift was not bookish and seldom mentioned them—but in the sense of literature. To taste his epistolary flavour, a selection would be better than an edition which aims at being exhaustive. Dr Ball's object—the proper object in such an edition—is to print every surviving letter from and to Swift from the most correct text and with full explanatory notes. He deals with the matter not as literature but as documents, and he does so rightly. Literary critics may differ on many points in regard to Swift, but none can dispense with an accurate reproduction and elucidation of the documents on which their criticism must rest. Hitherto his correspondence has been treated in a slovenly way. It has come out piecemeal, and suffered by uncritical editing and even by fantastic 'emendations.' Faulkner, Hawkesworth, Deane Swift, Sheridan, Nichols, followed each other, reprinting and adding, but seldom collating, until Sir Walter Scott in his editions of 1814 and 1824 produced the maximum of material with the minimum of accuracy. 'There are few letters included in his edition which appear in this one without some alteration,' remarks Dr Ball; for Scott's great genius did not easily condescend to the collation of manuscripts, and he left too much to his underlings.

Fortunately a surprisingly large number of the original letters are still in existence. There is a great collection of them in the British Museum, and another in the Forster Library at South Kensington. Mr John Murray is the happy possessor of a long and interesting series of Swift's autograph letters to Archdeacon Walls and others, which he has freely placed at the disposal of the present editor. An important set of original letters from Swift to the first and second Earls of Oxford is preserved among the Duke of Portland's MSS at Welbeck Abbey; others have been unearthed in various private collections by the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission; and a number of letters which appear to

have been left by Swift accidentally in the office of Erasmus Lewis, or of Charles Ford the gazetteer, have turned up in the Public Record Office. The Duke of Marlborough's collection has yielded up some letters to Swift which were intercepted by a too zealous Whig administration in the hope of incriminating the recipient. A few have been found in the Primate's Library at Armagh; and at the last moment two remarkable letters from Swift to his cousin Thomas, written so early as 1692 and 1693, when he was but twenty-five years old and was still labouring under the delusion that he was a poet, were unexpectedly added by Mr M. Molyneux McCowen. Reckoning as originals such authentic copies as those of Archbishop King's letters in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and the contemporary transcripts of the correspondence between Swift and Pope, Gay and Bolingbroke, preserved at Longleat among the Marquess of Bath's manuscripts, we reach the surprising result that of the seven hundred letters included in these three volumes, about five hundred are printed from the originals. It is unnecessary to say that Dr Ball has spared no pains in collating the text, just as he has neglected no clue in tracing the originals of all letters believed to be in existence. One batch, however, has eluded him. Why the present owners of the Swift letters purchased from Mr Sabin a few years ago persist in withholding them from publication is a mystery.

Naturally people kept Swift's letters more regularly than he kept theirs. Walls prized every scrap from the Dean, who probably tossed the Archdeacon's replies into the fire. Out of the seven hundred letters here printed, almost exactly four hundred were written by Swift—a proportion which obviously misrepresents the real number of letters received. It is fortunate that it was so, for, charming or brilliant as many of the letters of his correspondents were, his own outshine them all. And they all recognise this supremacy and write to him as subjects to a king. This universal recognition of his intellectual sovereignty is the most striking and persistent characteristic of the whole correspondence; and yet the homage which he exacted, or at least received, seems to have stirred no root of jealousy. His correspondents were proud to honour him and to be counted

his liegemen ; of equality, of rivalry, they never dreamt. He played upon them like a skilled musician, tempering his touch to their various timbre and compass. There is no one style in his letters ; they change with his mood and with his friends. He writes finished essays to Bolingbroke, in reply to the tedious, too-clever disquisitions of the exiled Secretary ; to Archbishop King he discourses heavily like a state paper ; with Pope and Arbuthnot he is at home, and his talk is unstudied, though never slipshod ; while to Walls and Sheridan and his other Irish henchmen he writes rough scoldings mixed with the irresponsible nonsense which evokes the reprobation of grave doctors, such as the editor of the present edition and the Bishop of Ossory, but which for our part we find a relief after the decorous dullness of the episcopal correspondence. Not, indeed, that Swift could not sometimes flash out far from decorously upon a prelate, as when he wrote to Bishop Evans, 'I hope . . . your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman' (iii, 38) ; and later, referring to the bishop's Welsh extraction, 'I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good-nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard' (iii, 87).

The supreme virtue of this correspondence is that it reconciles one to Swift. To estimate him merely by his satires and political writings is to measure a brain and leave out body and soul. In his literary works he is all intellect—cold, even cruel intellect ; and the milk of human kindness is turned sour. It is no wonder that the author of 'A Tale of a Tub' and 'Gulliver's Travels' has acquired the reputation of the bitterest cynic and misanthrope in all literature. It is the merit and virtue of the letters that they reveal the heart of one who in his public writings is mere head. A common belief maintains, and generally rightly, that the best of a man comes out in his writings, when the cloak of reserve and self-consciousness is cast off and he dares to write what he would not venture to say. But this is not true of Swift. He preferred to show himself in a repellent character ; he had a singular knack of 'putting his worst foot foremost. Bolingbroke, with his customary insight, said that 'Dr

Swift was a hypocrite reversed.' Instead of trying to persuade people that he was better than he really was, he took a perverse delight in making himself out worse. In his satires he was vigilantly on his guard, resolved to expose no weak joint in his armour, to give no handle to the enemy to discover that the man was after all flesh and blood, and not merely cold steel. One must turn to the letters to see the champion with his armour off, and then only shall we perceive the man behind the black vizard of the cynic. Here we discover that the cynicism is general and not particular; and that (in his own words) 'principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas.' He asks Stopford to picture 'the Dean of St Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons,' and exhorts him to 'Pray God give you grace to be hated by [Provost Baldwin] and all such beasts while you live'; but all the while so strong was his affection for some of the animals, that he could write of Dr Arbuthnot, perhaps the man of all others he most loved, 'O, if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my "Travels."'* As Dr Bernard well observes, 'it is remarkable how unerring was Swift's discernment of genuine goodness.'

Few men have enjoyed more intimate or enduring friendships; none perhaps was ever more loyal and staunch to his friends. Of Addison he said, 'That man has wrote enough to give reputation to an age'; and Addison, in inscribing his 'Travels' to him, phrased his dedication 'To Dr Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.' Addison was not wont to be effusive. Swift's friends were of all ranks, parties, professions, and dispositions. Two statesmen so diverse as Harley and St John treated him like a brother, in spite of his imperious, almost insolent manner and his many whims and eccentricities. That he fully returned their affection is shown in the correspondence. Many of his closest friendships were made or cemented in one or other of the social clubs in

* In this and the following paragraph I have incorporated some passages from my Introduction to a volume of 'Eighteenth Century Letters' (Innes, 1897), which otherwise I must have repeated, without advantage, in different words.—S. L.-P.

which he was a conspicuous figure. The 'Brothers' came first; and then he helped to found the 'Scriblerus.' In both, men of all ranks met on terms of social equality; wit and conversation were the only conditions of membership, and these certainly were not wanting. A society which included Swift and his old schoolfellow Congreve, 'whom I loved from my youth,' Atterbury, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Prior, Rowe and Arbuthnot, must have realised the Olympian revels, *noctes caenaeque deum*. The warmth of these friendships never cooled; we find it still glowing in the ample correspondence of later years, in the letters written by a disappointed exile from his distant deanery to his friends of 'lang syne' in London—letters which, with all their melancholy and dissatisfaction, are yet full of a philosophic dignity and display the finest side of Swift's nature. It was to Pope, for whom he had a very tender affection not easily comprehensible by any but the little poet's intimates, that he wrote in 1726 (iii, 349):

'I am so far of your opinion that life is good for nothing otherwise than for the love we have to our friends, that I think the easiest way of dying is so to contrive matters as not to have one friend left in the world,' [he was then dreading the approaching death of his beloved Stella,] 'and perhaps it would be no ill amendment to add, nor an enemy neither.'

It was not to be expected that the general impression of Swift's character produced by the correspondence would be seriously modified by the new materials brought to light by the researches of Dr Ball. The additions bear a small proportion to the great mass of the letters which were already familiar to us in Sir Walter Scott's edition of 1822, or in the clumsy but serviceable volumes of Roscoe. The new letters help to fill in the lines but do not alter the portrait. The most interesting, as we said, are the two written in 1692 and 1693 from Moor Park to his cousin Thomas Swift, whom he had visited at Oxford. With the exception of the letter of February 11, 1691-2, to his uncle by marriage, the Rev. John Kendall, who had apparently grown anxious about his nephew's flirtations in Leicestershire, these are the earliest letters from Swift that have come down to us. He was then living with Sir William Temple at Moor Park, teaching little Hester Johnson, a child of eleven, how to become his Stella; or

writing Pindaric odes and an address in verse (mercifully forgotten) to King William on his successes in Ireland, which was expected to bring its author a prebend, but produced nothing better than an offer of a cornetcy of dragoons and a practical lesson from his Majesty in the art of cutting asparagus after the Dutch fashion.

In the first of these two letters of May 3, 1692, we find Swift, then in his twenty-fifth year, reading 'a French newspaper printed in Holland,' writing rather grandly about 'when I used the Court about two years ago,' and describing his manner of turning out verses:

'It makes me mad to hear you talk of making a copy of verses next morning, which though indeed they are not so correct as your others are, [is] what I could not do under two or three days, nor does it enter into my head to make anything of a sudden but what I find to be exceedingly silly stuff except by great chance. I esteem the time of studying poetry to be two hours in a morning, and that only when the humour sits, which I esteem to be the flower of the whole day, and truly I make bold to employ them that way, and yet I seldom write above two stanzas in a week—I mean such as are to any Pindaric ode—and yet I have known myself in so good a humour as to make two in a day, but it may be no more in a week after, and when all is done I alter them a hundred times, and yet I do not believe myself to be a laborious dry writer, because if the fit comes not immediately I never heed it, but think of something else' (i, 362-3).

He goes on to tell how the Ode to the Athenian Society was 'all rough drawn in a week and finished in two days after,' and how well it had been spoken of; how his translation of Virgil was dragging on; and how he was trying to compose an ode on 'my late Lord of Canterbury, Dr Sancroft, a gentleman I admire at a degree more than I can express,' but could not 'finish it for my life'—it still remains incomplete in the printed form. Then he makes a queer confession:

'I have a sort of vanity or *foiblesse*, I do not know what to call it, and which I would fain know if you partake of it: it is—not to be circumstantial—that I am overfond of my own writings; I would not have the world think so, for a million, but it is so, and I find when I write what pleases me I am Cowley to myself and can read it a hundred times over. I know it is a desperate weakness, and has nothing to defend

it but its secrecy, and I know farther, that I am wholly in the wrong, but have the same pretence the baboon had to praise her children, and indeed I think the love in both is much alike, and their being our own offspring is what makes me such a blockhead. I am just the same way to yours, and though I resolve to be a severe critic, yet I cannot but think I see a thousand beauties and no faults in what you take any pains about, for as to the rest I can easily distinguish when either of us have been idle. I am just so to all my acquaintance: I mean in proportion to my love of them, and particularly to Sir William Temple. I never read his writings but I prefer him to all others at present in England, which I suppose is all but a piece of self-love, and the likeness of humours makes one fond of them as if they were one's own' (i, 364-5).

It is little short of a miracle that the writer of this singularly ungrammatical and loosely jointed letter, full of self-revelation but of an elementary and undeveloped self, should have grown so mightily as to be capable of writing 'A Tale of a Tub' within the next four years. The development in style alone is almost incredible. One cannot trace the faintest germs of that triumphant masterpiece of his genius in these intimate letters to his 'little parson cousin,' who afterwards gained some little credit, or discredit, among foolish people on the absurd supposition that he was the true author of it. There is, however, a charming youthful naturalness about these early letters which attracts one. Swift was not yet in orders, and his thoughts strayed in various directions:

'I like your style to the girl' (he tells Thomas), 'but you make no conscience because it is to a woman and therefore borrow from rich Mr Cowley. Well, it is cleanlily absurd, and if she has any sense your entertainment is very agreeable, but egad! I cannot write anything easy to be understood though it were but the praise of an old shoe, and sometime or other I will send you something I writ to a young lady in Ireland which I call the Ramble, and it will show you what I say is true' (i, 366).

The letter ends with a reference to the *testimonium* from Trinity College, Dublin, which was needed for him to obtain the *ad eundem* degree of Master of Arts at Oxford; which he took in the following July, graduating from Hart Hall, now Hertford College. But if no 'testimonium' should be granted he was preparing for

the alternative examination:—'I have got up my Latin pretty well and am getting up my Greek, but to enter upon causes [courses?] of Philosophy is what I protest I will rather die in a ditch than go about.' The second letter to Thomas Swift, dated December 6, 1693, is much shorter, and is chiefly concerned with the cousin's 'choices of employment,' on which Swift gives little advice, and that little is enigmatic. The following sentence, however, is profoundly characteristic:—'I protest I cannot much pity your present circumstances, which keep your mind and your body in motion, and myself was never very miserable while my thoughts were in a ferment, for I imagine a dead calm to be the troublesomest part of our voyage through the world.' One remembers that thirty years later he wrote to Vanessa, 'I fly from the spleen to the world's end.' Inaction, boredom, 'a dead calm,' were insupportable.

It is not so much in the material supplied by newly discovered letters, such as these, as in the minute and searching examination to which Dr Ball has subjected the whole correspondence, that fresh light upon Swift's life and times is to be found. It is unnecessary to dilate upon this accomplished editor's eximious qualifications for the task which he took over from his friend Mr C. Litton Falkiner, when a lamentable accident cut short that promising historian's still young life. Dr Ball's partly published 'History of the County of Dublin,' which he laid aside in order to fulfil his friend's heavy bequest, showed that he possesses precisely those powers of laborious and accurate research that are most necessary in a task which demands above all things careful collation and verification. The preparation of the 'History' gave him his unique familiarity with the published contemporary sources and authorities, the contents of public and private collections, and the wealth of manuscript documents stored in the Public Record Office at Dublin—a treasure-house where fresh riches are continually coming to light, and where whole series of documents, such as the illuminating 'Departmental Correspondence' which he has consulted with notable advantage for the present work, have hitherto been, as a rule, but perfunctorily explored. The notes to these volumes of Swift's letters prove the editor's complete

bibliographical preparation, and his remarkable aptitude in handling an immense apparatus. More than this, they reveal the true student's insatiable thirst for verification. Dr Ball rarely lets a reference or an allusion escape untraced; he is inexorable in verifying dates, searching probates of wills, establishing connexions, tracing out hints and clues, in short, in doing his editing with a thoroughness and devotion beyond all praise. For the scholarly tone, the penetration and the accuracy that distinguish even the slightest of his notes we have a profound admiration. All future students of the earlier half of 'the seventeen hundreds' must be thankful for his labours; none can afford to ignore them.

Dr Ball is a born commentator, and the temptation to a scholar with his talent for annotation is to overdo it. He came perilously near to such supererogation in the first volume, where the notes were sometimes overlaid with citations from the published opinions of sundry biographers on controversial questions. These are really beside the mark, and we are glad to see that in the later volumes Dr Ball has ceased to rely upon this extraneous and unimportant source. His own conclusions, based upon a fresh study of Swift in his letters, a study much more thorough and exhaustive than has ever before been undertaken, are of far greater value on questions of fact than any that he could quote. Questions of opinion perhaps are better excluded from monumental editions of classical works, yet the temptation to discuss the various fascinating problems that meet one at every turn in a career so potent, so individual, and so mysterious as Swift's is frankly irresistible. Dr Ball has not resisted it. We do not doubt that he brought to his criticism as fair and impartial a mind as possible; and therefore, if his conclusions are, on the whole, unfavourable to Swift's character as an honest man, we must ascribe this result not to premeditative hostility, but to the effects produced upon his mind by the study of the Correspondence itself. If there is an appearance of bias in Dr Ball's notes, we must assume that the lead was inserted by Swift's own hands. There are several points in his career that seem open to different constructions, and there are sentences in many of his letters that are evidently so framed as to be enigmatic. Reading between the lines is

a tempting and sometimes necessary expedient, but with no writer is it more dangerous.

The sincerity of Swift's letters seems never to have been questioned by his friends. When the Princess of Wales dwelt upon 'his wit and good conversation,' Dr Arbuthnot ventured to correct her: 'I told Her Royal Highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it' (iii, 343). The candid reader of this correspondence must, in our opinion, unhesitatingly agree with Arbuthnot. Sincerity and honesty are written on every page. It is important to emphasise this, since we find Dr Ball not infrequently applying the adjective 'disingenuous' to Swift's statements, and it is probable that he may be supposed to mean 'insincere.' The two words are not synonymous, and it is quite possible to be sincere without being ingenuous. A man may be utterly sincere in telling a woman that he loves her, while he need not be wholly ingenuous in revealing his previous passions. Sincerity may retain its reserves, but ingenuousness is ever open. Truthfulness is one thing; frankness another. If this distinction be admitted, Swift's sincerity may stand unimpeached, whilst he obviously makes no claim to ingenuousness. His life was full of reserves. Bolingbroke told him that his 'trade was to deal in mysteries'; and there were mysteries unknown to Bolingbroke that Swift kept locked in his bosom. The question is, did his reserve prejudice his sincerity?

The most critical test is naturally the motive of his so-called 'political apostasy.' The argument based on interested motives is necessarily against him, for in 1710 he was unquestionably a poor man in search of preferment. Undoubtedly it appears from Dr Ball's researches that Swift's adhesion to Harley's party was brought about by that 'wily henchman,' Erasmus Lewis, more rapidly than had previously been demonstrated. Dr Ball puts it rather brutally: 'As the result of four dinners at Harley's table . . . Swift had been installed as editor of the "Examiner"' (i, 213), and had thus 'burned his boats many weeks before' he informed Archbishop King of the change (i, 220), and even before the question of the First Fruits (i, 228), on which he

was employed, had been 'fully despatched,' as he falsely asserted in his 'Memoir' on the dismissal of the Whig ministers in 1710. We are not disposed to lay much stress on any of these points. The First Fruits question may have been settled in principle, as Swift asserts, or the assertion may be a slip of memory; and there was no reason why he should take King, who was a staunch Whig, into his instant confidence about the support he was giving to Harley. That Godolphin gave him the cold shoulder, in contrast with Harley's effusive welcome, is certain; but what is much less certain is that Harley, a mere unscrupulous self-seeker, was ever a Tory, or Swift anything but a Whig. Reports of Harley's attempts at forming a coalition in 1713 are on record; in this correspondence we find Swift (ii, 15) referring to them, and Berkeley, on the very slight ground that he met Addison at breakfast at Swift's lodging, 'construing a sign of an approaching coalition'—which, Dr Ball says, 'supports the possibility that Swift may have been a party to the negotiations between Oxford and the Whig leader, notwithstanding what he says to Archbishop King.' But all that Swift said to the Archbishop was that he did not believe the report that 'the Lord Treasurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the Whigs.' Declaring for the Whigs is quite a different thing from a coalition between moderate men of both parties; and, even if Swift was aware of what was going on (which is doubtful, for, as Dr Ball shows in several places, e.g. ii, 78, 246, both Oxford and Bolingbroke cautiously kept tricky things back from him) there was nothing disingenuous in his defence of his leader.

As for conversations with the opposite party, 'I certainly agree with your Grace,' he writes, 'that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party; neither would I do so if I were free.' Writing later to King (ii, 113) he says, 'I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience; and whoever does that will, in public management, often differ as well from one side as another.' Apart from the influence of personal grudges and likings, which with him counted for much, Swift was divorced from the Whigs and drawn to the Tory administration expressly by its Church policy—a subject on which he felt strongly even when

writing his ode on Archbishop Sancroft, so far back as 1692; but he could write to King (ii, 353) at the close of 1716, 'while I was near the late Ministry, I was a common advocate for those they called the Whigs, to a degree that a certain great Minister told me, I had always a Whig in my sleeve'; and he adds that he 'was always a Whig in politics.' Except on Church matters, he was something of a political free-lance. His interview with Walpole in 1726, from which he may very reasonably be supposed to have hoped for some such result as his own removal from Dublin to an English benefice, to be accepted only on condition of a generous policy towards Ireland, showed him that his Whiggishness was not that of the administration of the day. 'I am weary,' he wrote to Thomas Tickell, July 7, 1726, 'of being among Ministers whom I cannot govern, who are all rank Tories in government and worse than Whigs in Church; whereas I was the first man who taught and practised the direct contrary principle.' His residence in Ireland, where all things were and are in extremes, did not tend to reconcile him to Whiggishness, for even Addison

'was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here. He told me that they were a sort of people who seemed to think that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the Church, reviling the clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.' (Swift to Pope, iii, 119).

A study of the correspondence convinces one of what Swift's public writings would never have suggested, that he acted more than most men upon the impulse of affection. Addison was shrewd enough to perceive this when he wrote in 1718, 'I always honoured you for your good-nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eye of the world' (iii, 3). It was this kindliness and susceptibility to the same quality in others that drew Swift to Harley, whom he unquestionably loved for himself, and not only for his office. Notwithstanding the Treasurer's exasperating habits, hesitations, and procrastinations, there must have been something supremely attractive in him to win such affection from such a man. Swift's letters leave no doubt as to his devotion, though perhaps

too much stress has been laid upon his noble disinterestedness in throwing in his lot with the fallen statesman after the *débâcle* of 1714. It is true he offered on July 25 to join Lord Oxford in his retirement in Herefordshire, and Oxford replied gratefully accepting on the 27th; but there is nothing to show (ii, 198-9) that it was to be more than a visit, or that it implied a break with Bolingbroke. Writing on August 1 to Vanessa (ii, 210) that he could not rely on Bolingbroke's love for him, he adds:

'I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a Minister of State; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great, and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable.'

This has the true ring; yet a week later (August 7) he writes to Bolingbroke (ii, 226), 'if your Lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter'; and on the following day he tells Archdeacon Walls that 'Two days after [the Earl of Oxford's removal], I had earnest invitation from those in power to go up to town and assist them in their new Ministry, which I resolved to excuse; but before I could write, news came of the Queen's death, and all our schemes broke to shatters.' The explanation of these seeming contradictions would appear to be that Swift, on Oxford's dismissal, impulsively wrote to offer to join him at his country seat; that he kept to this resolve in spite of Bolingbroke's overtures; but that the Queen's death, which caused Oxford to remain in town, upset the Herefordshire plan as well as others, and Swift felt himself free to offer his services to Oxford's rival, after a compulsory visit to Dublin to take the oaths to the new sovereign. It was not the first time that he had preserved the friendship of both men whilst they quarrelled furiously between themselves; and it was probably for the sake of his church policy that Swift was ready to work with Bolingbroke, whom he did not greatly trust. 'To be at the head of the Church interest,' he wrote to him in the letter already quoted, 'is no mean station; and that, I take it, is now in your Lordship's power.'



It is not difficult to reconcile Swift's attachment to Oxford with his yielding to Bolingbroke's spell. It is less easy to reconcile his widely discrepant judgments of Sunderland and Halifax, or his writing what he himself termed a 'damned libellous pamphlet' on Wharton after exchanging civilities with that scandalous Lord-Lieutenant in Dublin and even crossing to England in the vice-regal yacht with the man whom he was, if not at that very moment, at least shortly afterwards, holding up to public scorn with all the venom of his pen. It is only charitable to remember that public men are often forced by circumstances into equivocal positions, and that the secrecy attached to Swift's powerful engine of the press compelled him to employ every precaution against the discovery of authorship. The fact—already known but now brought out by Dr Ball in full detail from the impounded documents themselves—that Archbishop King had a hand in seizing letters addressed to Swift in 1715, on suspicion of treasonable contents, while falsely professing to shield him from the consequences of such suspicion, is sufficient excuse for Swift's apparent disingenuousness in writing to the treacherous prelate about one or two political matters. The Archbishop seems to have been more deceitful than deceived, and we do not suppose for a moment that he was taken in by Swift's evasions (i, 130-1), which may plausibly be explained by distrust of the post office. The other points referred to by Dr Ball—the glossing over a Sunday dinner-party or giving a fictitious reason for breaking off a letter (i, 276)—are mere epistolary peccadillos which may be paralleled in anybody's correspondence. The editor is at pains to prove that, though Swift told King he was 'forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my memory' (i, 207), the original draft of the letter shows careful emendations; but little importance can be attached to this, for, though the style and phrasing were revised, the statement remained as 'confusedly' arranged as before.

After all, it is a hard thing for a public man to be always sincere and consistent; really ingenuous he cannot be, even in the 'New Diplomacy.' Swift, the most secret of men, had his private as well as public causes for disingenuousness; but these three full volumes of correspondence, which extend beyond the date of Vanessa's

death and almost to that of Stella's, add nothing new to the great question which has probably done more to make Swift a familiar name to the general reader than all his satires put together. There is only one letter from Swift to Stella in existence, apart of course from the incomparable 'Journal'; and there are no new letters to or from Vanessa. There are, however, numerous notes on the subject; and the Bishop of Ossory, who was Dean of St Patrick's when he wrote the judicious and broad-minded introduction prefixed to the first volume, has a good deal to say about Swift's relations with the two ladies who through him achieved celebrity. That he exerted a very potent fascination upon women is undeniable. It comes out again and again in the correspondence. His brilliant talk no doubt counted for much, but we do not undervalue the 'eye azure as the heavens' which ensnared poor Vanessa, nor the dominating influence of a proud and powerful personality. That he could be tender and show a fine delicacy of feeling we know from his gentleness to the distraught Duchess of Hamilton, when her husband was killed by Lord Mohun; his grief when his 'greatest favourite,' young Lady Ashburnham, his friend Ormond's daughter, died in her youth and beauty; and his unaffected mourning for Mistress Anne Long. To Lady Betty Germain, Lady Berkeley, Lady Carteret, and other fine ladies, he was a petted and privileged tyrant; and no man was more fond of the dangerous office of mentor to fair women. He did not like them hard-featured, if it could be avoided; and, when he was choosing a housekeeper for his deanery, he lamented that 'the ladies of my acquaintance,' Stella and Dingley, to wit, 'would not allow me one with a tolerable face, though I most earnestly interceded for it' (ii, 248). He admired women of the world and delighted in the talk of the late King's mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, Countess of Orkney, whom he pronounced 'the wisest woman I ever knew'; and she, for her part, was fairly captivated by Swift. His letters to women are among the most whimsical and amusing in the correspondence.

All this seems to show that Swift was fit for love,*

* Dr Bernard's suggestion (i, xxv) is founded upon a mistaken interpretation of a passage in a letter to Archdeacon Walls. The allusion there is to old Joe Beaumont of Trim.

and there was nothing astonishing in two handsome but undistinguished girls loving him. Whether it was altogether becoming in an elderly ecclesiastic to love them both at the same time is a question which cannot be answered without a more complete knowledge of the nature and degree of the respective affections than we are ever likely to possess. The correspondence, at all events, throws no fresh light upon Swift's relations with Stella, which are consistently represented as pure devoted friendship. Not a tittle of evidence for the legendary marriage has ever been produced. That vulgar folk like Bishop Evans should fancy and rumour them married, or worse, was of course inevitable.

The case of Vanessa was different. If Stella's was an instance of romantic friendship, Vanessa's was one of tumultuous passion on both sides, and extending with fluctuations over more than twelve years, when it was abruptly severed, shortly before her death; but how or why, none knows, though rumour is fertile in invention. Swift's relations with Vanessa seem as intelligible as his calmer relations with Stella. It appears impossible to misunderstand the references—the repeated *catalogues* of references—to tender meetings:

'Remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is tenth—drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh, but without the two former you cannot drink it right; and remember the china in the old house, and Ryder Street, and the Colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London,' 'the chapter of the blister,' 'the adventures of the lost key,' 'the chapter of long walks,' 'two hundred chapters of madness,' and so on (iii, 62, 132, 137).

And there is a suspicious use of words which may easily be cyphers that have a secret meaning. But all this has been before the world for a century, and nobody is any wiser on the matter than Sir Walter was when he first printed Vanessa's passionate letter from the copies which Judge Marshal took of the duplicates which the unhappy girl had apparently copied with her own hand—an extraordinary circumstance which Dr Ball is the first to point out. In his very careful appendix to vol. III he traces the history of the Vanhomrigh family, and tells us

much about the worthy alderman and Lord Mayor of Dublin, who duly enrolled his baby daughter Esther as a freewoman of Dublin in April 1688; a singular proceeding which establishes her age and makes her two years older, though no wiser, than Swift was given to understand. Whatever is known about Vanessa's connexion with Swift is carefully and cautiously set forth in this appendix, without any novel deductions. Dr Ball does not there refer to the notes which he inserted in vol. I as to Swift's taking Vanessa from Windsor to an Oxford inn in 1712—a conjecture based on the following ambiguous letter:

'I did not forget the coffee, for I thought you should not be robbed of it. John does not go to Oxford, so I send back the book as you desire. I would not see you for a thousand pounds if I could; but I am now in my night-gown, writing a dozen letters and packing up papers. Why, then, you should not have come; and I know that as well as you.

'My service to your mother. I doubt you do wrong to go to Oxford, but now that is past, since you cannot be in London to-night; and if I do not inquire for acquaintance, but let somebody in the inn go about with you among the colleges, perhaps you will not be known. Adieu.'

Eight days later the Countess of Orkney wrote to him, referring to the disappointment of not receiving a visit from him, 'At first I feared Mr Collier was taken with a fit of apoplexy; the next line I read, I wished he had one.' On these hints Dr Ball comments (i, pp. 344-5):

'Evidently Vanessa had come to Windsor; and probably either to please her fancy or to escape from a place where he was surrounded by acquaintances, Swift had consented to go with her to Oxford; . . . in order to explain [to Lady Orkney] his absence his old friend Collier was revived by Swift.'

It is ingeniously pieced together, the resurrected Mr Collier and all, and at first sight the escapade seemed plausible; but a second consideration convinces us that it is a case of reading between the lines what is not there. Scott's emendation of 'you' for 'I' in the last sentence of Swift's letter seems preferable. There is so much that is suspicious about the whole relationship that one is very likely to 'smell a rat' where none is.

The Bishop of Ossory's introductory essay is a wise contribution to Swift criticism, gracefully expressed.

Dr Bernard writes as an historian and measures his great predecessor at St Patrick's by the standard of his times. Many points in the correspondence are touched in this introduction on which we have not space to dwell, but on none will the bishop be listened to with more attention than when he writes, with great insight and sympathy, on Swift's attitude towards religion. His conclusion is that,

'the evidence of Swift's correspondence, taken as a whole, is thus, I believe, entirely in favour of his religious sincerity. His mind was not the mind of an ecclesiastic, still less of a mystic; but, so far as we may see, his inmost convictions were not inconsistent with the creed of the Church which he served to the best of his powers. . . . Those who know a man best are the best judges of the secrets of his heart; and Swift's friends never questioned his sincerity in the exercise of his sacred calling. We may be content to accept their verdict' (i, 55).

Religious emotion, if he ever felt it, was out of fashion in his Church, and was one of those matters on which Swift chose to be reticent. His advice to his versatile friend, the Rev. Thomas Sheridan, D.D. (the hero of the unfortunate sermon on King George's accession day), on his appointment to a cure of souls, does not 'deal in mysteries.'

'Get some knowledge of tithes and Church livings. . . . Learn the extent of your parish. . . . Pray act like a man of this world. . . . Take care of the principal squire or squires. . . . Take the oaths heartily, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies' (iii, 245).

He was to 'be sure to call the family to prayers,' if he lay twenty miles away from his living. Dr Bernard is right. Swift was 'not an ecclesiastic, still less a mystic'; but we believe he was honest.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

Art. 4.—FATHER TYRRELL.

1. *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*. By M. D. Petre. Two vols. London: Arnold, 1912.
 2. Works by George Tyrrell: *Nova et Vetera*; *Informal Meditations* (1900); *Through Scylla and Charybdis* (1907); *A Much-Abused Letter* (1907); *Mediævalism*; a reply to Cardinal Mercier (1908); *Christianity at the Cross-roads* (1909). London: Longmans.
- And other works.

THE life of Father Tyrrell is at once a study of temperament and a chapter of contemporary Church history. From the first point of view its psychological interest is great; from the second it is a document of exceptional importance. Its candour is entire; and the detachment of the biographer makes the irritating process of reading between the lines unnecessary. Miss Petre has said out all that there was to say with a frankness as honourable to herself as it is just to the distinguished man who, knowing where confidence was well bestowed, left his memory in her keeping. The trust has been discharged in the face of obstacles which might have daunted a less fine spirit; the terrors of the next world were called in to supplement the weapons of this.* Both were invoked in vain. Seldom has so worthy a monument been raised by a friend to a friend.

It is probable that the first feature, both of the *Autobiography* and of the *Life*, to strike the reader will be the complete absence of the usual characteristics of a religious memoir. The mannerism and pose of the professional pietist are wanting; and this is the man to the life. Had you looked for these things in him, you would have been disappointed; they were not there. He was very human, and was frankly not ashamed of being so. He knew, having seen it at close quarters, that the attempt to rise above nature ends, with few exceptions, in falling below it; he had had experience of the so-called 'super-natural,' and found it ugly and mean. 'I hope I am not humble, from what I have seen of humble men,' he used to say. The common life the common lot sufficed him.

* The 'Times,' November 2, 1911. 'Histoire du Modernisme Catholique,' by A. Houtin, p. 326.

'I would rather risk hell on my own lines than secure heaven on those; I would rather share in the palpitating life of the sinful majority than enjoy the peace of the saintly few. . . . This is tantamount to a confession of worldliness, which I will not defend by a perverse application of the text, "God so loved the world." Yet I have always been disposed to blame the Good Shepherd for having lost His sheep, and to suspect the prodigal's father of having made home intolerable to his son; and, similarly, I cannot help laying half the sins and errors of the world on ecclesiastical shoulders, and siding with the accused against their judges' (i, 263).

The Autobiography (1861-84) describes the writer's early life, the various influences under which he fell, his entrance into and first years in the Jesuit Order. The impression left is one of profound melancholy. He had taken the wrong turning; and each successive step found him further from his destination. The years that the locust had eaten did but bring him back, worn and broken, to his starting-point; he ended where he had begun. Yet all, perhaps, was not loss.

'It is a good life's work to have arrived by personal experience and reflection at the solution of so plausible and complicated a fallacy as that of Jesuitism. Even though I end, weary and exhausted, at certain commonplace principles which are the public heritage of my age and country, made current coin long since by the labours of others, yet it seems to me that I possess them and feel them in a way that they never can who have had them for nothing, who have not worked their way through to them. . . . I look back with a sort of terror to the black wood in which for so many years I was lost, and from which God in His mercy has brought me forth to the light of liberty' (ii, 498-9).

His self-revelation differs from Newman's in being rather a confession than an apology; as Newman was the most self-centred, Tyrrell was the most selfless of men. He looks at himself from without, as a spectator; he might be a naturalist examining some strange form of life under the microscope, so destitute does he seem of personal interest in the result. Both were introspective; but, while Newman's temperament was essentially Puritan—from the age of fifteen he 'held with a full belief and assent the doctrine of eternal punishment'—Tyrrell's was

that of the curious Greek, interested for their own sake in life and mind. The Chthonian deities were not his.

'I cannot remember any time of my childhood, or afterwards, when the fear of hell or desire of heaven had the slightest practical effect on my conduct, one way or the other. Even now (1901) it never enters into my calculations as an effectual motive; nor have I, as a Catholic, ever cared or tried to gain an "indulgence"' (i, 22).

His sensibility was extreme: he could not take the life even of an insect;—'when I lift a worm from my path, I say, "So may God deal with me." "Your heavenly Father careth for them," gives me warrant for my folly on this point; and I do not care to amend.' His nature-sense was strong; and he received impressions on the side of art more readily than on that of science. The sea, restless, loud-voiced, and almost human in its changing moods, meant more to him than the remote and silent stars. Like all sensitive children, he led a secret life, the key to which only he who lives it possesses. Language is the setting of common and organised experience; what is personal is inarticulate, and falls still-born, unless a certain Socratic midwifery is at hand. It is for the teacher to supply this; in Tyrrell's case no teacher with the requisite gift presented himself at the critical time. He outgrew the 'picture-religion' of childhood, and found nothing to replace it. The invisible world offered no reality to his awakening reason.

'If I wanted to excuse myself, I should say that the truth had never really been presented for my belief; that I identified it with the absurd anthropomorphisms of my babyhood, which my first reason instinctively assigned to the region of fairy-tales; that no one tried to show me the difference between the symbols and the realities symbolised. I fancy that much unbelief is due to this confusion; and that what men deny is not God, but some preposterous idol of their imagination' (i, 71).

To bring home to them this distinction is the problem of religious thought and the work of the religious teacher. But its difficulties, at least in our generation, are such as it is impossible to overstate.

His first interest in religion was intellectual. The Irish Protestantism in which he was brought up was

not inspiring, and he did not separate its form from its substance; to the last, when he spoke of Protestantism, he gave the impression of not knowing what Protestantism is. Anglican ecclesiasticism offered an escape; but the path was slippery, and the first steps meant more than he knew. The starting-point given, the logic of ideas was easy; and it was checked neither by the experience of life nor by the positive knowledge which might have controlled it, and served as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the conclusions to which it led. The notion of system took possession of him. 'My first interest was in the very fringe and extreme outskirts of Christianity; and from these I was driven by force and need of consistency to its centre and core' (i, 102). Never was a better illustration of what may be called the fallacy of logic. The more accurately we reason from uncriticised premises, the further we are led from the truth. For him, given the point of departure, the process meant Rome. This, he believed, involved 'intellectual suicide.' But it was the goal to which Anglicanism of the ecclesiastical type was 'an impeded movement' (i, 104). A mind such as his at the time, speculative rather than devout, acute rather than well-informed or disciplined, was bound to reach it. Whether he would find it more than a temporary halting-place remained to be seen.

A theologian might argue, with a certain plausibility, that by his own showing he was never a Catholic except in name. He would be faced by not a few embarrassing consequences; but it must be admitted that Tyrrell's Catholicism was of an exceptional type. 'Certainly the Gods exist,' says the prophetess in the 'Symposium,' 'but they exist in a manner peculiar to themselves.' This distinction must be borne in mind when his Catholicism is insisted upon. He was a Catholic—the 'Reflections on Catholicism' in 'Scylla and Charybdis' are perhaps the most subtle apologetic for Romanism ever penned—but he was one in a way peculiar to himself. It can hardly be maintained that a man who 'entirely denied the œcumenical authority of the exclusively Western Councils of Trent and the Vatican' (ii, 383) was in any sense a Papal or Roman Catholic; it is difficult to think that the author of 'Mediævalism'

was, in the sense in which the word would be used, say, by Lord Halifax, a Catholic at all. He compared 'spiritual things with spiritual'; and his language could be as iconoclastic as that of Knox or Luther; 'the worst of a Catholic church is' (he would say) 'that everything in it is a lie.' To make such words the premise of a syllogism would, of course, be misleading. The idea that underlay the symbolism of Catholicism was dear to him; what he meant was that this symbolism was often outworn, and concealed rather than revealed the idea. 'I should miss the facile absolution round the corner,' said a friend who had come near to finding the Roman system impossible. 'If you can believe that it does you any good,' was the dry answer. These things were the work of men's hands. 'Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil; neither is it in them to do good.'

He exchanged English for Latin Christianity, as so many have done, on a misunderstanding. And if we ask, 'To what purpose was this waste?' we may remember that he did a work in the Roman Church which could not have been done outside it, and which probably no one but he could have done. If his own life was broken in the process, he would not, we may believe, have taken this over-seriously. Caution was not one of his gifts; and of 'other-worldliness,' the besetting sin of pietism and pietists, he was frankly contemptuous. 'I am well satisfied with my destiny as a wheel in God's mill, and find sufficient reward in the interests of life, its ups and even its downs; nor would I willingly purchase so dull a thing as personal safety at the sacrifice of such entertaining dangers.' This was very rare, very fine, and, from one point of view, very perilous; he lived dangerously, and on the edge of things. To those for whom religion centres in the individual, his course will seem that of a wandering star; and, indeed, it may be doubted whether 'the joy and peace in believing' which lesser men experience were his. He would not perhaps have paid what is ordinarily their price. 'I could not bear to think that there were faith or moral difficulties pressing on others of which I knew nothing, and that I owed my stability to any sort of ignorance or half-view' (ii, 96). His underlying doubts were never entirely dissipated; 'the ghost was there, and would rise at

times'; and, 'after all, my theistic doubts had never been quite slain' (i, 113, 225). The explanation was that he had begun at the wrong end. Theism is the foundation of Christianity; and, for Catholics, Christianity of Catholicism. For him this order had been inverted; the triangle stood on its apex, not its base. Hence a radical insecurity; the house was built on sand.

'I, in my dark and crooked way, almost began with Catholicism, and was forced back, in spite of myself, to theism, practical and speculative, in the effort to find a basis for a system that hung mid-air save for the scaffolding of mixed motives which made me cling to it blindly, in spite of a deep-down sense of instability. . . . I sometimes think that, had I, in early years, heard nothing at all about religion, I should have sooner come to the truth than was possible when my mind was blocked up with symbolic notions that I could not rightly credit, nor my instructors explain' (i, 112).

His own salvation he never considered as more than 'a slight probability'; in his inner life as in his outer he was the leader of a forlorn hope. It is not for those who seek the safety of lower paths to throw this in his teeth. Yet he had abandoned the common life to lead it; the conflict of duties had led him from the high road into a bye-lane. And retrospect was bitter; nature reasserted herself and claimed her own.

In 1879 he came to England with his friend, Robert Dolling. Dolling had an exceptional power of dealing with rough material, but neither his methods nor his associates commended themselves to Tyrrell's more fastidious taste. Ritualism of the shop-boy type repelled him. 'Take those things hence,' is his comment, 'and make not my Father's house a playground for fools' (i, 151). He had little taste even for Roman functions; the ceremonial seemed to him barbaric, the priests vulgar and coarse (i, 135). But here, at least, was the real thing. If Rome were true, Ritualism was a counterfeit; if false, it was a sham of a sham. In a few weeks' time he had been 'received' by a Jesuit; and his connexion with the Order, we must take leave to call it his ill-omened connexion, had begun. 'Here was post-haste, and no mistake; from start to goal, from post to finish, in twenty-four hours. I had come out that afternoon with

no intention of being received; I returned a papist and half a Jesuit' (i, 162). He was a boy of eighteen, impressionable, temperamental, and young for his years. The intentions of those concerned need not be questioned. But is spiritual kidnapping too strong a word for the facts? He believed, he tells us, that 'the Society was moving with the sun, and not against it'; that its members were 'keenly alive to the religious problems of their age, and devoted before all things to the reconciliation of faith and knowledge' (ii, 463-4). Never, surely, did the wish to believe carry any human mind further from the credible! It was clear that nothing but disaster could come of an association resting on so grotesque a misconception of fact.

The English Jesuits, however, are scarcely representative of the distinctive characteristics of their Order. The days of Robert Persons and Edward Petre are over; and, though the policy of Pius X has led, in the Society as elsewhere, to a certain rise in the ecclesiastical temperament, this has been imposed from without, and is unlikely to survive the present Pontificate. Exceptions could, no doubt, be found, but the temper of the English province is moderate; and, had the local superiors been free to act upon their own judgment in the Tyrrell case, it is probable that matters would have been peaceably arranged. But their hand was forced by Rome; and their position, it must be admitted, was not easy. Temperament is out of place in a religious order; and in Tyrrell the temperament was the man. A friendly critic has hazarded the suggestion that he 'enjoyed himself hugely in his controversies with his superiors.' It may have been so; he was a born fighter, and his every blow told. The General, a stiff Spanish official, was as indifferent, it is safe to say, to the personal issues involved in the controversy as he was ignorant of its significance; the English Provincials, less ignorant and more sympathetic, were genuinely perplexed and distressed. The attitude both of the Irishman and the Spaniard lay outside their experience. But their instinctive question to each would have been that of Melbourne, 'Why can't you let it alone?'

His happiest time in the Society was an interlude of a few months spent in Crete under the late Father Henry Schomberg Kerr, an ex-captain R.N., and a man whom to

know was to respect. The atmosphere of the college at Malta, to which he was transferred, was different.

'I was unutterably shocked and disgusted by the general tone of the community; by the utter absence of all I had expected to find, and the presence of much that I should have deemed incredible. . . . The dormitories were patrolled in soft slippers by night; the playground, the galleries, the outdoor offices watched with detective eyes. . . . To me it was quite new, and every sign of it was suggestive. The air seemed laden with sin and the suspicion of sin. As for the Society's spiritual standards and methods, these now attracted me less than ever. I thought, then as now, that the methods of prayer and examination were wooden, mechanical, and unreal; and though some of those whom I had met were good and lovable, I could not see that this was in any way a product of the system, since the most observant seemed the most disagreeable and the least charitable' (i, 183, 190, 191).

Was it worth while to have come so far to find so little? Was not this the lesson of the whole—that 'the Church' is not a problem to be solved by the individual, but, like nationality, a thing given—a foundation on which to build?

The Master of the Novices, under whom he was eventually placed, was the late Father John Morris. He was a man to whom many owe much; and, if Tyrrell's picture of him is unpleasing, it must be remembered that it is one of the paradoxes of the 'religious' life that this important post, perhaps the most important of the posts to be filled, falls so frequently in the distribution of offices to an incompetent or unsuitable person. By his novices, at least, he was feared rather than loved.

'He had a rasping and caustic manner, and a smile that ill became the natural severity of his features; and, like so many keenly sensitive people, he knew exactly how and where to wound, and was rather fond of displaying his skill. I have seen novices looking pale and ill with fright while awaiting their turn to go in to him for confession, or manifestation, or direction, or some other spiritual torture' (i, 201, 208).

The relations between the two were what might have been expected; Tyrrell's career in the Society all but came to a premature close. For him its Shibboleth remained Sibboleth: 'he could not frame to pronounce it

right.' He resented being slain at the fords of Jordan, and escaped by the skin of his teeth. Happier had it been otherwise! 'If you do not leave now, you will only give the Society trouble later on,' was Father Morris's warning to him; and he would add, when quoting it, 'Morris was right after all.' The thought must often have presented itself to those placed as he was then and later, How is it that the same position affects men so differently? that one is taken, and another left? Take Father Henry Kerr. It would be impossible to find a more honourable, sincere and manly character. Why can I not do as he does? a man of another type will ask himself; and will often suffer acutely from the suspicion of some secret flaw or weakness in himself which makes him falter where others stand. The answer is that the matter is one of temperament and outlook, not of character. Men of unspeculative and uncritical mind are untouched by questions which for others cut at the very root of action and moral life. 'Je vois autour de moi des hommes purs et simples auxquels le christianisme a suffi pour les rendre vertueux et heureux; mais j'ai remarqué que nul d'entre eux n'a la faculté critique.'* With his mother's death (1884) the Autobiography ends.

'All these lesser troubles are submerged by the memories of one that had nothing to do with these self-induced, artificial interests, but with those which spring from our God-given natural affections, and which even Jesuit asceticism can never wholly uproot' (i, 278).

Here, rather than in the desolating *scoria* of ecclesiastical and theological controversy speaks the underlying, the real man.

The first chapter of Vol. II (the Life), 'Character and Temperament,' is a psychological appreciation worthy to rank with the Autobiography. It has been the writer's ambition that the man should stand out in her pages

'just such as he was, with his strength and his weakness, his greatness and his littleness, his sweetness and his bitterness, his utter truthfulness and what he himself calls his "duplicity," his generosity and his ruthlessness, his tenderness and

* Renan, 'Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse,' p. 383.

his hardness, his faith and his scepticism. If the sum total be displeasing to a few, his biographer may regret it, but I know that he would not' (ii, 2).

Tyrrell was a man of strong views, which he expressed, on occasions, strongly. He was intolerant of convention, and would have scouted the notion that his 'position' limited his freedom either of thought or speech. His sayings were often startling enough. Speaking of the unwholesome sentiment too often encouraged by the confessional, 'If I had daughters,' he said, 'and if I let them go to confession at all—which is doubtful—I should make them go to a drunken priest, that there might be no nonsense of this kind'; and, of his relations with the Society, 'I am like a man who has married believing his wife to be a virgin, and has found out that she is not.' But these ebullitions were on the surface; a certain insight into the unseen was the anchorage of his soul. With it—the two are near akin—went a singular detachment not only from material things, but from the shadows cast by them—reputation, influence, the praise of man. Here he was peculiarly un-English. These things left him indifferent; he lived on another plane. He did not speak easily, or often, of religion; he disliked gush and was suspicious of anything like unreality; he left this side of himself to be inferred. He possessed what Renan calls 'le discernement des nuances'; but his mind, subtle as it was, was direct. He could be silent; but, if he spoke, he made his meaning unmistakably, sometimes disconcertingly plain. Nor was he a respecter of persons. 'The action of the Pope to Bonomelli is so purely worldly in its motive, and so cruel and brutal in its manner, that we must regard him as gone over to the *potestas tenebrarum*,' he writes (ii, 265); and to an English bishop who, he thought, had provoked one of his clergy into leaving the Church—'God will ask his soul at your feeble hands.' He did not 'suffer fools gladly.' He was intolerant of flattery; to approach him as an oracle was the surest way to make him withdraw into his shell. To Liberal Catholics of the political type he was an incalculable element. He was built on lines too different from theirs to make co-operation, or even understanding, possible. 'The more educated, temporising ultramontaniam' (he writes), 'that shrinks from an inop-

fortune pressing of principles the world has unfortunately outgrown; that loves to rub shoulders cautiously with science and democracy; that would make a change of circumstances and opportunities pass for a more tolerant spirit' ('Mediævalism,' p. 153), was not to his mind. Injustice and tyranny roused his indignation; his fierceness against clericalism was less intellectual than moral. With the ineffectual protest of the pietist or the politician against controversy he had little sympathy. He thought it a pose, and an insincere one; errors had to be contradicted and truth upheld. And, as a controversialist, he could be vehement. Those who, like Cardinal Mercier, crossed swords with him, had reason to regret their temerity; since Newman there has been no such master of the craft as he. For him, the battle of Modernism, in which he took so prominent a part, was not one of correct against incorrect opinion, but of right against wrong, of the truth against a lie. And he fought not for his own hand, but for the larger interests compromised by that 'all-permeating mendacity which is the most alarming feature of the present ecclesiastical crisis.'

'Those Modernists who put their trust in the spread of truth will labour in vain unless they first labour for the spread of truthfulness. . . . What would it avail to sweep the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries out of the house of God; to purge our liturgy of fables and legends; to make a bonfire of our falsified histories, our forged decretals, our spurious relics; to clear off the mountainous debts to truth and candour incurred by our ancestors in the supposed interests of edification—what would it avail to exterminate those swarming legions of lies, if we still keep the spirit that breeds them? . . . The only infallible guardian of truth is the spirit of truthfulness. Not till the world learns to look to Rome as the home of truthfulness and straight dealing, will it ever learn to look to her as the citadel of truth.' *

'Il ne faut jamais' (says M. de Fallois) 'exiger des prêtres la sincérité; quand elle est dans leur tempérament, ils rompent tôt ou tard avec l'Église, qui ne peut plus se servir d'eux.'† Hence the tragedy of his last years. The time, however, when he suffered most was not when he was in conflict with his Order, nor even when he was,

* 'Mediævalism,' p. 181. † Houtin, 'Autour d'un Prêtre marié,' p. 327.

finally, deprived of mass and the sacraments, but when, some years earlier, he had to face the questions raised by the miraculous element in the Gospel history. Was this a record of events, or the setting of an idea? A critical conclusion, he knew, could not be met by a dogmatic argument; yet the gracious traditions, shrined in art and endeared by association, lay very near his heart. He knew no peace till he had reconciled fact and feeling. The rest was not indeed indifferent, but secondary; and he would have assented readily enough to Gottfried Arnold's maxim that 'the true Church in every generation is to be found with those who have just been excommunicated from the actual Church.'

From the first there had been a life and an originality in him which suggested a larger atmosphere than that either of his Order or of the Roman Church. 'The man who wrote that book will not die a Jesuit,' said a shrewd observer, on reading '*Nova et Vetera*.' The work contained nothing inconsistent with the strictest orthodoxy. But the difference of temper between it and, say, Rodriguez or De Ponte is unmistakable; they look different ways. He developed rapidly, passing through what Miss Petre calls the 'mediating Liberalism,' represented in England by Mr Wilfrid Ward, to the wider horizons and more profound thought of Baron F. von Hügel, a distinguished scholar who unites freedom of speculation with deference to ecclesiastical authority—both in an exceptional degree. In spite of differences of temperament and standpoint, this friendship was the decisive influence of his career. It gave his mind a new direction. Baron von Hügel is a man of European, as distinguished from merely English, culture; to have come into touch with him was to have left inland seas for the open main. New horizons opened; new stars shone overhead. The receptive Irishman, with his provincial and sectarian training, was introduced to a larger world—to the critical and historical schools of Germany, to the short-lived Neo-Catholicism of France, and, above all, to scientific method. Here was the Rubicon. Once passed, return was impossible; he had 'put away childish things.' A few exceptionally constituted minds may possess the combination of qualities which enables them to occupy the two positions, the traditional and the scientific, simultaneously.

Tyrrell was not of their number. He had started on a road that had no turning; the end might be reached sooner or later, but it could be foreseen. For Catholicism represents an arrested development; to develop is, however unconsciously, to have left it behind. The successive stages of the conflict are of personal rather than general interest. His final break with his Order was the outcome of the famous 'Letter to a Professor' (1906)*; his excommunication followed his outspoken criticism of the Encyclical 'Pascendi' in the 'Times.'† In each case, as in that of Father Benecke, in 'Eleanor,' what he had said was 'what every educated man in Europe knows to be true.' That, as a Catholic and a priest, he was not in a position to say it may be admitted. But the admission is of doubtful benefit to orthodoxy; fact is the measure of dogma, not dogma of fact.

The inevitableness of the end does not, however, justify either the means taken to precipitate it or the action of those who bring it about. These must be judged on their own merits; the impression left by the tactics of the authorities both at Rome and in England is painful in the extreme. '*Valde timeo ne aliæ molestiæ te maneat post ipsam secularizationem, quas fortasse neque suspicaris . . . quæ necessario consequentur tuum novum statum et relationem cum auctoritate ecclesiastica,*' wrote the General on November 25, 1905 (ii, 244); it is impossible to doubt that the successive stages of the tragedy were deliberately planned. '*Agnosco stylum Curiae Romanæ,*' said Sarpi when stabbed by an assassin. The weapons employed against Tyrrell were subtler; their aim was the soul. No petty slight, no pin-prick which could exasperate a sensitive temper was spared him; he was attacked in person and through his friends. And his assailants were unseen; there was a conspiracy of silence (ii, 298-9). He was referred from one authority to another; everyone in turn endeavoured to shift the responsibility for the measures taken on to other shoulders—Jesuit to bishop, bishop to Jesuit, Rome to England and England to Rome. It is possible that some of those concerned acted under pressure and with a certain reluctance. The excuse is a

* Since published under the title of 'A Much-Abused Letter.' Longmans, 1907.

† September 30 and October 1, 1907.

poor one. 'Vaughan would have been more ruthless,' said one who had followed the matter in detail; 'but one would have forgiven him, because one would have known that he was sincere.' Wavering Anglicans will do well to mark the contrast between Protestant and Catholic standards; the life of Tyrrell—and the same may be said of that of Newman—is a powerful dissuasive from Rome. That he suffered acutely is certain; if this were the object aimed at, it was attained.

'The look of suffering and desolation that marked him during the first months after his severance from religious life and the rights of the priesthood was impressed, not only on his face, but on his entire frame, and will not easily be forgotten by friends who saw him at the time. There was something of the child in his nature and appearance; and in seeing him one thought of a child cast adrift in wind and rain and cold' (ii, 284).

He complained little; but it was impossible that certain obvious comparisons should not force themselves upon him: 'at times it makes me very angry when I think of the sort of men who are allowed to say mass' (ii, 307). On the other hand, there was a natural reaction, intensified by certain developments of Vatican policy.

'I have felt the moral badness of Rome and the Curia so deeply and acutely these late years that I cannot take active service, as a priest, under such a *canaille*. . . . The Montagnini and Benigni * revelations have extinguished every spark of respect for the present *personnel* of the Roman See.' ('Life,' ii, 340.)

It cannot be denied that his insistent logic had led him far, not only from the formal teaching of Rome, but from the received orthodoxy of the Churches. He separated criticism from authority, theology from religion; the two were in different kinds, and he carried out this separation with a disregard of consequences which may seem to some to ignore the difference be-

* Mgr Carlo Montagnini, an agent formerly attached to the Paris Nunciature, the publication of whose papers (1907) threw a significant light on Roman diplomacy (cf. the 'Nation,' April 13, 27, and May 4, 1907). Mgr Umberto Benigni, a prelate who has rendered important services to the Vatican during the Modernist controversy by his singularly adroit management of the Press.

tween pure and applied science. In England, in particular, a certain distrust of Modernism showed itself as soon as it was seen—Englishmen, it may be remarked, took a long time to see it—that Modernism was part of the European mind-movement, and not merely a protest against the Pope. Tyrrell, however, was not English; and he had been subjected to a strain of which Englishmen have, happily, little experience. The bow had been stretched to snapping point; hence the violence of the recoil. To many it seemed that his ‘vues synthétiques,’ to borrow M. Loisy’s phrase,* placed religion in a truer perspective than any in which it has been presented to our generation; he had at once the sense of the past, in which Protestantism is so often wanting, and that of the present, in which Catholicism necessarily fails. His apologetic is, therefore, of the first consequence—Newman’s, with all its brilliancy, is the merest sophistry in comparison—but they mistake who think that it can be exploited in the interest of the Catholic, perhaps of any, Church. Never for a moment did Rome so misconceive it; from the first the Infallible gave no uncertain sound.

Here is, and will always be, the Achilles’ heel of the Catholic reformer. Speaking of De Maistre’s criticism of Jansenism, Sainte-Beuve says :

‘Il faut en convenir, il entame tout d’abord la place par le côté faible, par le côté non soutenable, par cette thèse dérisoire . . . qui consiste à se prétendre catholique romain *mordicus*, comme on dit, et malgré Rome.’ And again, ‘Si c’était par habilité, par tactique politique, je le concevrais encore; mais, je le crains, pour eux c’était conviction entêtée: en ce cas—qu’on me passe le mot—*c’est bête!*’ †

The words might have been written yesterday. That men so able and so acute as those against whom they were directed, and those to whom, in our own time, they may be applied, should so completely have misconceived the situation, is a striking illustration of the part played by the subjective factor in human judgments. The distance between the actual Church and the Modernist ideal is, in itself, no barrier to the realisation of the latter; greater gulfs have been bridged. But an institution is limited by the law of its being. This, in the case of the Roman

† ‘*Simplex Réflexions*’ p. 19.

‡ ‘*Port Royal*, iii, 230, 93.

Church, is infallibility ; and infallibility means the arrest of life and the exclusion of change. This is the rock on which Modernism was broken ; and on which every attempt at reform from within must necessarily break. The older Liberal Catholics believed that Rome might yet come to terms with the modern world ; and, though the proposition that it could and ought to do so was condemned by the Syllabus of 1864, Harnack, writing of the Vatican Council, suggests that the weapon forged in 1870 may yet be the means of releasing the Church from the dead-weight of the past. Tyrrell saw more clearly. 'No sane Modernist thinks it for a moment,' he said ; it seemed to him the most fantastic of dreams. He was aware that his position required justification.

'May I ask you to pray for me?' (he wrote in 1908 to the Old Catholic Bishop Herzog). 'The position I occupy is one of great spiritual danger and difficulty ; but, so far, it seems imposed on me in the interest of others. Nothing would gratify Rome more than my overt secession to the Anglican or Old Catholic Church ; and that gratification would be based on a right instinct that by such secession I had justified her position and facilitated her designs.' ('Life,' ii, 384.)

Other reasons against this course, 'not the sophistical reasons of popular controversy'—these he called 'traps for the ignorant'—are given in 'Christianity at the Cross-roads.' Opinions will differ as to their value ; they will perhaps weigh more with those who view the matter from within than with those who view it from without. But under them all lay a predisposition ; and this counts for more than argument. Argument comes from without. It finds itself in you indeed—or it fails to convince ; but the external element, though assimilated, is not overcome. But a predisposition is yourself. If you want to change a man's religious or political opinions, go to work not at them—this is waste of time—but at his orientation. If Catholicism stands for the poetry of life to him, and Protestantism for the prose, then, supposing him a poet, no arguments will convince him ; he will be a Catholic, disprove the Pope as you will. This is the key to much of the modern Catholic propaganda. The dogmatic basis has fallen into the background. The less said of it, it is felt, the better ; it is accepted, nominally enough, not for its own sake, but as a condition of something of an-

other order—the romance of life, the totality of human experience, which (the suggestion is) is embodied in Catholicism, and ultimately in the Church of Rome. It is an extreme case of refraction. Not till the medium ceases to show the facts thus refracted can they be seen as they are. Now Tyrrell was obsessed by the idea of Catholicism. He believed that this idea could be embodied to a greater degree than, as experience shows, is possible. His temperament required a synthesis; and he was slow to think that, at present at least, no synthesis could be effected—that a spirit, a direction, a method must suffice. The Catholic and Roman Church contained, ‘in the poorest and shabbiest of earthen vessels’ indeed, this heavenly treasure; it stood, he thought, ‘for the oldest and widest body of corporate Christian experience, the closest approximation, so far attained, to the still far distant ideal of a Catholic Church’ (ii, 444). The shores of this heavenly country were, like those of Ausonia, ‘semper cedentia retro’; conceived as a polity, it was a dream. He would not, perhaps, have denied this. And it is difficult to resist the conclusion that his idea of the Church struggled with limitations and contradictions which it never wholly succeeded in over-stepping; that the key to the grandiose conception of Catholicism is a spiritual unity in which differences are retained, but overcome. Stanley’s fine paraphrase of Arndt’s poem strikes a truer note. To the question ‘Where is the Christian Fatherland?’ it answers,

‘Thy Fatherland is wheresoe’er
 Christ’s spirit breathes a holier air;
 Where Christ-like Faith is keen to seek
 What Truth or Conscience freely speak—
 Where Christ-like Love delights to span
 The rents that sever man from man—
 Where round God’s throne His just ones stand—
 There, Christian, is thy Fatherland!’

His state of ‘suspension mid-air’ could hardly have been lasting; the motives which led him to adopt it grew weaker year by year. Apathy on the one hand and unbelief on the other made havoc in the Modernist ranks. The movement might have been in the Roman Church what the development of a scientific theology has been in the Reformed Churches—a refuge for many from

scepticism, a bridge between the old order and the new. Its suppression has played into the hands of indifference and irreligion. The unanimity with which the anti-modernist oath * has been taken by men whose opinions were notorious is significant. If the history of the last ten years has shown one thing beyond doubt, it is the omnipotence of the Pope in Latin Christendom. It is impossible to imagine an utterance of the Vatican which would not be received by the Church with enthusiasm. The quality of this enthusiasm may be questioned; but men must be judged by their public statements, not by presumed private beliefs which they are too timid or apathetic to express. The Church is 'the Pope's house,' and he alone is master in it; Rome is Catholicism, and Catholicism is Rome.

Tyrrell's premature death makes speculation on what might have been his future unprofitable. There were times when he looked forward to the Christianity of the future as definitely non-ecclesiastical—consisting 'of mysticism and charity, and possibly the Eucharist in its primitive form as the outward bond' (ii, 377). But it is certain that he had a strong and old-standing attraction, both of reason and feeling, towards the English Church. The Autobiography shows the light in which he regarded his secession. In 1905 he writes: 'The position I have come to in these last years is, in substance, more Anglican than anything else'; and, 'The Church of the "Christian Year" is, and always has been, my native air' (ii, 368-9). In 1908 these regrets reached their height. 'Who can dwell with perpetual burnings?' he had exclaimed in 'Mediaevalism'; a return to the Church of his baptism would have been 'an unspeakable relief.' His case was not singular. How could it be so? The faith of many had been subjected to an intolerable strain. Among them were not a few, like himself, converts. Born free, the yoke of bondage was bitter to them; their secession seemed, at best, one of those false steps which, like an ill-judged marriage, can be remedied only by a mistake as great or greater. At this juncture a great opportunity was missed by the Anglican bishops. A National Church

* Cf. Denzinger, 'Enchiridion' (1911), p. 589.

has a national calling; and Englishmen, as such, have a claim to the good offices of the English Church. It is the tendency of modern Anglicanism to ignore this, and to take up the lower, denominational standpoint. A word of counsel and sympathy, spoken in public and with authority, might have done much—it may be to recall reluctant exiles, in any case to revive faith then dying and since then in many instances dead. It was not spoken; what the latest historian of the English Church characterises as ‘the more than Gamaliel-like caution’* of the bishops blocked the way. Tide must be taken at the flood, if it is to lead ‘on to fortune.’ The opportunity passed, and will not return.

In Tyrrell’s case, it may be permitted to an English Churchman who knew him intimately to think that ‘antiquam exquirite matrem’ would have been the best and happiest solution, and that his natural home was in the English Church. ‘One cannot go on with a withered heart and a bitter taste in one’s mouth for ever,’ he wrote. ‘Why should I hold on to a body which hates me, and whose exclusive claims I no longer admit?’ (ii, 369). Her historical background appealed to his temperament; her freedom and large horizons to his understanding ‘The Church of England, while holding to the principle of Catholicism, has always opened her windows towards the rising sun.’ And, had he devoted to an examination of the position of the Reformed Churches half the ingenuity which he displayed in the construction of a purely abstract Roman Catholicism to which nothing in the world of fact corresponded or could ever correspond, he would probably have got nearer solving the problems which perplexed him. That those Churches lost something—much, if we will—by the Reformation is true. But neither the greatness of the deliverance nor that of the gain must be forgotten. And the history of the Roman Church since the Reformation shows, if it shows anything, that the gain could not have been secured without the loss. Nor has the loss been final. The values have been revised, and have come back to us; time has restored what time had taken away.

* F. Warre-Cornish, ‘History of the English Church in the Nineteenth Century,’ ii, 117.

If it is asked what is Tyrrell's precise place in the modern theological movement, the answer is that it is that of a constructive and conservative critic. He was not deterred by fear of consequences; he followed where the thought led. But he was constructive in aim, and conservative in method; like Burke, he viewed history and human nature as wholes. He distrusted

'runaway solutions and spurious simplifications, that would force a premature synthesis by leaving out all the intractable difficulties of the problem; that prefer a cheap logicity to the clash and confusion through which the immanent reason of the world works order out of the warring elements of a rich and fruitful chaos. The new must be made out of the old, must retain and transcend all its values.' ('Mediævalism,' 186.)

His particular application of this principle is not ours; and we may doubt whether it would have satisfied him permanently. But the principle itself—*ἐκ τῶν διαφερόντων καλλίστην ἁρμονίαν καὶ πάντα κατ' ἔριν γίγνεσθαι*—lies at the heart both of thought and of things. The process of gestation is long and painful; but it is by way of assimilation, not of exclusion, that delivery comes.

'The negative peace of difficulties evaded and not conquered . . . spells spiritual stagnation and decay. Doubtless we must not make this a reason for remaining in a society whose badness is irremediable, or so excessive as to overwhelm and carry us along in its current. But it may be a reason why a society of saints might not be the best school of sanctity; and why the better and the best men in a community must always expect to be at war with the inert and backward majority, and must strain every muscle to tow the passive, unwieldy barge up stream.' ('Scylla and Charybdis,' p. 186.)

It is not perhaps only to the Church of Rome, or even to the Churches, that these words apply.

ALFRED FAWKES.

Art. 5.—NEW FACTS ABOUT MATTHEW PRIOR. ✓

1. *Selected Poems of Matthew Prior*. Edited by Austin Dobson. London : Kegan Paul, 1889.
 2. *The Writings of Matthew Prior*. Edited by A. R. Waller. Two vols. Cambridge : University Press, 1905, 1907.
 3. *Life of Prior*. By Austin Dobson. ('Dictionary of National Biography.') London : Smith, Elder, 1896.
 4. *Matthew Prior*. By G. A. Aitken. ('Contemporary Review,' May 1890.) London : Isbister.
 5. *Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the MSS at Longleat* (vol. III). London : Wyman, 1908.
- And other works.

'POETRY is gone with him. The rest of the pretenders to it are but scribblers.' Thus, on the death of Matthew Prior, wrote Dr William Stratford, canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and a schoolfellow of the poet. This was friendship's hyperbole, and was doubtless meant for no more ; for Swift and Gay were still alive, and Pope was at the height of his fame. Yet in a sense, though a sense certainly unknown to Stratford, there was truth in the first clause of this threnody. If poetry was not gone, something was gone from poetry ; and that something was just the quality upon which we look nowadays as poetry's very spirit. The note of pure lyric, which is at its freshest in Shakespeare, descends legitimately, through Fletcher, Herrick, Waller and Dryden, to Matthew Prior. But it grows ever less spontaneous and more polite, and in Prior's Chloes and Strephons it gracefully expires. When Prior died, lyric was laid to rest until its splendid rebirth in Burns and Blake. It is this authentic note of poetry—not 'Solomon,' nor 'Henry and Emma,' nor even 'Alma'—which keeps Prior among the poets who are still to be read with more than antiquarian delight. His songs charm us less by their delicate artificiality than by a certain natural gaiety which lurks beneath it. The quality which gives him an historic interest as the final voice in a great epoch of song gives him an æsthetic value for a generation which rates the lyric higher than the didactic or the polite.

If Prior were notable only for his lyric poetry, there would be little call to probe into the details of his life ;

the song would suffice. Prior, however, was a man of many activities and as many accomplishments. His 'Dialogues of the Dead,' first published a few years ago, display him as a brilliant predecessor of Landor in the art of prose dialogue. He was an excellent letter-writer, numbering all his most interesting contemporaries among his correspondents. As a diplomatist, he won the approval and the confidence of those able and critical politicians, the Whig leaders under William III and the Tory leaders of Anne's reign. Against the praises of William and Portland, Oxford and Bolingbroke, Pope's narrow verdict of 'nothing out of verse' may be lightly valued. The Treaty of Utrecht, which marked the end of the power of Louis XIV, was known as 'Matt's Peace.' Sir William Trumbull, writing to him in 1696, said, 'Though I am unwilling to deny you anything you ask, yet I cannot allow you to be a better secretary than a poet, but must make you amends in saying you have found the secret of joining two things generally thought incompatible, poetry and business, and both in perfection.'* It is curious that a man so versatile, at once so individual and so typical of his age, should still lack a biographer. Johnson's ill-informed and unsympathetic 'Life' deserves much of the contempt with which Horace Walpole and George Selwyn † greeted its appearance. The account which Prior himself is said to have drawn up for Jacob's 'Lives of the Poets' is both jejune and inaccurate; and what there is of the personal in the posthumous and largely spurious 'History of my own Time' is not much worthier of trust. Though Prior's name was on the title-page of this work, he had little hand in its preparation. The best modern accounts of the poet are those by Mr Austin Dobson and Mr G. A. Aitken mentioned at the head of this article. These are invaluable; but neither Mr Dobson nor Mr Aitken, though each brings his handful of new facts, pretends to have exhausted the evidence. Nor can the following pages claim to contain anything more than a further handful from the heap which awaits the biographer.‡

* Hist. MSS Comm. Longleat MSS, iii, 79.

† Hist. MSS Comm. Carlisle MSS, 506.

‡ The sources chiefly drawn on for these notes are the rich collections of papers in private hands made accessible by the Historical Manuscripts

A shadow of doubt has always hung round the poet's birth. Walpole's unsupported insinuation that he was possibly the son of his patron, the Earl of Dorset,* has rightly been dismissed as the sort of story which Horace liked to believe and to circulate. Even among his contemporaries there was no question of Prior's humble origin. Lord Strafford—'as proud as Hell,' said Swift—objected to being associated with him on that account; and Queen Anne, until over-persuaded by the Earl of Oxford, considered his 'meane extraction' a bar to his appointment to the position of ambassador.† It was the degree of lowliness which was in doubt. The strong tradition which made him the son of George Prior, a carpenter of Wimborne in Dorset, has been generally accepted, although the poet seems to have represented himself as the son of a London citizen. In the registers of St John's College, Cambridge, he is once described as of Dorset, once as of Middlesex, while in a third case 'Dorcestr.' has been altered to 'Middlesexiensis.' Mr Dobson summons three witnesses who had known persons acquainted with Matthew or members of his family at Wimborne. The evidence in two of these cases is late and obviously confused, but in the third, from Hutchins's 'History of Dorset,'‡ it is of more value. 'About 1727, one Prior of Godmanston, a labouring man, and living 1755, declared to a company of gentlemen where Mr Hutchins was present, that he was Mr Prior's cousin, and remembered his going to Wimborne to visit him, and afterwards heard he became a great man.' The matter is put beyond question by the evidence of the same labourer as given, with greater circumstance, to Conyers Place, master of the Dorchester grammar school, and by him reported to Conyers Middleton, the distinguished controversial divine, in the following letter dated at Dorchester December 7, 1730.

Commission. Foremost of these is the third volume of the report on the mss at Longleat, belonging to the Marquess of Bath, which is almost entirely filled with Prior's correspondence. But other collections have yielded information, the most fruitful being the Harley papers belonging to the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. The letters quoted in this article are now published for the first time, except in so far as they are given in the Hist. mss Comm. Reports. The quotations from these Reports are given with the permission of H.M. Stationery Office.

* Letters (ed. Toynbee), ii, 381. † Longleat mss, i, 217. ‡ iii, 253.

'Cousin Middleton, pursuant to your request I send you here an account of Mr Prior's parentage, from his father's brother's son, Christopher Prior. Mr Prior's grandfather lived at Godminston, a small village three miles from this town, he had five sons and one daughter, called Mary, married to one Hunt of Lighe, a village eight miles hence. Thomas and George, two of the brothers, were bound apprentice to carpenters at Fordington joined to this town; whence they removed to Wimborne about eighteen miles hence eastward where Thomas lived and died and where George the father of Mr Prior married, but how long he lived there I cannot find, only his wife, Mr Prior's mother, lies buried at Wimborne or by it, with whom I have heard that Mr Prior desired to be buried before Westminster Abbey was in his eye. That Mr Prior was born at or by Wimborne I find because Christopher said he remembers his cousin Matthew coming over to Godminston when a boy and lying with him. George, his father, after his wife's death I suppose, moved to London, encouraged by his brother Arthur, who had succeeded in the world and kept the Rummer Tavern by Charing Cross, the great resort of wits in the latter end of King Charles the Second's reign and in my remembrance; who took in his nephew Matthew to wait in the tavern, from which time you know his history. Arthur had much acquaintance in this town, whither he used each summer to come down, to see his native country. He had one son named Matthew, I believe long since dead, and a daughter named Catherine, whom her father sent down to this town, where she was a blazing star some time, to secure her virtue from some of his great guests, but it proved too late, one Guy of Yorkshire, called then I remember the Great Guy, followed her and attended her here with his coach and six, whence he carried her off.

'Christopher says he heard that Catherine married first a French Marquis or Count called Beloe or some such name, whom I take to be that cousin Catherine Harrison mentioned in Mr Prior's will, if she is an old woman; otherwise it is likely her daughter. A son of his aunt Hunt made application to Mr Prior, when in his glory, for something to be done for him being a seaman; but Mr Prior put him off with some ready money and some guineas to his aunt, but told him he was not married nor should be, and when he died he would leave what he had amongst his relations.

'Christopher, who gives me the greatest part of this account, lives as his father Christopher did before him in the mansion-cottage of the family at Godminston; he is an honest labouring man, had nine children but now only six; within this few

months last past it has pleased God to afflict him with the loss of both his eyes sunk quite into his head, which has thrown him a charge on the parish. He and his family have much of Mr Prior's face and complexion, large cheek bones, a deep red in their cheeks, for such had Mr Prior when young; this family are now the only relations of the name that I hear of, and if my acquainting my Lord of Oxford with it might prove an occasion to him to exercise some of that generosity for which he is so renowned towards these poor remains of the name and blood, he would through these parts raise living monuments of his regard to Mr Prior's memory at an easy rate, with brasses more to the life than that of Coriveaux; and if that last part of human vanity had been mixed with some little regard to this branch of his name and blood, I think Mr Prior would have discharged but a natural duty.*

This letter, which places Prior's parentage and birth-place beyond dispute, is also interesting in connexion with the history of his early years. There has always been some doubt both as to the tavern in which the boy was brought up, and also as to the name of the uncle who kept it. The choice has lain between the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross, and the Rhenish Wine House in Channel Row, Westminster; and between Arthur and Samuel Prior.

With regard to the tavern, tradition, supported by Samuel Humphreys, whose account appeared in 1733, favours the Rummer. This view is strongly seconded by Place's letter. On the other hand, Sir James Montagu, a better authority than Humphreys, gives the Rhenish as the scene of the momentous meeting between Prior and Dorset. His word is accepted by Mr Dobson and Mr Aitken. Further, Prior himself in a letter of 1694 speaks of 'our friends in Channel Row';† and the great Duchess of Marlborough, writing very bitterly about the poet as early as 1710, calls him 'a boy who waited at the Rhenish wine house, whom the late Lord Dorset put to school out of charity.'‡ The weight of the evidence, therefore, seems to favour the Rhenish. It is known, however, that a Samuel Prior kept the Rummer Tavern in 1688, and it is thought that he had it in 1685. This

* Welbeck mss, vi, 33, 34.

† To George Stepney, Dec. 11-21, 1694, Longleat mss, iii, 38.

‡ Hist. mss Comm. 8th rep., app. i, 15a.

Samuel has been generally accepted as Matthew's guardian, and his claims are supported by Mr Dobson. But Sir James Montagu is this time in agreement with Place, and names Arthur. Mr Aitken, though he did not know of Place's letter, is also for Arthur, and quotes the will, made in 1685 and proved in 1687, of an Arthur Prior, who gave a legacy to his 'cousin Matthew Prior, now in the University of Cambridge'—that is, to the poet. Mr Aitken cites this will to prove that Arthur was a family name; but it is now clear that the testator was Matthew's uncle himself. The date fits; for the beneficent brewer was alive in 1685, when Matthew wrote to him, and dead in 1689, as is shown by a couplet in the 'Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd':

'My uncle, rest his soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving . . .'

Names also correspond with those mentioned in Place's letter. The testator's brothers Christopher and Thomas are named, and a daughter Katharine, who had lately had 500*l.* and must be content—obviously the daughter who eloped with the 'Great Guy.' Not from this will, but from that of his son Laurence, we learn that Arthur Prior's wife was also named Katharine; and Katharine was the name of the poet's aunt, who was kind to him after his uncle's death, and died of apoplexy in the spring of 1699.* The conclusion seems to be that Matthew Prior was brought up by his uncle, Arthur Prior, of the Rhenish Wine House in Channel Row. The fact that about the same time a Samuel Prior kept the Rummer has led to confusion. This Samuel was possibly the unnamed one of the five brothers of whom Christopher told Conyers Place.

Of the other persons mentioned in Conyers Place's letter, the most interesting is the vintner's daughter Catherine or Katharine. Who 'the Great Guy' was is uncertain; but he may have been Henry Guy, some time secretary to the Treasury. As a boon companion of Charles II he would probably be very capable of the escapade described. Place's suggestion that, after her adventures matrimonial and extra-matrimonial, she became the Catherine Harrison of the poet's will may

* Longleat mss, iii, 1, 53, 62, 119, 123, 189, 199.

well be correct, for Matthew seems to have kept no connexion with the other branches of his family. Mrs Prior's daughter Villiers* was perhaps the married daughter referred to in Arthur's will. Laurence Prior mentions his sister Mrs Ann Thompson; so the vintner evidently had more children than Christopher knew. These genealogical details have, perhaps, little interest in themselves. But they show the sort of stock from which one of our most polished poets sprang—a race of peasants, large-boned and ruddy, some of whom were content to stay on the land, while others had that in their blood which sent them forth to seek a more varied life.

Of Prior's boyhood the traditional tale has often been told. Born July 21, 1664, in Dorsetshire, he was at an early age left an orphan in London. The story goes that his father sent him to Westminster School, but, falling on evil times, was forced to take him away, and to put him into his uncle's wine-house, where he met that dissolute but brilliant and generous nobleman, Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset. There are no registers to show whether the boy really was at the school until he was sent there by his uncle and Dorset after his term at the tavern. That may be one of the legends which the poet himself circulated to mitigate the impression of the lowliness of his beginnings. Nor can it be certainly said at what age he became acquainted with Lord Dorset. Preluding a discussion of his own affairs, he wrote to the Earl in 1694, 'My Lord Dorset has been pleased to favour them since I was ten years old, so at nine and twenty I need make no apology for my troubling him with them.'† Possibly this antedates the patronage which Matthew elsewhere sees fit to ignore. The early letter to his uncle, already referred to, runs as follows:

'If my necessity, Sir, encourages my boldness, I know your goodness sufficient to excuse one and relieve t'other. I am very sensible what expences my education puts you to, and must confess my repeated petitions might have wearied any

* On Aug. 2-12, 1695, Richard Powys wrote to Prior at The Hague: 'Madam Prior complains she has not heard from you a long time. She says her daughter Villiers, being furnishing a country house, writ to you some time since to buy her some pictures, but has no account whether you received the letter.' (Longleat MSS, iii, 62.)

† Sept. 10 (n.s.), 1694. Longleat MSS, iii, 32.

charity but yours; but since I have no advocate, no patron, no father but yourself, pardon that importunity which makes me seek the kindness of all these in you, which throws me at your feet to beg at once your blessing and assistance, and that, since your indulgence has set me safe from shore, you would not let me perish in the ocean.*

It is obvious that Prior is not an entirely trustworthy authority on the facts of his life; nor was he guiltless of 'scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.'

Be that as it may, to Westminster he went, and was a King's scholar in 1681. He was ever a loyal admirer of the school. In a letter to Mr Knipe, the second master, recommending Lord Dursley's son to his care, he says:

'It is at Westminster he must take that tincture of the ancients, and make those improvements in his own language which no other place can give him. . . . I assure you only that he has wit enough to answer to the great genius of the school I recommend him to . . . and we doubt not in the least but that in two years under your hands he will have solid learning enough to come abroad again, and give strangers an idea of the greatest school in his own country, and possibly of any other through which he shall travel.' †

Later, writing from Paris to young Lord Buckhurst, Dorset's son, he says:

'Here is no school half so big as Westminster, when the curtain is drawn; everybody learns in a gazette, without being whipped or fighting with one another, which is a very effeminate way, and I believe is the reason that one English boy can either construe or box with three French boys.' ‡

Prior, who was at Westminster under Busby, evidently approved, at least in the retrospect, of that great disciplinarian's methods.

In 1683 he took a scholarship at St John's, Cambridge, choosing that college in order to be near his friends, the Montagus, Charles and James, with the latter of whom he was soon to produce 'The Country Mouse and the City Mouse,' in reply to Dryden's 'The Hind and the Panther.' He graduated in 1686 and two years later was

* July 18-28, 1685. Longleat mss, iii, 1.

† June 8-18, 1694. Ib. iii, 23.

‡ Dec. 27 (n.s.), 1698. Ib. iii, 306.

elected to a fellowship of his college, which he held till the end of his life. 'The Country Mouse and the City Mouse,' which appeared in 1687, has been spoken of as Prior's first authenticated poem, though it is known that he was early a-rhyming. A version from Horace is supposed to have attracted the fortunate attention of the Earl of Dorset, himself no mean poet. Writing in August 1685 to Mrs Katharine Prior, he offers his repentance for epistolary negligence, 'as well in honest prose as in bad verse,'* though only the prose has survived. But a letter of the same year to Dr Humphrey Gower, Master of St John's, throws interesting light on Prior's undergraduate efforts.

In 1707 there appeared a volume of poems which the publisher asserted were Prior's. Two years later the poet issued a collection of 'Poems on Several Occasions,' in the preface to which he disclaimed the earlier volume. He referred to it as 'a collection . . . in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly that I hardly knew them to be mine.' As he afterwards acknowledged fifteen of the seventeen pieces in the pirated edition, the obvious conclusion to draw was that the first two numbers, 'A Satyr on Modern Translators of Ovid's Epistles' and the 'Seventh Satyr of Juvenal imitated,' were spurious. But the former of these had already appeared as Prior's in 1697 in a collection of State Poems, where it is dated 1684; and Curll, who published the volume of 1707, reprinted both pieces in 1722, after Prior's death, saying that they were left out of the editions sanctioned by the poet 'on account of a few *nipping turns* upon two noblemen, lately deceased.' Pope, also, who had access to the dead poet's manuscripts, speaks of poems which 'Mr. Prior himself thought it prudent to disown, when surreptitiously printed by Curll.' Prior's candour was seriously in question. So matters stood, until Mr Waller, editing the Cambridge edition of Prior's works, examined the literary papers (though not the letters) at Longleat, and discovered a copy of the 'Juvenal' with a signed and unpublished postscript. On the strength of this, and on fairly strong internal evidence, he placed not only that

* Aug. 11-21, 1685. Longleat MSS, iii, 1.

poem, but also the 'Modern Translation' in the body of his work instead of among the doubtful attributions. What little doubt might remain is removed by the letter to Dr Gower. Prior the undergraduate, in the first pride of authorship, had none of the prudence afterwards displayed by Prior the worldly-wise diplomatist. He sent the doctor a copy of his verses, and wrote as follows:

'The great Richelieu is confessed not only to have pardoned but encouraged Boileau's muse, whilst she [as] boldly showed as happily prevented the barbarity of their language; and a Prelate of our Church, in worth and excellence scarce inferior to the then famous Cardinal, is known to have endeavoured the like kindness to ours. These eminent examples have given me this present presumption: made me without blushing bring poetry to the most religious man and satire to the best natured. However unlike this attempt may prove to those excellent pieces, 'tis written with as honest a design and has as great a patron, I hope, to protect it: it may discover the disease it cannot cure; let our translators know that Rome and Athens are our territories: that our Laureate might in good manners have left the version of Latin authors to those who had the happiness to understand them: that we accuse not others, but defend ourselves, and would only show that these corruptions of our tongue proceed from him and his tribe, which he unjustly casts upon the clergy. Thus, Sir, I humbly throw this trifle at your feet, hoping the product of my vacant hours may prove the diversion of yours, and too well assured of the greatness of your kindness to fear the severity of your judgment.' *

It would appear from this letter that Prior at one time contemplated entering holy orders. Unfortunately there is a gap in his correspondence between 1685 and the beginning of 1693, so that nothing is added to our scanty knowledge of his doings from his leaving Cambridge until he obtained his first diplomatic appointment. He got his fellowship, and was for a short time tutor to the Earl of Exeter's sons. But Exeter was of those who would have nothing to say to Dutch William, and after the Revolution he lived in retirement. Clearly his household offered few chances for an ambitious and brilliant young man. So Prior sought some more promising employment; and through the influence of

* 1685. Longleat MSS, iii, 2.

Dorset he was appointed secretary to Lord Dursley, the English ambassador at The Hague. Dursley's retirement at the end of 1693 caused him some anxiety, and he wrote to the Earls of Pembroke and Dorset to stand his friends. He was already looking for an embassy of his own. 'We have at present no minister at either of the Northern Crowns, Vienna, Berlin or Ratisbon,' he wrote to Dorset, and went on to give reasons why he should be appointed to one of them. But, he concluded,

'I wish I may part with these chimeras for the solid blessing of being near my patron and protector in England. . . . I should like that climate or employment preferably to any other, in which I might tend my thoughts and studies so to my dear Lord Buckhurst's future improvement, as by it ever to testify to all the world the mighty obligation I owe his father.'*

It was to be many years, however, before Prior left The Hague. Lord Falkland was appointed to succeed Lord Dursley; and the secretary must manage affairs in the interregnum. But Falkland never came. 'I have only a verbal order to stay here till my Lord Faulkland comes over,' wrote Prior, 'so they have made me a minister without one syllable of a commission to act by; and ordered me to receive all their letters without one penny of money to pay their postage.'† This letter was dated June 1 (n.s.), 1694; and a few days later Falkland died of the smallpox, before taking up his new appointment. Prior was once more called upon to fill the ambassador's place; and it may be recalled that later on he was credited with having stepped into Lord Falkland's shoes in a more intimate sense. In 1699 the poet and the dowager viscountess were both in Paris, and one fine day 'The Postboy' news-sheet made the following announcement: 'We hear Mr Prior, who is secretary to the embassy in France, is married to my Lady Faulkland, who is said to be worth 500,000*l.* sterling.' Prior's denial of this report was characteristic.

'My friends in England' (he wrote to Charles Montagu) 'have married me to my Lady Falkland, and I am particularly obliged to the "Postboy," who has printed it. I remember

* Nov. 14-24, 1693. Longleat MSS, iii, 14, 15.

† Ib. iii, 21.

I jested with you once on that subject, but in truth never thought of it more than as a thing utterly impracticable. She is an old Troy that will not be taken in ten years, and though fifty strong fellows should get in to her by stratagem, they might e'en march out again at a large breach without being able to set her on fire, but one single sentinel as I am with a thin carcase and weak lungs might lie before her walls till I eat horse hides and shoe-leather unless you kindly sent me some refreshments from the Treasury.*

But the story spread, and the lady took umbrage. 'I had forgot to tell you,' wrote Prior to the Earl of Jersey, 'that my widow was scandalised at her being married to me by all the gazettes in Europe. She is gone for England rude as a bear, and mad as hot weather can make her.' † 'My widow is run away like Medea in *Thésée* in great violence and heat,' ‡ he says elsewhere. A little later she was in London, and sufficiently recovered to be criticising Lady Jersey for her unfashionable dress.§

But to return to The Hague. Falkland's death left Prior precisely where he had been at Dursley's retirement, except that what had then been a temporary position was now more or less permanent. For the King decided not to appoint a new ambassador immediately, but to leave Prior ('who has always been very careful in that station') in charge of affairs with the title of secretary. This meant enhanced honour and responsibility for Matthew, but unfortunately no corresponding increase of emolument. Consequently the secretary found himself in straits, for the expenses of his office were considerable; and who, as he wrote, 'ever heard of a professed panegyric poet that was able to advance two guineas to the public?' His salary was to be twenty shillings a day, with an allowance for 'reasonable extraordinaries,' payment whereof was a matter of the shadowy future. It is not unnatural that he should be dissatisfied and tag his letters to ministers at home with recommendations of his own case. When the King came to The Hague in the autumn, Prior sought an interview with William's great friend Portland, the description of which is best given in the poet's racy prose.

* May 20 (n.s.), 1699. Longleat mss, iii, 342.

† May 30 (n.s.), 1699. Ib. iii, 348. ‡ June 3 (n.s.), 1699. Ib. iii, 351.

§ Jersey to Prior, June 12-22, 1699. Ib. iii, 358.

'Whilst the Court was here I took the boldness to represent to my Lord Portland and Mr Blathwayt that whenever his Majesty pleased to supply the ministry here, I had no other pretension than that of throwing myself in the packet-boat and making the best of my way for England; that, if I was to be left here, it was no way proper for me in this post to scramble at ordinaries with Switzers or French Protestants; that a little house this winter would be convenient in so cold a country as Holland; that it was not handsome for me to go to the Pensioner or Secretaries on foot, whilst they sent their clerks back again in coaches; and that myself and servants could not subsist with any tolerable credit upon twenty shillings a day, which tallies and the change of money hardly bring beyond eighteen; that the public Ministers, owning me with regard to the title I was commanded to take of the King of England's Secretary, came to visit me, and that I could not go to them or to Court when I was too dirty.'*

Portland agreed that Prior's claims 'were rather founded on reason than vanity'; but, when the Court embarked for England, nothing had been done to improve his position. In England, however, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State, and James Vernon, his assistant, were doing their best for him. They came to the conclusion that it would be easier to add to the secretary's extraordinary expenses than to increase the regular allowance. In this, in a letter to Vernon, Prior rather ruefully acquiesced. As he wrote to his friend George Stepney, he regarded it as a *pis-aller*.

'I am very infinitely obliged to my Lord Duke's goodness and Mr. Vernon's intercession; and have read Seneca too often to be discouraged at the disappointment. I am too old to cry for a coach, and too young to have a real want of one; and ought to be satisfied with my pension, if the Government is satisfied with my service; if I consider that I have less than I desired and more than I deserved.

'*Quando id quod velis non possis, velis id quod possis*: so to show you that I am not out of humour, I remember that 100*l.* in a bill of extraordinaries is very like 100*l.* by a privy seal. I hope, therefore, a coach, to be hired when I have business, may be allowed; else, take five gilders from ten gilders and there remain but five, and consequently I must fast those days in which I give in memorials or pay visits.

* To the Duke of Shrewsbury, Nov. 9 (n.s.), 1694. Longleat mss, iii, 34.

The small equipage of three rascals may come in likewise, and the house-rent for reasons not unlike the former.*

For all his philosophy, he had moments of depression when he reflected how much brisker were his creditors than the Treasury. 'There is a great correspondence between the stomach and the heart,' he writes; 'one is out of humour commonly when one is hungry; and it is time to think what friends I have at Whitehall when Famine sits triumphant on the cheeks of my two footmen and the ribs of my two horses.'†

These personal notes are but postscripts and paragraphs in the voluminous letters which Prior wrote at this period. For those, however, who are more concerned with the man himself than with the public events in which he played a part, they are the most interesting feature of the correspondence. Nevertheless it must be understood that Matthew was not entirely preoccupied with his private troubles and ambitions. The death of Queen Mary at the end of 1694 seems genuinely to have distressed him. The news 'dazed him into the colic';‡ and, although he displayed much anxiety to know whether he must wear a long trailing cloak, the letter to Dorset in which he gives his reasons for not writing a poem on the occasion is stamped with sincerity.

'We have had nothing new for some months but volumes of bad poetry upon a blessed Queen. I have not put my mite into this treasury of nonsense, having been too truly afflicted by the subject to say anything upon it, besides that memoirs, letters, accounts Dutch and French, and, what is a worse plague than all this, very long and impertinent visits are great incumbrances on an English Muse who in her perfect liberty was but indifferent, though my Lord Dorset's kindness brought her up, and his example taught her.' §

Students of Prior know that the resolution of silence expressed in this letter was not kept. Prior had already a considerable reputation as a poet, and his voice was missed from the chorus of mourners. On April 29, 1695, Vernon wrote to him,

* Dec. 4-14, 1694. Longleat mss, iii, 36.

† To Sir William Trumbull, Dec. 11-21, 1694. Ib. iii, 39.

‡ To Vernon, Jan. 4-14, 1694-5. Ib. iii, 46.

§ March 8-18, 1694-5. Ib. iii, 49.

'I could only tell you by the last post that I had received your medals, and I can now satisfy you they are distributed; and must further acquaint you, if you think this will acquit you from the expectations people have of a poem from you, you will be mistaken, for they say you are not to come off with a posey and a shred of Horace; and they further desire, if you write anything in memory of the Queen, that you will take a little more notice of her than you do in her stamp, where she is neither represented by the effigies or the motto. I know not how you will like it, I should tell you what the critics say; but they say some poets and painters have placed themselves behind a curtain on purpose to lie *perdu* for censures.'*

The mention of the medals is interesting. We know nothing of Prior as draughtsman or designer, but it seems clear from other letters, as well as from Vernon's, that he was in some way responsible for the piece at which Vernon cavils.† Be that as it may, he wrote the required poem and presented it to the King on his arrival at The Hague.

Meanwhile, there was talk of the appointment of Lord Villiers as ambassador at The Hague. Prior expected his dismissal, and once more grew anxious as to his future. The general opinion, among himself and his friends, seems to have been that his next employment would be at Ratisbon, though Venice was also mentioned. The King decreed that he should remain, for a time at least, as secretary to Villiers; but this did not set Prior's mind at rest. He wrote several times to Villiers himself on the absorbing topic, but his case is most clearly and eloquently put in a letter to Keppel, who was then busy at the siege of Namur.

'... After having hoped, feared, been promised and (which is worst) congratulated for Ratisbon, the King thinks there is not enough for a minister to do there. 'Tis true His Majesty knows best, for he is as evidently the most experienced man of our age, as he is the best Prince; and if he had been born a private man, he would have made a greater Ambassador than any State ever employed; yet I have one objection that

* Longleat MSS, iii, 50.

† Among the many medals struck to commemorate Mary's death described in Hawkins's 'Medallic Illustrations,' there is only one (William III and Mary, No. 361) which has a quotation from Horace and no portrait of the Queen. It would be interesting to know whether this was Prior's invention,

could puzzle him, which is, that though Ratisbon may not want a resident, his Secretary at the Hague will soon want a residence; and though His Majesty have small use for a scribbling servant, I have great occasion for the bounty of a Royal Master. Wherever he pleases to send me, I am ready to go; where, if there be not much business, I shall apply myself to those studies that may make me capable of doing his business when there is any; and when there is nothing to be written for his service in prose, I will write his conquests and glories in verse. A resident or envoy may in some small time be sent to Venice, another to Florence; be it at either of these two places, at Ratisbon, Berlin (where, may be, His Majesty may send rather a resident than an envoy), at Stockholm, Copenhagen, or even Moscow, it is well, provided I may serve my King, my hero and my master; but it is a sad reflection for me to think of going home as if I were disgraced, after having served here five years with some credit, and spent my little all in order to my being fit for something hereafter; and I take the boldness to protest to you I cannot think of returning to my College, and being useless to my country, to make declamations and theses to doting divines there, having drawn up memorials to the States General in the name of the greatest king in Europe.*

But Prior was not to be sent to represent his king in any of the more distant courts of Europe; still less was he to be gently laid on the shelf in England. The new ambassador spoke on his behalf to William, who had a very good opinion of Prior, with the result that the poet, who in spite of his worries wrote at this time his high-spirited parody of Boileau's 'Taking of Namur,' was to keep his secretaryship until something better was found for him. There was, moreover, some talk of doubling his allowance of 20s. a day; but this the King vetoed. These matters were settled in the autumn of 1695. A year later, negotiations for a peace were being talked of; and Prior was appointed secretary to the English ambassadors. He announces this fact, and that of the King's continued satisfaction with his services, in a letter to his friend Charles Montagu, which also furnishes another striking picture of the straits to which he was reduced in trying to uphold the credit of England on a pound a day and 'reasonable extraordinaries.'

* Aug. 3 (n.s.), 1695. Longleat MSS, iii, 61.

'As no man ever had so good a patron, so certainly no man had ever such occasion for him as I at this time. My tallies I cannot sell under thirty per cent. loss; my aunt will not send me one farthing; the chain and medal the States gave me is at pawn; I have but two pistoles in the house or (to say plainly) in the world, and I have every morning a *levée* (God be thanked for the respite of Sunday) of postmen, stationers, tailors, cooks and wine-merchants, who have not been paid since last December. This is the state of the matter; there needs no great oratory to engage your affections and raise your compassion. If you can get me any ready money, it would be more charity than to give an alms to the poorest dog that ever gave you a petition; if not, patience is a virtue, and a scrap or two of Horace must be my consolation. It is as good starving in employment as out, so I have used my friends' interest to get to be Secretary to the Embassy to this Peace of which we are all talking; and I have got it with the advantage of having the King say that he was satisfied with my service, and thought my requests reasonable. I am infinitely obliged to my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury in this affair, and I wish you, dear Master, would let His Grace know as much.'*

Prior was now busy enough; and his letters to the Secretaries of State and to his friends are both important and entertaining. As the negotiations, however, seemed to be drawing to a close, the fear of unemployment again came over him. Sir James Rushout, the envoy at Lisbon, was moved to Constantinople and Prior thought that he 'might learn Portuguese, and get two thousand pounds in three years.'† The idea attracted him, but, before he had seriously pursued it, something which appeared even better fell to his lot. Villiers, his chief and his very good friend, was made a justice of Ireland, and used his influence to get Prior appointed secretary to himself and his colleagues in that office. This meant 1000*l.* a year and a couple of visits to England; and the poet, exiled seven years at The Hague, was delighted. He did not know that the post was to prove both fruitful of vexation and disappointing as regarded profit.

This vexation and disappointment arose from the fact

* Sept. 1696. Longleat mss, iii, 86. For correspondence between Shrewsbury and Prior at this time, see Hist. mss Comm. Buccleuch mss (Montagu House), ii, 391-409.

† To Charles Montagu, May 3 (n.s.), 1697. Longleat mss, iii, 113.

that he could not at once enter into his new duties. He was obliged to stay at The Hague until the treaty had been signed; and his work in Dublin had to be done by a deputy. His appointment dated from May 1697; and it was not until September that he was sent to England with the treaty. On September 14 he was reported on his way; ten days later there was a rumour that he had had to go back for the rectification of an error; but eventually he arrived, stayed in London twenty-four hours, received 200 guineas out of the secret service money for his pains, and returned to The Hague.* There, after some red-tape difficulties, the peace was signed; and Prior at last left the scene of his seven years' labours. Anxious to make a dignified exit, as he had always been anxious to keep up appearances, he wrote to William Blathwayt, who was Secretary at War, but always acted as the King's secretary when he was in Flanders, as follows.

'I am to add a word to my letter on my own behalf, and I hope you will think I request a thing reasonable. By a letter from you to the Pensioner in his Majesty's name, dated the 16th of June, 1694, I was recommended to the States as His Majesty's Secretary, and have ever since been used by them with all kindness: the favour I desire of you is to move his Majesty that you may by his order write a like letter to the Pensioner or President of the week, when His Majesty pleases that I should leave Holland, that I may have occasion to take my leave and thank them for their favours; which is but just to go off as I came on, and would let the States see I was not wholly forgotten by my Master, and entitle me to a medal.' †

To Lord Townshend he wrote in a less severe strain.

'What a cursed thing, my Lord, is this! a secretary to be writing till midnight without having time to say one word to those whom he respects most or loves best. No matter; I shall see you within this fortnight, and in that thought adieu all the melancholy reflections that can be inspired by a huge bundle of papers without any method, or an ambassador without anything but method!

'Who would (says Dryden) drink this draught of life
Blended with bitter woes and tedious strife

* Welbeck mss, ii, 587, 588.

† Oct. 30 (n.s.), 1697. Longleat mss, iii, 183.

But that an angel in some lucky hour
 Does healing drops into the goblet pour?
 When wearied I would spill the baleful cup,
 Some sparkling bubble of delight springs up.
 My sovereign or my friend was heard to tell
 I served him faithfully, or loved him well:
 Then easy hope deceives my flattered taste,
 One joy atones ten thousand evils past;
 New scenes of thought I from this model frame,
 Consent to live that I my part may claim
 In Townshend's friendship or in William's fame.*

'I bronche [stumble], i' faith, and can no more rise in poetry than B—in prose. I hope the *Hoop* in Fish Street will give me some spirits, and cure an ill habit of mind contracted by a thick air of conversation. Dr Sherrard, you know, said I had no need of anti-scorbutics to help my eyes; may be he will think I have no occasion for good company to cure my ideas. I'll try so good a dose of it by his favour as soon as I get to England as may set me right for a year or two at least. In the meantime I thank you for Dr English's letter to me and will not say one word how very much I love you, or which is rarer, how very much you deserve to be loved, till I see you. *Amo te: fac me ames. Vale!*'†

But Prior was destined to go neither to London nor to Dublin. He accompanied Portland to Paris, whither the favourite was sent as ambassador. And at Paris he remained until the end of August 1699. His letters from Paris are, as Mr Rigg, the editor of the Longleat papers, justly says, 'in a literary sense the cream of the collection.' When he first arrived at the French capital he was ill—'at death's door,' by his own accounts. But he recovered, was soon well enough 'to look after the ladies,' and began to cast his satirical eye round him. At The Hague he had been kept busy, but here he had plenty of time to himself. 'I have little more to do,' he writes, 'than to make a leg thrice a day for my chocolate, my dinner and my supper, and run about the rest of my time as fast as two lean nags can carry me like Bartholomew Coates to gape or to buy, and pay my respects to rare company, monks, poets, tailors, academicians, nuns, seamstresses, book-sellers and players.'‡ Of his witty observation only an

* Mr Waller, who has been so assiduous in collecting every authentic scrap of Prior's verse, has missed these lines.

† Nov. 5 (n.s.), 1697. Longleat MSS, iii, 185.

‡ To Jersey, Feb. 4-14, 1697-8. *Ib.* iii, 190.

example or two can here be given. He was much impressed by the influence of Madame de Maintenon, to whose credit he places the Treaty of Ryswick (1697).

'Madame Maintenon' (he writes) 'is our friend and will keep the Peace, if possible, as she made it, not out of any kindness she has to us, but from a notion that the King's engaging in business impairs his health. 'Tis incredible the power that woman has; everything goes through her hands, and Diana made a less figure at Ephesus.' *

For the exiled Stuarts he shows the contempt of a good Whig.

'I faced old James and all his Court the other day at St Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* you never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, lean, worn and riv'led, not unlike Neal the projector; the Queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough; their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible.' †

Nevertheless, the 'old bully' was on the best of terms with his host, the 'Grand Monarque.'

'Our friends of St Germain's shine extremely at Fontainebleau; all the court is made to Queen Mary; everybody is at her toilette in the morning, from whence the King of France leads her to chapel; the two Kings and the Queen in the midst sit at the head of the table at dinner with equal marks of distinction and sovereignty, and "*à boire pour le Roi d'Angleterre!*" ou "*pour la Reine*" is spoke as loud and with the same ceremony as "*pour le Roi*" when they mean their own King.' ‡

Meanwhile Prior's own affairs were as desperate as ever, and he wrote urgently and often to England for money. The profits on his office in Ireland fell short of his expectations. His salary was now 40s. a day, but life in Paris was expensive.

'Dear Horace! I have a sentence of him upon most occasions, but I find nothing in him applicable to staying at Paris upon 40s. a day, where one's coach costs one louis and one's lodging another, before I or mine have eat or drank.' §

* To Charles Montagu, April 10 (n.s.), 1698. Longleat mss, iii, 204.

† To the same, Aug. 30 (n.s.), 1698. Ib. iii, 259.

‡ To James Vernon, Oct. 18 (n.s.), 1698. Ib. iii, 277.

§ To Montagu, May 21 (n.s.), 1698. Ib. iii, 216.

He could not afford to play loo at 6*d.* a dozen, and he feared his master's dignity would be compromised. By August 1698 he was tired of his honours, though he had still another year to bear them. In September, however, there was talk of doubling his allowance; and the King made him a present of 500*l.*, which (though its payment was tardy) no doubt enabled him better to maintain his 'maisonette fort propre dans le voisinage de my Lord Jersey.' But a little later he writes of himself and Jersey, 'Give us whatever you can, we shall both come home beggars; for never were people so undone and so expensive as these of this court.*' Jersey (Prior's old friend Villiers) had succeeded Portland in the embassy. His return to Paris after a journey to Loo is the occasion of another burst of discontent in a letter to Dorset.

'I have played the minister here in my Lord Jersey's absence, and, now he is returned, we are preparing for his entry, so I am to appear with him as I did with my Lord Portland, in a new gaudy coat and with an expensive equipage. I must own to your Lordship I am weary of this dancing on the high rope in spangled breeches; and if my Lord Jersey be Secretary of State (as it is thought he may be in some time), I will endeavour to get home and seat myself in a desk in his office, for I had rather be Matt Prior near my dear Lord Dorset (your Lordship must pardon me the familiarity of the expression) than *Monsieur l'Envoyé* in any court in Christendom.'†

In April 1699 Jersey was recalled and the Earl of Manchester appointed to succeed him. True to his resolution, Prior applied for permission to come home; nor, in spite of his friends' arguments that he would probably do better abroad than in England, was he to be dissuaded. Not only was he very home-sick, but he was also passionately attached to Lord Jersey. Writing to him after the Earl's return to England, he says:

'I grow very peevish with my friends' sentiments, envoyships, strange stuff, to go hern-hawking with a Duke of Zell or succeed Stepney when he is weary of soliciting for Dankleman's pardon. I will live with you, my Lord, with a desk, or without one. I lived with you at the Hague, I returned with you into England, I was to have gone with you into Ireland,

* To Vernon, Oct. 15 (n.s.), 1698. Longleat mss, iii, 275.

† Dec. 28 (n.s.), 1698. Ib. iii, 305, 306.

I stayed for you in France, I long to come to you in England, and I will never go from you thence till you send me. My obligations to you are unspeakable, and so is my zeal for your service. What would people have? This is my case, I will print it, and shew it to mankind, and I will be happy in receiving your commands, whether they will or no. So the Horse [apparently Manchester] need not neigh any longer or his man be discreet in a coffee-house (as I hear he is) upon that subject. Your speaking about my Irish affair, and endeavouring to settle it to my advantage is but an ordinary effect of your goodness to me, and what I am convinced of by ten thousand instances; but your writing two pages to me so particularly about it is what I could not expect even from you. I dare not be eloquent upon this subject, I know you would presently say, "O good Mr Prior, no compliments!" but you cannot forbid me thinking of it as I ought to do, for all the absolute power you have over me. *Parlons d'autres choses.* *

So home Prior came, and was appointed under-secretary of state and a commissioner of trade and plantations.

A word must here be said of Prior's Irish affairs, partly for their bearing on the poet's life, but also because they nearly brought about the retirement of a man who, from the English point of view, had governed Ireland wisely and well. The three Lords Justices to whom Prior was appointed secretary were Lord Villiers (afterwards Earl of Jersey), the Earl of Galway and the Marquess of Winchester. Jersey was an absentee, Winchester more or less of a cipher; and the main work of government fell upon Galway. Prior, of course, busy at The Hague, was also an absentee. His duties were done by a deputy. This worked well enough for a time; and, in spite of reductions which decreased the value of the place, the fees were a valuable and indeed indispensable addition to his income. But as the years went on, and the absent secretary accepted one commission after another on the Continent, Galway, a practical man, began to be discontented. His early letters to Prior are amiable enough, but there are hints, and more than hints, that the sooner the secretary is in Dublin the better his lordship will be pleased. At last, when Prior's homecoming from France is in the air, and his intention of seeking employ-

* June 20 (n.s.), 1699. Longleat mss, iii, 356.

ment well known, Galway says plainly that he must either come to Dublin or give up the Irish secretaryship. He holds that the English appointment voids the other. Prior complains bitterly, alleging that Galway would not have ventured to take this course had Portland still been at court; and that it is a plot to set May, the second secretary (who for two years and a half had been doing the chief secretary's work) in his place. Of the other two Lords Justices, the Duke of Bolton, as Winchester had now become, took Galway's view; though the personage so irreverently spoken of as 'Crop' in Prior's letters is surely Galway, and not Bolton, as Mr Rigg supposes. Jersey, on the other hand, championed Prior. Both sides appealed to the King, who at first took Prior's part and ordered that May's appointment, which had already been made, should be cancelled. Galway promptly sent in his resignation.* Of what happened next precise details are lacking, but it is evident that the King, who seems to have found a difficulty in coming to a decision, would not sacrifice so valuable a servant as Galway. So Prior lost that office the duties of which he had never for a single day performed; and Galway remained in the post which, after all, he was to lose a few months later.†

From the date of his return to England Prior's letters among the Longleat papers are less frequent. There is nothing, unfortunately, to throw light on his migration from the Whig party to the Tory, which alienated him from his old friends, but brought him into that connexion with the Harleys which was so serviceable to him in his later years. Nor is there a single letter concerning the Treaty of Utrecht—'Matt's Peace'—though at Welbeck there is a long account in his hand of the negotiations of July and August 1711, including a verbatim report of an interview which he had with Louis XIV.‡ But this part of his life, when he was in close touch with Swift and Bolingbroke and others of that brilliant circle, is far better known than the earlier years.

A little later, when he had passed from public life on

* A letter from Galway to Shrewsbury on this point, which has not been noticed by the Earl's biographers, will be found in the Buccleuch MSS at Montagu House (Hist. MSS Comm.), ii, 628.

† For the letters relating to this dispute, see Longleat MSS, iii, *passim*.

‡ Welbeck MSS, v, 34-42.

the renewed Whig supremacy, his letters became plentiful once more. Literary and social topics took the place of politics as matters of the first importance. In 1718, with the help of Lord Harley and other wealthy friends, he published the enormous folio which is the *editio princeps* of his poetry. The task of seeing it through the press had occupied him in the closing months of the previous year. There were difficulties to be surmounted, and he wrote to Harley:

'I have not seen Wanley; Tonson has; and the Dragon, I suppose, has convinced Your Lordship of the vellum as impracticable, improbable, impossible. The supplement to this defect is paper imperial, and the largest in England, of which due care shall be taken. Morley was with me this morning, madder than ever about Fiske the apothecary and his copper plate. Tonson and Drift have a little appeased him, and we shall have a plate as big as has been formed since the days of Alexander the coppersmith. Will that do?'*

It seems to have been a case of too many cooks. But the book appeared; and, in spite of the grumbles of Swift, who collected subscriptions in Ireland and got less than 200*l.* out of that 'hedge country,' the author was richer by 4000*l.* About the same time Harley purchased him Down Hall in Essex, which not only added materially to Prior's comfort, but supplied him with the theme of a most excellent ballad. To the notorious land-agent, John Morley, immortalised in that poem, there are various uncomplimentary references in Prior's later letters. The poet had a grievance against the business man. The ballad is echoed in the following gibe. 'Squire Morley is in health, I hope, and by travel and experience knows a strong brick house from one built with rotten loam.'† Prior's own exclusion from the Act of Grace of 1717 may have been in his mind when he wrote, 'I intend to issue out a general pardon to all who have injured me except Morley, whose delightful face I have not seen since the first morning he came to town.'‡ In 1720 Prior started to improve Down Hall, and, in view of the fact that work of his is still said to exist there, the

* Nov. 30-Dec. 11, 1717. Longleat MSS, iii, 450.

† To Lord Harley, July 2-13, 1720. *Ib.* iii, 484.

‡ To the same, July 29-Aug. 9, 1720. *Ib.* iii, 485.

following evidences of his projects and difficulties are of interest:

'I have been at Down, surveyed the estate, and done everything—as to taking a rent-roll, discoursing my tenant, etc.—that Morley calls wisdom. It is impossible to tell you how beautiful a situation Down is, and how fine the wood may be made; but for the house, as all the cross unmathematical devils upon earth first put it together, all the thought and contrivance of man cannot make a window to be looked out of, or a door to be shut, in case it were made otherwise habitable: so sooner or later I foresee *destruit domum*; but of this, as the divines say, at another opportunity.'*

'As to Down, it is really fine; to make it habitable will be the question. *Deus providebit*, to which I shall add all human means by commensuration, hortification and edification, but nothing more than projection upon paper till I have seen you [Harley], which I very much desire to do.'†

'We have laid out squares, rounds and diagonals, and planted quincunxes at Down. *Chacun à sa marotte*, and that farm will turn my brain.'‡

It appears to be the general impression that the poet spent the most part of his latter years at Down Hall, but this does not seem to have been the case. From his letters he does not appear to have installed himself there until the summer of the year in which he died. Indeed, the place was not ready for him, for, when it came into his possession, it was uninhabitable. In June 1721 he writes thence to Lord Harley, inviting him, when driving from London to Wimpole, to break his journey at Down,

'which I hope may be effected in eighteen months, for I have already lopped the tree that is to saw the timber that is to make the plank that is to floor the room where I hope you will be within the time aforesaid. . . . You may laugh at my solitude as much as you please, but I like it infinitely, and shall do more so when the noise of the axes and the hammers to the tune of five pound a week grows less tumultuous.'§

A week later he resumes in the same strain.

'I repeat to you that Down, being your halfway house to Wimpole, will save your cattle, and be the best inn you can

* To the same, July 2-13, 1720. Longleat MSS, iii, 483.

† To the same, July 9-20, 1720. Ib. iii, 484.

‡ To the same, Dec. 20-Jan. 9, 1720-1. Ib. iii, 492.

§ June 8-19, 1721. Ib. iii, 504.

sup at, for which reason I am now planting salating, and setting my eggs under the miller's hen; the kitchen garden this year, the apartment of three rooms the next, and what then?'*

In his last years the poet was on terms of the sincerest friendship with the Harley family. He was beloved by them, and returned their affection. His devotion to Lord Harley's little daughter Peggy is celebrated in one of his most charming poems; and his letters are full of the child's praises. He sends Lady Harley eight pigeons, 'the first tribute which I have received from Down'; and two of them must be roasted immediately 'for my dear little lady's private table.'† He turns a couplet in the library at Wimpole, 'and was never in my life better pleased with my own work than to hear little Made-moiselle Harley repeat them the next morning with the prettiest tone and manner imaginable.'‡ In what was possibly the last letter which he wrote, he pays the 'noble, lovely little Peggy' a beautiful tribute.

'I return Your Lordship my humblest thanks for having mentioned me to your dear and beautiful correspondent Peggy: I never saw an angel, though I have read much of them, but I fancy she is very like one. She has no wings, indeed, but she has legs that carry her so lightly that it is a question if she flies, or no.'§

Prior died at Wimpole, Harley's house, where he had been so frequent a guest, September 18, 1721. || On the following day Harley, writing to Humphrey Wanley the antiquary, described the poet's final moments.

'I am sorry you have been in want of your money, but indeed all last week I was in so much concern for Mr Prior that I could not think of writing. On Monday night, he was taken ill with a violent vomiting, he was something better on Wednesday, and thought his distemper over, that night it returned with greater violence, he had all the help this

* June 14-25. Longleat MSS, iii, 504.

† To Lady Harley, April 14, 1721. Welbeck MSS, v, 620.

‡ To the Earl of Oxford, Dec. 23, 1720. Ib. v, 611.

§ To the same, Aug. 31-Sept. 11, 1721. Longleat MSS, iii, 508.

|| His health had never been robust; but there is no evidence that he was consumptive, as his friend William Stratford concluded on hearing of his death. (Welbeck MSS, vii, 304.)

country and London could afford, but without effect; so that it pleased God to deliver him from his pain, for yesterday exactly at one o'clock he died. His death is of great trouble to us all here, but I have this satisfaction that nothing was wanting to preserve his life. We must all submit.*

Prior's will has long been a public document. A legacy to one Mrs Ann Cox is its most celebrated article; and the conclusions drawn therefrom receive corroboration from various sly hints and innuendoes among the poet's correspondence. Little new light would be shed by an enumeration of the references, usually obscure, to ladies of doubtful character; but the following quotation from a letter of Stratford to Harley is of some interest.

'I find by my letters that poor Prior's will makes a noise in town much to his disadvantage. Some malicious fellows have had the curiosity to go and enquire of the ale-house woman what sort of conversation Prior had with her. The ungrateful strumpet is very free of telling it, and gives such accounts as afford much diversion. You know I suspected such things.'†

Much more might be written of Matthew Prior's latter days—of his emotions at the time of the South Sea crisis, by which he was a loser; of his political and scholarly relationships with Cambridge University; of the flattery of great men and the homage of minor poets, who quarrelled for his patronage. But those who wish to know more of a man well worth studying, a man cynical and ambitious, gay, affectionate and dazzlingly clever, should read the volume of Longleat papers so often referred to. It is a volume which, had it not appeared as an official publication, would probably have been hailed as a literary discovery.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* Welbeck MSS, v, 625.

† Nov. 6. Ib. vii, 305.

Art. 6.—MIND-CURES FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

1. *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body.* By D. H. Tuke, M.D. Two vols. London : Churchill, 1884.
 2. *Science and Health ; with Key to the Scriptures.* By Mary Baker G. Eddy. Boston, U.S.A., 1902.
 3. *The Faith and Works of Christian Science.* By Stephen Paget. London : Macmillan, 1909.
- And other works.

IN no two subjects has it in the past been more difficult to apply strict inductive reasoning and its conclusions than in religion and medicine. The grossest superstitions have been believed and acted on ; the most absurd modes of treatment of the sick have been employed by wise men and by whole civilised communities without a single proved fact to back them up. This was no doubt partly due to the inherent difficulties and obscurities of the two subjects, partly to the want of ability to observe facts or to apply scientific reasoning to the elucidation of their problems. Primitive people and savages have few sparks of reason or truth in their religious or medical ideas ; and this is true in a large degree of Egypt, Greece and Rome. Moreover, from the earliest times, and in almost all peoples, religious and medical ideas have been mixed up. In Egypt and Greece the temples were the hospitals ; the god always came into the treatment of disease and largely got the credit of its cure. The religious rites as well as the baths, the sunshine and the medicines, were all essential parts of the treatment and helped its success. In the original temple of Aesculapius at Epidaurus, and in most others, the patient had the benefit of change of scene and surroundings and of the *vis medicatrix naturae*, plus the religious rites to give faith and hopefulness in the treatment ; in fact, they had the important parts of what we modern doctors endeavour to secure in the treatment of a large number of our cases. Faith in the doctor now takes the place of the old rites. The environments favourable to restoration of health are to a large extent common to both the old and the new methods of cure.

It is an essential and primary consideration in treating

this, or any other important question of the kind, to keep in mind the way in which human opinions, beliefs and conclusions are formed and the conduct that results from them is influenced. My contention will be that it has been from sheer want of accurate observation and lack of critical and reasoning capacity, and from reliance on authority, that the facts as to 'mind-cures' have been misunderstood and misinterpreted, with the result that large numbers of people, otherwise living a rational life, have followed most hurtful and irrational practices and entertained degrading beliefs in regard to such questions. In even the present state of our physiological, psychological and medical knowledge, imperfect though it is, I maintain that scientific and rational explanations can be given of most of such cures, and that no mystical or miraculous views need be held about them by the modern man. We do not deny the existence of those cures; we only deny that they are due to occult, mystical or unexplainable causes, and we emphatically protest against their irrational misinterpretations. We may be ignorant; we need not be credulous.

I must here premise that human nature possesses, as an innate mental quality, and has always exhibited, but in a lessening degree as civilisation advances, a powerful fascination for the mysterious, the mystical, the miraculous and the occult in medicine. Many men and nearly all women, when ill, would rather be cured by some method which has something of this sort in it than by intelligible scientific means. 'Systems' of medicine without number have arisen, been followed for a time, and disappeared, whose basis and attraction have been some mystic theory of action absolutely devoid of any rational or scientific basis. Other 'systems' have had some basis of truth but, along with that, have depended chiefly on their secrecy or mystery. The authors of many of them honestly believed in their efficiency, and so exhibited the enthusiasm of the sincere zealot—this greatly aiding their acceptance. This deep-seated mystic and anti-scientific quality in human nature has been the great support of the quack, the deceiver and the charlatan in medicine, and one of the main hindrances to the advance of rational therapeutics. When looked at in connexion with another prevalent tendency in the undeveloped and

semi-irrational mind of man, which inclines to believe any statement authoritatively made, it largely accounts for the gigantic success of the obscurantist in medicine, the modern nostrum-seller and the patent-medicine proprietor. Those systems of quackery and therapeutic futility come and go, and are forgotten; but others constantly arise, as fresh, as blatant, and as credulously followed for the time as their predecessors.

This feature of human nature has not been confined to the unorthodox and irregular systems of medicine, but has haunted and hindered the progress of the healing art in its most 'regular' departments. The prescriptions and the directions for treating the sick laid down by the Doctors of the Universities, the Fellows of the learned Colleges and the Court Physicians two centuries ago, were sometimes as devoid of scientific reasons as those of the most ignorant charlatans. The ingredients of a prescription of an eighteenth century Court Physician were often just as far from rational medicine as the components of the 'Elixirs of Life' warranted to cure all diseases, and sold for sixpence a bottle in the market-place by a shouting impostor. Moreover, the constant association of medicine with religion in all countries before the time of Hippocrates had the effect of discouraging independent observation of nature and of strengthening the influence of mere authority and tradition.

One fact we must specially take into account in the enquiry as to why correct modes of observation and induction in regard to the cure of disease have made such slow progress in the mass of the educated, not to speak of the uneducated, among civilised men and women. A human brain and mind may be of good ancestral stock, may have received a high degree of education, and may in regard to most ordinary matters reason correctly; yet, in regard to its capacity to solve problems of innate difficulty like those of medicine, there may exist a total and congenital incompetence.

It seems that a further evolution of brain is needed to enable the generality of educated men and women to reason correctly from fixed data in regard to many such matters, and to eliminate the superstitions that seem to linger in human nature as a residuum of a primitive non-reason. So long as there exist educated men and

women who will not sit down to dinner if there are thirteen at table, so long will rational medicine or modes of treating the sick not be practised. I think the medical profession is not free from blame for the present backwardness of rational views of medicine, nor even for the atmosphere of mystery that pervades physic in the public mind. Every medical man has felt the enormous advantage to his own methods and professional attitude, of dealing with a strong-minded patient who insisted on knowing the why and the wherefore of everything that was recommended. We have not been candid enough in explaining the general purpose of our treatment to our patients and the public, and so putting that treatment on a rational basis in the patient's mind. Even in regard to our recent public health and sanitation work, which has been done on scientific lines and with brilliant success, we have not taken pains to convince intelligent people that the laws of nature in regard to human life and health are invariable, absolute, and never can be transgressed with impunity. Nor have we endeavoured to create in the minds of men a rational suspicion as to any treatment of disease that has an air of mystery.

It is absolutely necessary, before we approach the different methods of mind-cures, that we should form a scientific conception of the action of the human brain in its relation to mind, so far as modern physiology and psychology enable us to do so. It would be a futile question to ask what mind is in its nature, or even to ask what is its exact relationship to brain organisation and action. Neither question can be answered. Nor do I propose to refer to the manifestations of mind outside of material agencies and relationships, such as the Psychical Society studies. That kind of study has not as yet formulated any laws which are invariable, so that it cannot be regarded as within strictly scientific ground. What we can formulate definitely is that brain is the vehicle of mind in the known universe, and its only proved vehicle so far as the proved facts go. Brain bulk and brain quality—I mean, of course, by brain its grey substance which subserves mentalisation, overlying its lower parts—have gone on *pari passu* with intelligence and evolution in man. The man of Java (*Pithecan-*

thropus), in the Pliocene epoch, had a brain capacity only about one-half as large as that of modern man. Primitive peoples like the Bushmen have small and simple brain convolutions and low mental power. The newly-born child has an undeveloped brain, and its mind is absent or rudimentary. During growth mind exhibits itself just in proportion as the brain cells develop and get connected with each other by nerve fibres into a working mechanism. If the brain does not develop, its owner remains mentally imbecile. When the cells atrophy in old age, dotage appears. When certain brain convolutions take on diseased action, mental disturbance invariably results. When a brain stimulant or sedative is taken, the mind at once responds. Quality and complexity as well as size count in the brain, for, when the brain convolutions are complex, the mind is subtle in action. In every respect the proof of the direct connexion is complete.

The brain is the controlling organ, not only of the mind, but of the whole body, its master in regard to movement, sensibility, nutrition and general health. The brain is the man in all essential respects. Every other organ works for the sake of the brain and in relation to it. Every organ of the body and its every function are represented in some part of the brain convolutions, a special area of the convolutions being assigned to each organ, which controls its working. The effects are mutual, for every organ influences its brain area as well as being influenced by it. Disordered action of the heart may affect the brain-working, and disorder of the brain may cause cardiac disease.

The human brain is, in fact, by far the most wonderful piece of organic living mechanism in Nature. It is the subtlest combination of machinery and of force for the production of the most remarkable results which evolution during the countless æons of its progress has yet attained. It is only within the past fifty years that we have got any true idea of the elements which compose it or of its microscopic structure; and as yet our knowledge of it is most imperfect. As to its exact modes of working, in some ways we are still groping towards the light. But we are now able to demonstrate as much of its structure and working as enables us to realise scientifically the general and particular nature of its great place in life.

In the minds of all those who have considered brain problems there is now a firm assurance, attained by the process of induction from fact, that there is nothing connected with human disease or conduct or emotion or volition with which it has not to do. We see that to make an efficiently working brain has been Nature's chief aim from the moment of conception right on through life, and that its mental action has been the highest of all its aims. There are, no doubt, questions of extreme difficulty, if we are to understand such problems as mind-cures, hypnotism, spiritualism, telepathy, auto-suggestion, and mental disease and defects. We are fully aware that we must first, by careful study of brain and mind-working, attain a more accurate knowledge of the normal before we can solve the abnormal conditions.

The brain contains some three thousand million cells, each one actively producing, energising, controlling, stimulating, or co-ordinating the physical, the mechanical, the bio-chemical and the mental energies of man. One-fourth of those cells, at least, have to do with mind, the others being devoted to sensation, muscular movements, nutrition and bodily inhibitions; but all are co-ordinated and connected by fibres capable of co-relating the energy which each cell produces. They are arranged in separate groups or areas, each with a special function; the whole forming a vast telephone system, as it were, most complicated but orderly, with combined localisation, solidarity and general harmony of action. The cells are arranged in different 'levels,' each higher in function and in a position of command in regard to the level below it, thus forming a sort of hierarchy. The cells that have to do with mind are all in the highest level; and we now have ground for thinking that they lie chiefly in the 'fore-brain,' which is the last to be evolved and the first to decay in old age and in mental disease. Many of those groups of cells have the function of controlling the action of others. There are 'centres of inhibition' everywhere; but the mental areas are, or should be if in health, the supreme controlling centres. In children, in poor brains, in undeveloped brains, in hysterical, unstable and insane brains, those highest centres of control are so weak that their conjoined action becomes irregular and abnormal, bodily and mental control being thus lost or impaired.

Over a large portion of the highest level of the brain the special work of each group of cells or 'area' is now known. If our speech-areas are diseased we cannot speak; if the hearing areas are destroyed we cannot hear; if the areas for the legs are hurt we cannot walk; if the purely mental areas are disordered we cannot think; if the areas of inhibition are diseased we cannot exercise mental or bodily control. Not only so, but if the cells of the eye-areas, for example, are unduly excited, objects are thought to be seen which do not exist in reality, and hallucinations result. It takes the highest kind of brain of all to be able to reason correctly; but, if the mental areas in such a brain are disturbed in action or diseased, correct reasoning is impossible. A quart of whisky circulating in the brain of the profoundest philosopher on earth will make him a fool for the time being.

One of the most striking of the qualities of a brain-cell is that by which every impression made on it, either from the outside world through the senses or from the working of another part of the brain, is registered and leaves a permanent impression which can be at any time reproduced as a memory or an automatic movement. We do not know precisely in what this 'registration' consists; but a certain molecular or bio-chemical change has certainly taken place in the substance of the cell, through which it has received a new potentiality that it did not possess before. Memory has thus a physical basis. It is like a gramophone disc with a new tune traced on it, or a photographic plate before development. The disc can ever after reproduce its music, and the plate can show its pictures. The brain-cell has similarly a 'memory' impressed on it which lasts till disease or old age obliterates it. But what a content does every human brain thus carry—millions of sense-impressions and past movements, hundreds of thousands of ideas lying hid through some physico-bio-chemical process! The printing in the largest book in existence does not compare with even a poor human brain in its contents. Thousands of words, for instance, lie in every educated brain. No mere mental effort can thus impress or receive these if the brain-cells are not at the time impressionable. No mere volitional effort can reproduce them if those cells are not in activity and the brain is not in health.

When an impression is made on a brain-cell or a group of cells by an object outside the organism, say a tree, before the eye, its picture is first formed on the retina; an impression of that passes up through the optic nerve to a lower area in the brain, then up to the cortex where the processes of perception and apperception take place; and, if the faculty of attention is in exercise, a 'presentation' of the tree is made on consciousness and may associate itself with similar ideas. All this is written in the brain-cells, and during life forms a part of their constitution. When the memory of the tree comes up at any later time, a process called 'representation' takes place, during which the picture is there before consciousness, but not so vivid as the original presentation; and it is recognised to be a memory, not the thing itself. It may by some persons be 'visualised,' but still can be accurately distinguished by a healthy brain as not being the objective tree. In morbid conditions of the brain, as in many forms of insanity, in dreaming, in specially excitable states of the brain, in hysteria sometimes, in hypnotic conditions, in states of intense religious feeling, or when certain poisons, such as Indian hemp (*hashish*), are circulating in the brain, these representations are so vivid that they may be mistaken for presentations. This explains the mechanism of seeing ghosts, of visions, of supposed communications from the spiritual world and states of ecstasy. Then the brain-cells speak, or see, or hear, or taste, without objective causes. Such conditions of brain must be taken into account before we can understand mind-cures. The brain cannot do two contrary things at once. When used as a vehicle of abstract thought, it cannot send volitional stimuli for muscular exercise. If it is occupied with cheerful and optimistic feelings, it will not receive distinct impressions from a rheumatic joint or a neuralgic face. It cannot feel pleasure and pain at the same time. It is also a 'creature of habit'; what it does once it tends to do again, and much more readily. Therefore we should keep it occupied with anti-painful emotions if we are to effect mind-cures in a scientific way.

The consideration of this marvellous quality and constitution of the brain-cells enables us to put on a scientific rational basis the ideas of 'sub-conscious' and 'super-conscious' mind, now so much referred to, but so

little understood. Frederick Myers' 'subliminal consciousness' may thus become a possible scientific conception. A sub-consciousness or even a 'latent' consciousness is really no consciousness at all, if the word is used in a proper sense. Consciousness is either present or it is not. There may be, no doubt, a vivid, or an obscure, or a partial consciousness. There may be even a false consciousness, as in dreaming or in some of the hypnotic conditions or vivid representations, but these are entirely different from a 'sub-consciousness.' What really exists is a potential consciousness.

From the point of view of modern scientific medicine we should like to use an exclusively non-metaphysical terminology, but that is not yet possible. We have not yet devised suitable terms. In science we must think of mind, not as a self-existing, self-acting entity, but as an energy which is as dependent on brain and brain-memories for its exhibition as electricity, motion, or heat are on matter. Those forces have their own laws of action, but they cannot arise or be manifested except through matter. In many respects the brain is to the mind as matter is to electricity. The theory of 'parallelism,' as to the co-relation of mind and brain-action, seems best to fit the facts, though it does not explain them. The 'sub-conscious' mind may be described as the brain-cells charged with mental impressions, but inactive.

Mental disease always implies disorder of both body and mind as a consequence of the brain being disturbed in its working. Its cure, therefore, must always take the body into account. The mental areas in the brain may, however, be diseased or disturbed without other demonstrable bodily disturbance. Electricity or heat may powerfully affect the matter through which they are generated. The heat that is produced by coal may be turned on to burn still further its source. In this sense mind may act on body and cure some of its diseases.

To understand how the brain, on receiving a mental stimulus, acts in curing bodily disease, it is necessary to look at some ordinary physiological effects which the highest level of the brain under a mental stimulus can produce on the body. A young woman hears or sees or thinks of something that rouses the emotional feeling of modesty; at once the capillary blood-vessels in her cheeks

dilate, and she blushes. A vaso-motor centre in her brain-cortex, connected with the emotional and sex centres, has been excited into activity, and by means of its nervous connexion with the cheek has dilated the blood-vessels there. The whole process is from beginning to end a brain process, though, since the emotions are consciously 'felt,' we no doubt require the 'Ego' for the full explanation of the feeling. 'Determination' of blood to particular parts of the body by brain-mental influences is provided for under many emotional states. Interference with the heart's action in various ways, by quickening, retardation, stoppage and irregularity due to emotional and brain causes, are well-known facts, so much so, that 'the heart' has come to be another word for the feelings. To determine blood to parts of the body or the brain affected by certain diseases is often to heal them. A modern German surgeon, Bier, has devised an artificial method of such determination of blood to assist the healing of certain surgical sores and wounds.

The effects of brain-mental stimuli on the action of the stomach, bowels, and digestion are also well known. Who has not had his appetite or digestion suddenly stopped by anxiety, or by hearing a piece of bad news? This is done through the brain-cells of the digestive centres. The bad effects of worry on the general health and nutrition of the body are known to everyone. The brain-cells then act less vigorously; the flow of blood to them through their capillaries—each cell has capillary vessels to supply it with nourishment—is lessened; the general feeling of well-being, of *bien-être*, is lost; the countenance becomes sallow, the blood poor, the muscles flabby; and exertion, bodily and mental, becomes painful instead of being pleasurable—all these bodily and mental effects being due to abnormal action in the mental centres of the brain.

The apparatus for the production of these and hundreds of other bodily effects, good and evil, exists in the brain. It is part of the normal bodily *armamentarium*. When, through this apparatus, certain diseases are cured during hypnotism or 'faith-healing,' there is no more miracle or special mystery about the process than the perpetual miracle of the daily work of the human brain, or its exact parallelism with our varied mental conditions,

or its general action in keeping the body in health. No mere mental stimulus will excite pleasure or laughter when the brain-cells are exhausted by excessive toil or loss of blood. No volition can be exercised by the strongest-willed man when his brain is poisoned by the bacillus of typhoid fever. Violent mental exertion exhausts brain-power just as heavy bodily work does. Whether a man is thinking or exerting his muscles, the respective groups of brain-cells call for, and get, an extra supply of blood, so that the surface of the brain takes on a visible blush and its temperature rises. The movements of a delicate galvanometer, when the brain is active, show that visible and measurable changes go on in it while it is doing its mental work. Through the stimulus of mind the brain-cortex may set all the muscles, voluntary and involuntary, into action, or arrest them, brighten the eye, make the glands secrete normally or abnormally, produce pain or paralyse sensation, render the body insensible to heat or cold, or give muscular expression to the face, eye and attitude in response to every kind of emotion.

To pass from the physiological to the pathological side, the history of medicine is full of accounts of men and women who have fallen into diseases and abnormal states through mental shocks, mental worries and mental causes generally. Almost every kind of bodily stigmata, of tremors, of palsy, of convulsions, of insanity, and innumerable cases of sudden death, have been correctly attributed to those causes. The hair has turned white in a night; gangrene has come on; consumption has suddenly appeared. Joy and grief, rage and fear, anger and despair have all been recorded by trustworthy medical observers as causes of disease, bodily and mental. John Hunter long ago said, 'As the state of mind is capable of producing a disease, another state of it may effect a cure.'

The learned treatise of my late friend, Dr Hack Tuke, on the 'Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease' contains many well-authenticated cases of pain being assuaged and disease cured by mental influences. Dr John Brown of Edinburgh tells a quaint story of his curing a bad case of colic by handing the prescription to the patient and saying, 'Take that.' He found that the patient had swallowed the paper and got instan-

taneous relief! The cure of cases of palsy has been from the most ancient times the most dramatic of all the 'mind-cures.' The formula 'Take up thy bed and walk' was used long before the time of Jesus Christ, and has been used in some form or other by most of the religionists of the world in all countries. We now know that many cases of palsy are not due to any organic destruction in the brain or nerves, whose apparatus is, as a matter of fact, in those cases, intact, but the nervous stimulus which produces movement cannot in them be roused from the brain-cortex. But, by creating a violent stimulus in the brain-cortex through a strong emotion, a nerve-current passes down the nerves to the muscles; and so the palsy ceases. The electric bell would not ring because the battery was deficient in some ingredient. Faith in the healer or in the means of cure, the terror of a thunderstorm or of a house on fire, and many other similar agents, have roused the higher levels of the brain to activity and so have 'cured' palsies, dumbness, and long-continued pain.

A strong belief and a keen emotion necessarily alter the condition of the brain-cells and their blood-supply. When the clinical thermometer came into use fifty years ago, I was making a large number of observations at all hours of the day and night to ascertain how the temperature of the body was affected in various forms of insanity; and I had many amusing experiences of the supposed effects of the instrument. New delusions were sometimes suggested; the pain from rheumatism was lessened; imaginary electric shocks ceased; limbs were straightened out that had been contracted; and on one occasion an evil spirit, fully believed in, was exorcised for the time. It is always an interesting psychological study to watch the quack-doctor of the market-place, his methods and their effects in extorting money for quite inert bottles from his credulous audience. Dogmatism, the repetition of the same statement, impudence and lying will always have the same effect on a large number of human beings. Reason, probability, common sense, are all, for the time being, absolutely in abeyance. The fashionable lady, with her ailments, due largely to want of work and rational interests in life, is not different in any essential respect from the dupe of the market-place. In either case the

effect of quoting a successful cure in another person, not enquired into and not proved, is the same. The brain-cells are stimulated to belief, this resulting in the foolish action of buying the bottle, which may, however, through faith in its contents, do good. Everybody knows that whatever gives tone to the blood-vessels and nerves, stimulates the heart, sets the muscles in action, and distracts the attention from disease, will cure many complaints. All this the brain-cells that subserve mind have the power of doing.

We also know now that a large number of our diseases are caused by infinitely minute microscopic enemies. If we had acquired no such quality as a resistiveness to such microbes or an immunity against them, whole communities would be swept away, as the inhabitants of Fiji were by measles. That resistiveness can, in many cases, be greatly increased, and that immunity may, in some cases, be acquired, through powerful brain influences. It is only thus that we can explain the innumerable cases in old times of the cure of ague (a microbic disease) by amulets, by faith, by wearing slips of paper on which the word 'Febrifuge' was written. There is no reason to suppose that the spiders' webs, so often used as a cure for ague, acted in any way but through mental-brain influence. An ingenious doctor, John Hunter, used to give them for this disease without telling the patient what he was taking; but they then had not the slightest effect. Undoubted cures of the drink-craving have been made by reiterated assertions of the evils of the habit and its certain consequences, as well as by telling the patient in the hypnotic state that he must exert his will strongly in the proper direction. The following case is on record. Immediately after taking some spirits a drunkard was attacked by rheumatism. This was really due to a wetting he had had; but his doctor assured him, rightly enough in the circumstances, that if he ever took spirits again rheumatism would at once follow it. From that time he loathed and avoided liquor. There is another mental principle which is seen in relation to disease; it is that of expectancy. Without giving offence to Roman Catholics, a modern scientific man may hold that, to a large degree, the undoubted cures effected by pilgrimages

to sacred shrines, visits to the bones of noted saints, and the drinking of waters that have acquired a reputation for cure, have been due to this principle of expectancy. Who is there that, after a spell of hard work, has not felt the better for the expected holiday several weeks before it came off? The joy of anticipation set the brain-cells to work more vigorously; those cells sent tonic influences to every organ of the body; and so a good result was accomplished. Churchill long ago said—

‘The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.’

Specific and technical insanity results from mental and moral causes in only about one-fourth of all the cases, the remaining three-fourths arising from purely bodily causes. But even in those due to mental causes we now unhesitatingly attribute the actual mental symptoms to brain disorder. Unfavourable mental impressions affect its vehicle, the brain-cell, just as electricity may be made to control its vehicle. In the treatment of all mental disease, in addition to medicines and hygienic agencies, some of the chief means of cure are found to be mental and moral treatment, cheerfulness, removal of worries, suitable suggestion, mental distractions, the exercise of sound and counteractive reasoning, and the strengthening of will-power by the efforts of the nurse and doctor. In the early stages of many cases of mental disease we take special means to get the patient himself mentally to fight his morbidness with good effect. The lowering effect on brain and bodily nutrition of mental depression is well known. I had a patient once who, being intensely depressed, took the idea he would and should die and was determined to die; and die he did, in spite of all that could be done for him. A mental cause undoubtedly killed him, but it was through the brain arresting his nutritive energy, for he got thinner and thinner in body until he was utterly emaciated, though he was taking plenty of food. I have had many other patients who fought against their morbid mental depression and determined to recover and did so, chiefly through the strength of their wills acting through the brain.

No 'irregular' mode of curing disease with the distinctive brain-mental element in it has attracted more attention than 'mesmerism,' 'animal magnetism,' 'Braidism,' or 'hypnotism.' Those terms, it is known, refer to the same condition; and 'hypnotism' is now the word exclusively employed in science to describe it. Mesmer was a doctor of medicine who flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His doctrine and his practice attracted an extraordinary amount of public attention, though there is no doubt that the essential phenomena of the combined bodily and mental condition which he called 'animal magnetism' had been observed ages before. Mesmer's theory was that he was able, by means of a 'magnetic fluid' emanating from himself, to produce in others changes in their mental and bodily condition, and especially that he could cure disease by this means. His system was believed in by large numbers of the medical profession in France; but a commission composed of scientists and medical men, appointed by the French Government, reported adversely to his claims, whereupon his cures ceased, and he died in poverty and obscurity in 1815. Mesmer had evidently a great deal of the charlatan about him. Braid of Manchester, a medical man, investigated the same phenomena in an honest, scientific spirit. His main conclusion was that there is a certain condition of the human brain which can be produced by definite means, and that it results in definite mental and bodily phenomena which he called 'hypnotic.'

Since that time 'hypnotism' may be said to have more or less taken its place in regular medicine; and it has been studied in all European countries and America by many able scientific and medical investigators. In France particularly during the latter half of the nineteenth century, Dr Charcot of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, and Dr Bernheim of Nancy, studied hypnotism in the most careful way, but came to different conclusions about it, so that there arose a 'school' of the Salpêtrière and one of Nancy. Its literature since then has been extensive. A trustworthy account of recent work on the subject is that by Prof. August Forel of Zürich. Unfortunately hypnotism, on account of its obscurity and the striking nature of some of its phenomena, has become a field for the show-

man, the impostor, the quasi-scientist, and many people whose minds are on the borderland of mental disease. The facts in regard to hypnotism, though not yet exhaustive, are now, however, so definite that there is no longer any excuse for any intelligent person taking grossly incorrect or foolishly mysterious views about it. It has become a part of science. The first thing to be realised about it is this, that it relates to the functions of the higher brain-levels which have for the time become altered in their action. The second is that it is closely related to the normal conditions of sleep and dreaming, which, in reality, are quite as mysterious as hypnotism. It is, in fact, in essence an abnormal or partial sleep artificially produced. It is almost exactly similar in its nature to somnambulism, that other form of abnormal sleep which is now fully recognised to be a neurosis or form of temporary brain disorder.

For the understanding of the hypnotic condition we must also take into account that important characteristic of the conscious mental condition, viz., amenability to suggestion, either from one's own thoughts or feelings or from outside persons or things. The conduct of all human beings, young and old, largely depends on suggestion, corrected or resisted or yielded to. Especially are children and persons of weak volition and of a nervous temperament amenable to it, and are benefited or hurt by it according to its character. The condition of a person unusually liable to the influence of suggestion from without is now called one of great 'suggestibility'; and this is the chief consideration in the medical use of hypnotism, so far as mind and the improvement of general health are concerned.

Now it can be seen by any reasoning person who will dismiss the idea of mystery from his mind, that the general condition in hypnotism resembles that of sleep, with this difference, that certain faculties of body and mind are not in the state of complete suspense characteristic of normal sleep. The power of attention is there; hearing and sight are present; the patient can sit still or stand; but memory is much affected, and the will-power, except when roused, is subordinated to the suggestions of the hypnotiser. It is of great importance that the patient should voluntarily yield himself to the influence of

the hypnotiser and not resist that influence. So much does the patient's will come in that in many cases the patient can himself, by determining to pass into the hypnotic condition, do so by what is called 'auto-suggestion,' just as many people can go to sleep at once by placing themselves in favourable circumstances. Some of the most reliable medical authorities, such as Forel and others of the Nancy school, affirm that they have hypnotised ninety-six per cent. of the persons on whom they operated; on the contrary, those of the Salpêtrière school, such as Charcot and Luys, have concluded that only a small proportion of persons are hypnotisable, and that those must necessarily be of the hysterical or markedly neurotic temperament. Forel has given a list of the diseases or disorders of health which have been most benefited or have been cured by hypnotic treatment. On looking through this list a physician is impressed by the fact that they are almost all minor, transitory, or curable affections of nervous origin. All kinds of pain which do not depend on organic disease, disturbances of certain functions of the body, such as indigestion and constipation, tendencies to alcoholism, nervous coughs, tendencies towards morbid fears and distresses, represent the disorders which seem most amenable to cure or mitigation. It is not pretended by physicians who are not unduly enthusiastic that they always succeed, or that they have cured many diseases which have not also been cured by ordinary medical treatment or have been recovered from in natural course; and a considerable number of physicians, represented by men like Dubois of Berne and Münsterberg of Harvard University, who have practised, on scientific principles, what is now called 'psychic treatment' by suggestion and mental influence, maintain that those diseases can be equally well treated by suggestion without hypnotism. No one in treating disease should forget the great fact that most diseases tend to disappear of themselves, and that Nature's ideal is always towards health. In regard to the disappearance of pain I have pointed out that the higher brain-levels, from their power of inhibition, may stop pain and even paralyse sensation; and that when those levels are put into intense action, pain is often permanently abolished. Hence the apparent 'cures' in a large number of cases, most people

thinking they are well when their pains disappear. The permanent cures and improvements that result from hypnotism are explained by its effects on the brain action, due to the effects of suggestion remaining constant, and by the fact that the higher brain-levels have the power of controlling the nutrition of the whole body and the working of all its organs.

There are conditions analogous to hypnotism to be met with in many primitive and half-civilised races. There is the condition called 'Lâtah,' which Dr J. J. Abraham, in the 'British Medical Journal' for Feb. 24, 1912, describes as a mental condition found in some of the Malay inhabitants of Borneo, in whose cases suggestion is at once followed by an uncontrollable action; the subject of this may be wholly unconscious of what he is doing, or conscious and yet unable to resist the suggestions. It may be instinctive, impulsive, or mimetic. Dr Abraham quotes the following case.

'The cook of a coasting steamer had his baby brought to him when the ship was in port. He was known to be intensely devoted to, and proud of, the child. It was also known to his shipmates that he was "lâtah." When he was nursing the baby in his arms on the deck, one of the Malay crew came along with a billet of wood, which he pretended to nurse in his arms, like a baby. Next he began to toss the billet of wood in the air, catching it again as it fell, knowing that the unfortunate lâtah, absolutely unable to resist, would be fascinated into imitating him. This the poor victim did, tossing his precious baby up towards the awning and catching it again, loathing and dreading to do so, yet compelled by his lâtah state to absolutely keep time with his tormentor. Suddenly, instead of catching his billet, the sailor opened his arms and let it fall on the deck. Unable to resist, the miserable father did likewise; the baby fell heavily on deck and never regained consciousness.'

This condition seems to be removable as well as producible by suggestion. No one can doubt that we have here a purely brain condition, not merely a 'mental state.' It is racial, and it is consistent with 'sanity' in a technical sense, though it presents phenomena characteristic of some forms of mental disease. The apparatus through which such phenomena occur exists in the brain. If the stimulus in the Lâtah patient was a current of

electricity instead of a mental suggestion, no one would think mind had anything to do with it, yet the sequence of events might be precisely the same.

The form of 'mind-cure' which has attracted most public attention of recent years has been that known as 'Christian Science.' This has features of its own somewhat different from those of its predecessors. Like many of them, it rests on a religious basis, but it appeals to the religious instincts of mankind on a new theory and on a new interpretation of the Scriptures. Its basal theory is the astounding one that matter, disease, pain, sin, and error do not exist; that there are no 'laws of health'; that 'treatises on anatomy, physiology, and health sustained by what is called material law are the promoters of sickness and disease.' The existence of this extraordinary belief and practice cannot be understood without reference to the psychology, personal history and life experiences of Mrs Eddy, the foundress, 'discoverer' and High Priestess of the system, to Berkeley's philosophical views, and to certain mystic and symbolical views of religion, often before met with in the world. The following facts as to her life, character and work are obtained from the two chief published biographies of her; the one by Georgine Milmine,* which is adverse to her doctrines but quotes largely from original documents for and against them; the other by Sibyl Wilbur,† which is strongly in favour of Mrs Eddy and quotes only documents on her side.

The youngest of six children of a family of the plain farmer type, common in Massachusetts in the beginning of the nineteenth century, Mrs Eddy's father was a man of a distinctly individual if not morbid type, full of energy and exhibiting an exaggeration of the New England form of Puritanism. Mrs Eddy as a girl was pretty and graceful, but her manners were affected; she was sensitive, given to writing poetry, heard 'unreal voices' at eight years of age, and always got her own way in the family, even against her father's tyrannous régime. She became subject to hysterical attacks, resembling convulsions,

* 'The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science,' by Georgine Milmine (Hodder and Stoughton, 1910).

† 'The Life of Mary Baker Eddy,' by Sibyl Wilbur (Harrop, 1908).

at an early age, falling headlong on the floor, writhing and screaming in apparent agony, dropping and lying limp and motionless until restored. Sometimes she became rigid like a cataleptic and continued for a time in a state of suspended animation. Her father said of her, 'The Bible says Mary Magdalene had seven devils, but our Mary has got ten.' This is precisely the neurotic condition of brain out of which may afterwards arise fanaticism, novel religious systems, criminality, insanity, or genius. We doctors, as a result of our experience, distrust the work of such a brain. Early in life she became acquainted with mesmerism and its then wonder-working powers. This produced such an effect on her mind that, whenever she was ill or distressed in after-life, she attributed it to 'animal magnetism,' which she came to consider one of the worst of the evil influences to which mankind can be subjected. She attributed the death of her third husband to 'malicious mesmerism.' She married young and had one child, but it is doubtful whether she developed any real maternal instinct. This and her two following marriages were unfortunate. As a matter of fact, a happy marriage for a woman of this nervous type is all but impossible. After many experiences of ill-health, chiefly of a nervous sort, of poverty, of discord with relations and friends, she came across 'Doctor' Quimby, who appears to have been a shrewd, honest, but uneducated enthusiast, practising the cure of disease, at first by hypnotism, and afterwards by a special system of mind-cure which he founded on a duplicate mental theory of his own, a sort of anticipation of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.' He stated that disease is 'false reasoning,' and that philosophy would 'make man free and independent of all creeds and laws of man and subject him to his own agreement, he being free from the laws of sin, sickness, and death.' Mrs Eddy was fascinated by Quimby and his system, haunting his rooms, reading his manuscripts, observing his treatment, and absorbing his teaching. He allowed her to copy some of his manuscripts. 'She's a devilishly clever woman,' he frequently said. This was undoubtedly the turning-point in Mrs Eddy's life. From that time all the energies of her extraordinarily persistent, tortuous and ingenious mind were devoted to the system of combined religious belief and cure of

disease which, suggested by Quimby at first, was evolved by her and systematised into the 'Christian Science' of to-day.

After that time Mrs Eddy studied the Scriptures earnestly and continuously for years, putting her own interpretation and making her comments on their narratives, doctrines, and commands. She went into trances, still suffered from indifferent nervous health, and dreaded 'animal magnetism,' which she believed could be exercised over her and others by enemies from a distance. She no doubt attributed her real nervous pain and discomforts to this imaginary cause. She isolated herself from her friends, with whom she constantly quarrelled and whom she often treated badly. She dominated everyone about her, and if they would not submit she threw them over. She gradually developed her system of 'Christian Science' and even asserted that its doctrines were a divine revelation to herself. She repudiated and ceased to refer to Quimby. She took pupils and taught them her 'Science' and her mode of healing. At first those pupils were of the most ordinary type of mind, but she afterwards acquired influence over persons of greater intelligence, usually women of a neurotic type of brain. She unquestionably had the power of great concentration of mind and of continuous thinking on her subject. She also had great intellectual ingenuity and dexterity. She was subtle, metaphysical, and most original in her ideas. Her English style was bad and her spelling often defective, but she had the wit to employ as her literary adviser for four years the Rev. J. A. Wiggin, who put much of her 'Science and Health' into intelligible English and aided her in various ways. Her industry was amazing. She gradually became a success as the founder of a 'new religion,' and through her gains from her pupils she could afford to pay Wiggin well. He was a man not only of large general reading, but a good Shakespearean scholar and fond of the theatre, a man of enormous bulk and immense geniality, polished in manner, and a musical critic of no mean order.

No more curious association of two opposite natures than Mr Wiggin's and Mrs Eddy's surely ever existed. They had only one thing in common, and that was an extraordinary facility in the use of religious phraseology

and the power of apt Scriptural quotation. Mr Wiggin's criticism of the system and the book is that

'Christian Science, on its theological side, is an ignorant revival of one form of ancient gnosticism, that Jesus is to be distinguished from the Christ, and that his earthly appearance was phantasmal, not real and fleshly. On its moral side, it involves, what must follow from the doctrine, that reality is a dream and that, if a thing is right in thought, why right it is, and that sin is non-existent because God can behold no evil. Not that Christian Science believers generally use this or practise evil, but the virus is within. Religiously, Christian Science is a revolt from orthodoxy, but unphilosophically conducted, endeavouring to ride two horses. Physically it leads people to trust all to nature, the great healer, and so does some good. . . . Where there is disease which time will not reach, Christian Science is useless. . . . As for the High Priestess of it she is—well, I could *tell* you but not write—an awfully (I use the word advisedly) smart woman, cute, shrewd, but not well read nor in any way learned. . . . The truth is she does not care to have her paragraphs clear, and delights in so expressing herself that her words may have various readings and meanings. Really that is one of the tricks of the trade. You know that sibyls have always been thus oracular. . . . There is nothing really to understand in "Science and Health" except that God is all and yet there is no God in matter. . . . Dollars and cents she understands thoroughly.'

'Science and Health,' as finally completed by Mrs Eddy under the literary editorship of Mr Wiggin, is beyond any doubt an extraordinary book. Its followers rank it as almost equal to the Scriptures in authority, because it overlays them paragraph by paragraph with a new meaning. In the preface she expressly states that 'No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner, but some morals are most desirable.' The mysterious and all-powerful principle of life is evidently taken by Mrs Eddy to be her 'spirit.' Her terminology is loose and frequently inconsistent. She is constantly making unproved assumptions and drawing conclusions from them as if they were true; and by this trick she appeals to those who have no inductive reasoning faculty. She pours scorn on physical science. As an example of her crudity and pretentiousness of statement take the following—'There is no physical science.' 'In Christian Science' (she

says) 'there are no discords or contradictions, because its logic is as harmonious as the reasoning of an accurately stated syllogism or of a properly computed sum in arithmetic.' In the beginning of her chapter on Medicine this syllogistic method is thus exhibited. 'Which was first—mind or medicine? If mind was first and self-existent, then mind, not matter, must have been the first medicine. Mind being all in all, it made medicine; but that medicine was mind. It could not have been matter, which departs from the nature and action of mind.' 'Will-power is not science; it belongs to the senses, and its use is to be condemned. Willing the sick to recover is not the metaphysic practice of Christian Science, but sheer animal magnetism.' Her dogmatic egotism is shown in such statements as the following. 'This volume contains the complete science of mind-healing.' 'The author has cured what is termed organic disease as readily as she has cured purely functional disease, and with no means but the divine mind.' 'The hosts of Aesculapius are flooding the world with diseases, because they are ignorant that the human mind and body are one.' 'You say a boil is painful, but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain.' (The quotations are from Mrs Milmine.)

When she attempts to reason about the action of drugs, which she uniformly denounces, this is what she says: 'Homœopathy mentalises a drug with such repetition of thought-attenuations that it becomes more like mortal mind than the substratum of mortal mind which we call matter, and its power of action is proportionately increased.' We trust the homœopathists understand and approve of Mrs Eddy's theory. Not only are drugs denounced, but we are told that 'obedience to the so-called physical laws of health has not checked sickness'; and this in the face of the facts that, owing to the practice of hygienic and medical principles, the death-rate of Great Britain has fallen to one-half, typhus fever has disappeared, and consumption is fast losing its grip of the community. Mrs Eddy more than hints that the 'mighty angel' of the book of Revelation typifies herself, and that the 'little book' in his hand prophetically referred to her 'Science and Health.' She concludes 'Science

and Health' with a hundred pages of letters from cured patients and testimonials to the efficiency of her system of healing from a 'vast number of people who have been reformed and helped through the perusal or study of this book.' Looking at the book as a whole, we see that its pervading religious sentiment appeals to the innate sense of reverence in the human mind, while its symbolising and spiritualising of the Scriptures attract many. Its crude metaphysics, its bold denials of the very existence of what all mankind instinctively takes for granted, its clever capture and constant use of the word 'science,' its unvarying dogmatism, its employment of the old religious and scripture phraseology—all appeal powerfully to some religious men and women, especially women of the nervous, hysterical and insane temperament.

The believers in Mrs Eddy appeal to her cures of disease, many of which are real and manifest, and undoubtedly must be explained by modern scientific medicine and psychology; but they are no more real than the Lourdes cures or than Dubois' psychic cures by rational means. Her followers are mostly serious-minded people who live moral lives and have the religious instinct strongly developed in them. Most of them are in dead earnest in their faith and are not ashamed of it. If it is difficult for educated people who have the innate power of inductive reasoning and have cultivated that power by the study of science and philosophy, to take Mrs Eddy seriously; beyond a doubt it would be wrong to treat her sincere followers with contempt. They rather need our sympathy and charity, but they badly require instruction as to what constitutes a true basis of belief in religion and a true scientific explanation of how they have come to be cured of their disorders. It is certain that people of common sense reject instinctively, and at once, many of the doctrines of 'Science and Health'; but in persons of the nervous constitution and mental peculiarities I have alluded to, there is unfortunately little use in argument or demonstration. As in primitive man, their religious instincts are strong, their reasoning power is weak; and they answer, like the blind man in the Scriptures, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' When the examples of cures through Christian Science methods are investigated by scientific and impartial physicians, it is

found that they were mostly cases of functional nervous disease, of mental depression, and of curable maladies that in their natural course might have been recovered from. From the philosophical and medical points of view Mr Stephen Paget has shown the absurdities, the contradictions and the impossibilities of Christian Science, its theories and its methods. He quotes Drs Heber, Parrington, Buckley, Goddard, Moll and Cabot, who made careful enquiries into alleged healings of organic and other diseases. Heber found them 'pitifully without foundation'; and the other competent observers in the United States and Germany fully confirm his conclusion. Some of the many medical observers give accounts of most pitiful failures and even of death resulting from neglect to treat curable diseases, which are never reported by the sect; and this has also been my own experience. None of them were able to find a single case of cure of organic disease medically recognised to be incurable, such as cancer. But they all admit many cures of such ailments as hysteria, nervous debility, etc.; and this also I have seen. It is certain that in time through brain-mental influences some diseases now regarded as incurable will be cured. Such influences largely control nutrition; and many organic diseases result from malnutrition.

No article on mind-cures can omit hysteria. 'Hysteria' and 'hysterical' are terms which are apt to have two meanings, medical and popular. Hysteria is thus defined by Prof. Oppenheim, one of our latest and most trustworthy authorities on nervous disease:*

'The disease is one of the mind, which finds its manifestation less in intellectual disorders than in changes of character and mood, and which conceals its intimate nature behind an almost unlimited number of physical symptoms. The disease chiefly affects women. . . . The primary cause of hysteria is an abnormal condition of the mind, the anomalies chiefly involving the sphere of the emotions.'

All authors now agree that this disease is characterised in different cases by irregular reactions to stimuli, bodily and mental, by mental unreliability, untruthfulness—which may be unconscious on the part of the patient—

* 'Text-book of Nervous Diseases,' by Prof. H. Oppenheim. Translated by Alexander Bruce, M.D. Two vols. (Schulze, 1911.)

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strange perversions of conduct, morbid cravings for attention, irrational imitativeness, and absurd beliefs amounting to delusions. Popularly the term 'hysterical' is now frequently used to denote deceit, irrational beliefs and conduct, eccentricities, stupidities and sillinesses, apart from disease. This condition is related to mind-cures in this way. Many of the patients are morbidly amenable to suggestion, good or evil. They often pretend to be cured when they are not. Memory-pictures in them are liable to be mistaken for real objective presentations. They complain of unreal pains, palsies and losses of sensation which often can be got rid of by suggestion. They are very hypnotisable, but hypnotism is a somewhat dangerous remedy in many of them, on account of its tendency to produce deceit and to lessen the will-power, which we want to strengthen. The mental attitude of the physician is of the last importance in some cases of hysteria. Sympathy is seldom good and is often harmful. Firmness, dogmatism, force of will, getting a mental grip of the patient, insistence and common sense are the chief qualities on the part of the doctor which benefit the hysterical.

Theosophy does not deal directly with the cure of disease, but in the words of a theosophical friend of mine it 'has a bearing on the medical question, for the theories suggested about the constitution of man and the careful analysis of his complete nature influence the selection of methods of treatment.' Its votaries are counselled to try vegetarianism and to abstain from alcohol and drugs and opiates, etc. 'Many theosophists will not even smoke, though Mme Blavatsky was seldom without a cigarette.'

Recently a method of treating certain mental and nervous diseases called 'Psycho-Analysis' has been strongly advocated by some men in the medical profession, its chief exponent being Dr Freud of Vienna. It consists in carefully and systematically resuscitating the patient's past memories, thus making him aware of his buried and unconscious mental processes, when those are brought before his present consciousness. By this process, say its exponents, the 'disassociated' and forgotten thoughts and feelings are revived and connected; the evil and morbid is rationally viewed and explained, instead of being magnified, so causing depression and perverted views; lost

control is regained; exaggerated and painful emotions as to the past are got rid of, and thus a healthy state of mind is restored. Both the theory and the practice of psycho-analysis are now in the melting-pot of scientific examination. Remarkable cases are reported, but evil results are also spoken of; and there is a strong prejudice in healthy human nature against digging up the disagreeable past.

Lately there has been a movement towards employing the religious instinct, scientifically combined with rational medicine under the control of the doctor, in the cure of disease. It originated from the clerical side in America and is usually called the 'Emmanuel Movement.' Prayer, faith, religious consolations, hope, resignation, a belief in Divine guidance and grace as well as in the efficiency of the modes of treatment adopted by the doctor, are all encouraged and stimulated by sensible and suitably instructed clergymen, who are supposed to work hand in hand with the medical attendant. It is not the old exclusive 'Faith Healing,' but a sort of compromise between the purely medical side and exclusively religious ideas of disease and its treatment. A very interesting exposition of its theories, aims and methods, by various distinguished doctors and clergymen, has lately been published.* The papers in that volume by Sir Clifford Allbutt and Mr Stephen Paget are especially worthy of attention. The account of the 'movement' given by its originators, the Rev. Edward Worcester and the Rev. Samuel McComb of the Immanuel Church, Boston, is also interesting.† Their method is

'to bring into effective co-operation the physician, the psychologically trained clergyman and the trained social worker in the alleviation and arrest of certain disorders of the nervous system, which are now generally regarded as some weakness or defect of character, or more or less complete mental dissociation.'

Though the meaning of the last clause is not very clear, it is well to keep in mind the common-sense limitations which the authors lay down for themselves. No doubt there will need to be very careful and delicate adjust-

* 'Medicine and the Church,' edited by G. Rhodes. (Unwin, 1910.)

† 'The Christian Religion as a Healing Power.' (Unwin, 1910.)

ments as between the part to be played by the doctor and the clergyman if this scheme is to work well.

Dr Dubois of Berne, a scientific physician, relying on the result of his medical experience, agrees with Mrs Eddy as to the necessity of impressing on the minds of patients that their pains and introspective ills have no substantial basis; but he says, in his work on *Psychic Treatment*,*

'Leave the mists of metaphysics to philosophers, be content with curing your patients.' 'I see many young women who present a perfect picture of the various symptoms of nervousness, dyspeptic troubles, general weakness, divers pains, insomnia and phobias. A quarter of an hour's conversation is enough to recognise the abnormal mentality of one of these subjects and her exaggerated impressionability, which one can often trace to her earliest infancy.' 'It is easy to detect her lack of logic and the mental genesis of a host of auto-suggestions which rule her.'

He pictures such a patient falling in succession into the hands of the gynecologist, the specialist in stomach diseases, and the electrician, with the result that 'she grows thinner and thinner' and more nervous than ever. She becomes more and more suggestible to her pains. 'Molière would have enjoyed himself largely to-day.' He finds that his 'psycho-therapeutic' treatment restores the patient to health; but undoubtedly this treatment is not easy. It takes an immense amount of time and patience, on the part of the patient especially, but also on the part of the physician. 'One must change the mentality.'

'In the domain of the psychoneuroses it is the moral influence which predominates. I have certain proof in the fact that I have been able in the course of a long medical career to give up all physical and drug measures.'

Such is the conclusion of a mind-curer on rational lines. But it must be remembered that he is speaking of 'psychoneuroses,' that is, functional nervous diseases with mental symptoms not amounting to insanity, and not in their nature incurable; and that he does not refer to ordinary bodily diseases.

* 'The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders,' by Dr Paul Dubois. Translated by S. E. Jelliffe, M.D., and W. A. White, M.D. (Funk and Wagnalls, 1909.)

It is a curious psychological fact that all the 'isms,' religious and social, all the faddists and many of the neurotics, tend to take to some form of mind-cure or quackery, the grounds of which are irrational or unproved. They all distrust real science and scientific methods. They are fascinated by the unexplainable. The Baconian inductive method is abhorrent to them, doubtless because their minds are so constituted that they cannot practise it. Had such persons ruled the world in the past, civilisation and scientific progress would have been impossible.

To sum up, most of the modes of mind-cure and the forms in which they occur may be analysed thus:

1. The savage phase, in which the 'medicine-man' by means of a striking costume, of dogmatic statement and of certain rites, impresses his tribe with the belief that a man suffering from disease can be cured by doing some absurd act which by no possibility can produce any effect but a mental one.

2. An elaborate religious ritual performed in a temple by priest-doctors, which had as adjuncts real means of cure, such as bathing, diet, change of scene, special climate, etc. Those means were used in ancient Egypt and Greece. They produced their effect by persuading the patients that they were to be cured.

3. The use of charms, amulets, sacred emblems, as was practised in Rome and in early Christian times.

4. Purely religious mental effects in addition to some simple physical process, such as anointing with oil, drinking special waters, adopting religious rites, music, washing, etc. This was practised by the early Christians and is carried on to the present day by means of pilgrimages to shrines, sacred wells, etc., by 'faith-healers,' some religionists and 'higher thought' believers.

5. Healings through belief in a certain definite theory of disease, such as that matter does not exist, and therefore that neither disease nor physical and mental laws of health exist, as is held by the Christian Scientists.

6. Hypnotism, by which a certain abnormal physiological condition is created in the higher levels of the brain, and thereby physical and often visible local effects are produced through the brain on diseased organs and processes, or by changing morbid desires and habits, or by strengthening will-power.

7. The combined work of the regular medical practitioner and the Christian minister, under medical control, aiding each other in their several spheres, as is carried out in the 'Emmanuel Movement' in Boston.

8. The mental effects of suggestion, of expectancy, of dogmatic assertion, of rational explanation tending to strengthen the reasoning faculty and will-power, of hopefulness and of cheerfulness. This method is adopted by such skilled scientists as Dubois, Münsterberg, and to some extent by all scientific physicians. It is applicable specially to functional diseases, chiefly of the nervous system. The laws of hygiene, as known to science, are at the same time impressed on the patient and applied to combat his symptoms.

9. Faith in the ordinary skilled and educated physician, he being a man who has at his disposal all the therapeutic agencies known to modern science, the patient believing firmly that such means will effect a cure in a rational and physiological way. Thus the brain and mind aid the local processes of healing.

In short, modern science claims to study and explain the occurrence of so-called 'mind-cures' in diseased and disordered conditions of body. It admits the existence of such cures, but it calls in the brain as the direct agent through which they are brought about. It is now able to point out that there are, in the brain, machinery and activities sufficient to explain them. The mind comes in by setting the brain to work. Science emphatically repudiates the mystical, miraculous, and superstitious views of such mind-cures as being unreasonable and often degrading. Such views, hitherto common, result from ignorance and lend themselves to all sorts of quackery and deceit. Science now includes mind as well as life and matter in the scope of its investigation; and by this means only will humanity derive the full benefits which a study of the effects of mind, acting through the brain, will enable us to effect in curing diseased and abnormal states.

T. S. CLOUSTON.

Art. 7.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

1. *The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche*. First Complete and Authorised English Translation. Edited by Dr Oscar Levy. Eighteen vols. Edinburgh and London: Foulis, 1909-11.
2. *The Gospel of Superman*. The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henri Lichtenberger. Translated from the French by J. M. Kennedy. Edinburgh and London: Foulis, 1910.
3. *Die 'Philosophie' des Als Ob*. By H. Vaihinger. Berlin: Reuther und Reichard, 1911.
4. *The Young Nietzsche*. By Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche. Translated by A. M. Ludovici. London: Heinemann, 1912.

A QUARTER of a century has now elapsed since Friedrich Nietzsche was carried off to the asylum from which the hand of death alone released him; and during this time his fame as a prophet has been steadily growing on the Continent. The completion of the translation of his works into English shows that the invasion of England by a new German prophet is an accomplished fact, and also that, in spite of the freer circulation of ideas in the civilised world, the insulation, if not the insularity, of British thought is still a very real thing. Whether this insulation is natural or acquired, and due to the subtle bias against novelties of thought instilled by the classicism of an educational system which, when it succeeds, represents Aristotle as still the last term of philosophic speculation and, when it fails, produces a profound distrust of general ideas as such, it is unnecessary to discuss. Nietzsche has at last crossed the Channel, and will doubtless be read more extensively and understandingly than his precursors Kant and Hegel, who have never become more than caste-marks to enable the academically trained philosophers to mystify the common herd. Nietzsche's writing, on the other hand, is forcible and direct; he can be read and even understood without the study of a lifetime, and his ideas may even have an influence on conduct. It will not do therefore to pooh-pooh the ideas he stands for as the vapourings of a megalomaniac, while the lapse of

time has rendered it possible to estimate his work with some degree of historical perspective, and to trace its relations to the native developments of British thought.

To begin with, we may dismiss the suggestion that the Nietzschean attitude towards life is sheer lunacy, and therefore unworthy of attention. The origination of new ideas is such a rare event in the history of mankind that we cannot afford to ignore them, even if they turn up in an unexpected quarter. Moreover, we have learnt from William James the shallowness of the 'medical materialism' which seeks to judge the value of an idea by the physiological condition of its author. It can no longer be maintained without restriction that an idea must be insane because its author was, or that because it is insane it is worthless, and still less that it is therefore unimportant. It is doubtless not true that all genius is mad, but a certain type of genius is apparently closely allied to unsoundness of mind, and certain aspects of civilisation are calculated to drive any thoughtful person mad. Conversely madmen, being less obsessed by conventional valuations, are often the best judges of genius and the first to detect it. It should never be forgotten, for example, that a mad king was needed to convince the world of the excellence of Wagner's music. Who, moreover, will set up as an infallible judge of the sanity of ideas? In matters of philosophy and religion the views actually held diverge so widely that everyone is naturally impelled to suspect the sanity of everyone else's view. Nor could it definitely be proved that we are not all insane; nay, it seems probable that, upon examination, even the most commonplace would be found to cherish some beliefs which the great majority of mankind, or perhaps everyone else, would condemn as mad.

Nietzsche's work needs critical sifting not only on account of its author's unhappy fate, but also by reason of the form which it has taken. Nietzsche, for reasons probably connected with his manner of working, preferred to express his ideas in aphorisms. Now the aphoristic form naturally impels to paradox and exaggeration; and its effects must be freely discounted. Nevertheless it seems probable, especially from the various drafts for what he intended to be his *magnum opus*, the 'Will to Power,' that, towards the end of his

career, Nietzsche had gone a long way towards working out his ideas systematically, that his aphoristic style had become a literary device rather than a psychological necessity, and that his thought was really more coherent than he made it appear.

On the other hand, it is also true that Nietzsche has prejudiced his work by greatly over-rating himself. He lived so long alone that he lost what sense of proportion he had once possessed. His autobiography, characteristically entitled 'Ecce Homo,' is a frantic attempt at 'booming' himself, with more than a touch of megalomania. Now, that men should entertain a higher opinion of themselves than those less intimately acquainted with their work, and should judge themselves by their powers rather than by their achievements, is natural, and perhaps essential to a successful carrying on of the struggle of life. It certainly need not spoil an autobiography, and may even add to its psychological interest, as in the case of Marie Bashkirtseff. But Nietzsche's autobiography is psychologically very disappointing. It throws very little light on the genesis of his character and thought, and exhibits only the prophet's anger at the neglect of an uncomprehending world. It leaves unsatisfied our curiosity as to how a German professor could come to revolt against pedantry; as to how and why the German parson's son, piously brought up in the German analogue to Winchester, Schulpforta, could become a rabid anti-Christian, a pessimist and a Schopenhauer-enthusiast; why subsequently he threw over Schopenhauer as well as Wagner, and set up for himself; why, though he had a widowed mother and an unmarried sister, he preferred to live alone and became a solitary recluse who had fallen out with nearly all his friends. The riddle of his personality is left unsolved by all that has been published, either by him or about him, though there must be some alive who could throw light on some of these questions.

Perhaps that light would illumine too glaringly the holes in the prophet's mantle; but it may well be that Nietzsche revealed the truth when he once wrote to his sister, 'My good friends really know nothing about me, and very possibly have not yet thought about this problem. I myself have always been very reticent about

all my chief concerns, without however seeming so.* There are people of this kind. They are usually content to keep diaries; but they sometimes rush into print in the hope of exciting in aliens the interest they take in themselves, and their friends do not. It may be suspected that a good deal of literature is inspired by this motive. In a queer philosophy written by a crank I once came across the frank admission that he had written his book in the hope of rendering his ideas intelligible to himself; ever since I cannot but think that this must be the real secret of many renowned philosophers. Nietzsche's writings, at any rate, belong primarily to this sort of literature. They are by-products of a soul's development which was cut short at forty-four. He confesses as much in a letter to his friend Edwin Rohde, in which he explains (without specifying) that he 'has suffered more than Leopardi,' and that 'the literature which I produce since 1876 is my home-brewed medicine against disgust with life. . . *Mihi ipsi scripsi.*' †

Allowances, then, must be made for Nietzsche. Living as he did a solitary life, and finding that both the form and the matter of his writings were too new to be intelligible to the ordinary run of critics, he, like Schopenhauer, lost his temper. So he cried aloud in the spiritual wilderness, and, perhaps, saw visions which distorted and magnified the reality. But, when all deductions have been made, there remains in his work not a little which is strong, novel and important, and has been shown to be fertile and prophetic of further developments. If these developments have at the same time sloughed off the paradoxes and abated the acerbity of Nietzsche's ideas, this only shows that the latter were affected by the abnormal conditions under which they were born into the world and had to grow up.

If, then, we resist the temptation of taking Nietzsche merely as a brilliant *littérateur* and a stylist who got some novel effects out of the stubborn German tongue, and agree to take him seriously as a thinker, without exaggerating him into the last thing in prophets, we have to consider chiefly his contributions to the theories of conduct and of knowledge. Of these the former are the

* R. Oehler, 'Nietzsche's Briefe,' p. 239. † Ib. p. 246.

more striking, sensational and famous, but also the less solid; the latter are probably more significant, and will assure Nietzsche of a permanent place in the typical development of modern thought.

What may be called the vulgar version of Nietzsche's thought exhausts itself, and thinks to exhaust its subject, by depicting Nietzsche as a ruthless revolutionary who runs *amok* among the ideals and ideas of modern civilisation and slaughters them without discrimination. He is the atheist who cries aloud that God is dead, the anti-Christian who is proud to be taken for the Antichrist, the 'immoralist' who proclaims that morality is nothing but the decadent superstition of a slavish mind, the aristocrat who teaches democracy to know its place—which is beneath the feet of a ruling tribe of 'blond wild beasts'—the historian who has reinterpreted history as a secular struggle between the free and masterful and their revolting slaves, the strong-souled optimist whose adamant fortitude overcomes the degenerate wail of pessimists about the painfulness of life by reaffirming life in all its crudity, the poet who sings a pæan to the victory of the strong and celebrates the subjugation of the weak, the prophet, finally, of the Superman to come, who has changed all values and made a new table of Commandments, and predicts the 'eternal recurrence' in all its details of the cosmic game, which has no purpose and no end, and means nothing but itself. And last, but not least, Nietzsche is the subtle flatterer of human conceit, who is for ever insinuating that whoever is bold enough to adopt his creed is by that act affirming his superiority and joining the ranks of the master-minds.

Now it need not be denied that all this may be abundantly illustrated out of Nietzsche; it represents the surface meaning of his doctrines. But it does not follow that it is either his whole meaning or, as put, the part of him best worth pondering and most resistant to criticism. And, curiously enough, such criticism strips his doctrine of much of its revolutionary character. For example, it is difficult to take Nietzsche seriously as the Antichrist. Religion in general, and Christianity in particular, are not things to be swept away by the flood of any man's rhetoric. It seems nonsense to say that God is dead and

Christianity is played out, so long as men are willing to call 'God' whatever they have conceived to guarantee that everything is all right somehow, and to affiliate to 'Christianity' whatever beliefs embody their highest aspirations. The world is realising more and more that religion is not rooted in merely rational formulas but in the necessities of life, and cannot be eradicated by dialectics.

The immoralism of Nietzsche has been greatly exaggerated. It is relative to the traditional morality of which he denies the value. He does not mean that he believes that everyone should do as he pleases and put no restraint upon his impulses, though he does recognise that conduct is not an affair merely of 'ethical principles,' but mainly of impulses, and that it behoves us to have them sound. In spite of his denunciations of 'asceticism,' therefore, he sees that a severe 'training' (which is all that asceticism originally meant) is needed to make the higher man after his own heart, whose life would certainly not be that of the pleasure-seeker. But he believes that to establish the new values of a 'master' morality he must negate the old ones of the 'slave' morality which Christianity has imposed on us. Thus his 'immoralism' becomes an aspect of the 'transvaluation of values.'

Now this is an important and valuable idea, and Nietzsche deserves credit for having familiarised us with it. The discovery of the problem of values is probably the greatest achievement of philosophic thought during the 19th century; and it is curious to see how gradually and obscurely the discovery was made, and how little the thinkers who are oriented towards the past understand its importance even now. Perhaps the question was rendered ripe for discussion by the rise of pessimism. For, if we reflect on the clash of the optimist and pessimist valuations of life, we cannot but see that the facts are the same on either view, and so come upon the general question: what difference is made to the 'facts' by our attitude towards them? This leads first of all to the recognition of an antithesis between 'facts' and 'values,' which crops up in Germany in the second half of the 19th century and is typically expressed in the theology of Ritschl. It is said that a 'fact' is one thing

and its valuation something different and independent. The nature of a fact does not necessarily determine a man's attitude towards it; the same facts may consequently be valued variously, and may change their human significance with such a change of valuation. Thus 'valuing is creating,' as Nietzsche clearly saw ('Thus spake Zarathustra,' p. 67). In the realms of art, morals and religion, moreover, the really important facts are such facts of human valuation. But it is not at first perceived that this antithesis of fact and value will not ultimately stand, because the 'facts' our sciences recognise are permeated through and through by the value-judgments which were thought to be a peculiar human addition to them. Yet it is clear that every judgment of 'fact' must have been preferred above alternative claimants to the dignity of fact, because it was judged to be more valuable than its rivals by the experts who enunciated it. Thus a human valuation is latent in every judgment, and the argument ends in a thorough-going 'humanism.'

Nietzsche's analysis did not go quite so far. But he had intimately lived through a striking change of valuation in the realm of art. He had seen Wagner's 'music of the future' fight its way in a few years from general reprobation as discordant, to general admiration as the music best worth hearing, and had himself taken part in the fray, though only to abandon and abuse his friend, in the hour of victory, because he considered 'Parsifal' an ignominious capitulation to Christianity. And, if he had not happened to come across the ancient tale how Euripides two thousand years before had saved what was then the music of the future from suppression and its author, Timotheus, from suicide, or to notice that in the world of fashion annual changes of valuation are the rule, so that at the beginning of each fresh season it is obligatory to condemn whatever taste ruled the year before, this might well seem to him a wonderful event, and suggest the possibility of transvaluing the moral values.

But Nietzsche surely overrated his powers and underrated the frequency of such transvaluations. They are going on everywhere and at all times all round us; and no one man can control the valuations of all the world. For the same objects are valued differently by different persons;

and there is therefore always a question whose valuations are going to prevail. In this social struggle of conflicting values more or less momentous changes are always occurring more or less rapidly. This is true even within the same general scheme of values. Even the Christian table of values has in practice sloughed off asceticism and the monastic life as ingredients in its moral ideal; nor do Christians now act as if they thought that gluttony and *acedia* still ranked among the Seven Deadly Sins. The situation is further complicated by the fact that many values are acted on without being put in words, while others are recognised in name only and not acted on, whence it may often be inferred that they are not really believed. For the severest test of sincerity of belief is that it should be acted on. Thus, however zealous we may be to call 'eternal' the values we believe in, we do not thereby exempt them from the flux of all reality.

Nietzsche's doctrine, then, is even truer than he thought. It is both easier to change values, and much harder, for there are so many of them. The moral values have to compete with the æsthetic and the prudential; and many acts may be classified in alternative ways. Chinese 'ethics' appear to be merely codes of etiquette, while Greek 'ethics' relied on feeling for the 'beautiful' and not on the 'sense of duty.' The morality of the Superman, therefore, has not to battle with a single foe, but with an indefinite multitude, each appealing to different types of men. The Christian morality which Nietzsche wishes to supersede has never been the only one. If it had been, the course of history would have been vastly different. But it has always had to contend with a number of alternatives, and to share with them its influence over the human mind. And it has grown strong and supple and subtle in the process. Had Nietzsche realised what the existence of various codes of honour and propriety or etiquette means in a variety of social and military castes, and the vogue of a multitude of rules of business and professional morality, of trade customs and of moral attitudes which are little more than idiosyncrasies, he would hardly have been so sanguine about the success of his particular transvaluation.

Nor is the transvaluation he proposes as new as he imagines. The gospel of violence and strength has always

been acted on, though its exponents have mostly been too busy to theorise about their principles. But it is a delusion of academic intellectualism that nothing is real but what has been put in print. One thing, however, may fairly be demanded of the theorist: he should find clear and clean-cut conceptions to cover the facts. We have a right, therefore, to ask Nietzsche, as the spokesman of the 'strong,' what precisely he means by 'strength,' what constitutes the mastery of his rulers, and what are the qualities so precious that the life and happiness of millions may be sacrificed to gain them. Is 'strength' literally physical, or are intellectual and moral qualities ingredients in its composition? Are we to say that the strong are clearly those who actually exercise power, or those who ought to rule and might do so but for social restrictions? In other words, is the theory's ultimate appeal to the way of the world, or to some ideal beyond it?

Here, to our surprise, we get on to ground that has often been fought over. For, as Plato's Socrates in the 'Republic' points out to his Thrasymachus, when he is anticipating Nietzsche by a contention that morality is imposed on the weak by the strong in the interest of the rulers, the actual rulers often make mistakes, and the ideal rulers might turn out to be the moral. Darwinism also seems to involve a notion of 'fitness' that may be heckled much as the Nietzschean notion of 'strength.' Are the 'fit' those who in fact survive, or those who would be fittest in some ideal scheme? If we say the former, is not the survival of the fittest a mere tautology? If the latter, are we not surreptitiously trying to obtain from nature the endorsement of some human ideal of fitness, which need not at all involve fitness to survive in the rough-and-tumble of the actual world? Darwinism extricates itself from the toils of this plausible but essentially verbal dialectic by insisting on a concrete study of the scientific facts. Taking it for granted that whatever lives must somehow act so as to survive, it enquires how in fact living creatures act. In virtue of what qualities and modes of behaviour do those survive that do? How do they guard against the dangers that beset their life? and are they surviving better than before, or worse? Only after the actual process of survival has been exhaustively explored

does the true Darwinian allow inferences to be drawn as to how we ought to act to improve the prospects of survival for ourselves or others. In other words, biological analysis is kept distinct from ethical precept.

This distinction is not to be found in Nietzsche, who was probably born too early to have assimilated the full meaning of Darwinism,* which was rather slow in spreading into literary circles in Germany. He never unambiguously explains what he means by 'strength,' and seems to have no consistent notion of it. Sometimes he seems to mean physical strength alone, and to exult in 'blond wild beasts,' who overpower and disdain alike craft, discipline and numbers. But it is plain that such strength is no match for cunning; and, even on Nietzsche's showing, the slave-morality organised by the priestcraft of decadents has triumphed over the valuations of the masters. We find, therefore, cleverness or force of intellect included in the notion of strength in passages such as that explaining 'why the weak triumph' ('Will to Power,' aph. 864).

'The sick and the weak have more intellect . . . and are more malicious and interesting. . . . Woman has always conspired with decadent types—the priests, for instance—against the 'mighty,' against the 'strong,' against *men*. . . . Strong races *decimate* each other *mutually*, by means of war, lust for power, and venturousness; . . . their existence is a costly affair, and all great ages have to be paid for. The strong are, after all, weaker, less wilful, and more absurd than the average weak ones. They are *squandering* races.'

The candour of the admission that the 'strong' are in reality the weaker does not seem to leave much substance in Nietzsche's advocacy of the strong-man doctrine; but he did not himself publish the 'Will to Power.' At any rate we should here correct Nietzsche by a wider, more scientific and Darwinian notion of 'strength.' Every quality has to be reckoned as 'strength' which contributes in fact to survival—even the docility

* He opposes his 'Will to Power' to the struggle for existence, misunderstands natural selection, which he confuses with evolution, and has not grasped the cardinal fact that morphological 'degeneration' may be biologically better adaptation, as e.g. in the parasitism of *Sacculina* (cf. 'Will to Power,' aph. 647, 684-5).

and stupidity which induces the masses to accept the leadership of the able. But, if so, how can the moral qualities be excluded from the make-up of strength? In every moral system are not the values recognised largely those which are conducive to social welfare? Is not the individual everywhere called upon to submit his masterful instincts to the requirements of social co-operation? Are not discipline and self-control indispensable for combined action? Even in the animal world, the great beasts of prey lead solitary lives, and are not as a rule a match for a gregarious herd. A mob of Supermen could not form even a horde of robbers; a horde of robbers could not conquer a state; and history shows that even conquering bands of warriors vanish from the civilisations they overrun as quickly as snow from the desert's dusty face. And, when Greek 'master-morality' expresses itself in the concrete, it culminates in Aristotle's laughable picture of the 'great-souled man,' whose 'well-founded self-esteem' strikes us as the acme both of priggishness and of social impossibility. Under social conditions Christian humility is more conducive to survival than overweening pride; the valuations of the 'slave' therefore subjugate the world.

Does the Darwinian notion of 'strength,' then, dispose of Nietzsche as easily as of Thrasymachus? Not altogether; for Nietzsche has also a more concrete line of argument. He sometimes tries to show that the moral qualities he dislikes—humility, pity, sympathy, etc.—are not truly the sources of social strength they are taken to be, or that they have been fostered to a pitch that renders them biologically dangerous. They may in short be phenomena of 'decadence,' the extensive existence of which throughout civilisation Nietzsche loudly proclaims.

Now this is a contention science cannot reject off-hand. For there is nothing impossible in the suggestion that species, races and societies may degenerate; they have often done so in the past, and have even died out. Moreover, quite a tiny failure of adaptation may start such a process; and not infrequently the failure seems to arise from an over-development of the very qualities which at first had conduced to success. It should never be forgotten that, if the early bird is too successful in catching the matutinal worm, he destroys his food-

supply, and starves. Hence science must carefully examine whether we are not perhaps degenerating in the strict biological sense, i.e. becoming less capable of surviving in some important, and perhaps essential, respects. The results of such examination are by no means reassuring. The comfortable belief that the human race is by some beneficent fatality continuing to improve seems to have no scientific warrant. There is no convincing evidence that either physically or mentally we are superior to the ancients. Nay, it has to be admitted that the cranial capacity of the earliest palæolithic races was fully equal to that of modern man. We may be becoming more resistant to the attacks of some microbes; but a number of bodily defects, like e.g. short sight, must certainly be increasing, because they are no longer fatal to survival. Insanity is apparently increasing rather rapidly; and under modern social conditions degrees of inefficiency and feeble-mindedness are tolerated and even fostered, which would have eliminated their possessors when life was more strenuous. We may therefore be degenerating on the whole, as we certainly are in some respects; but there is no reason to despair if we are willing to adopt the remedies Nietzsche also has suggested, with his usual touch of paradox.

The 'Superman' is Nietzsche's term for the ideal human type that is to be realised when man pays scientific and systematic attention to the guidance of his own evolution; and we may accept the principle even though we differ as to the sort of superman we want. At present, too, we know relatively little as to how the human race may be improved, or prevented from degenerating; but eugenics is becoming a subject of sober scientific research, and we already know a good deal more than we are putting into practice. We know, at any rate, that all civilised societies are doing some things wrong, and that many social institutions are working badly. We also know that Nietzsche's preference for an aristocracy is biologically justified, because progress everywhere depends on the few who are capable of creating novelties. But, of course, this is not to sanction all the aristocracies that have existed, nor does it even follow that politically democratic institutions must be given up. It is merely to say that, in fact, men are

unequal in all sorts of ways, and that to ignore this and to try to reduce their abilities to the same level may be fatal to the human race.

But is not this solicitude about the future of the race a new development, and one that not only the thoughtless but also the pessimistic cannot be expected to display? And what is Nietzsche's answer to Schopenhauer? His answer is the more instructive because on the surface it seems no answer at all. He does not deny either the reality of the Will to Live, though he expands it into a will to conquer and to rule, or the painfulness of life. But he refuses to draw Schopenhauer's corollary, and to negate life. On the contrary, he reaffirms it, not although but because it is painful, and, instead of arguing with pessimism, merely seems to abuse the life-negating tendencies as proofs of decadence. But how is this a rational refutation of pessimism?

The answer is that, of course, it is not; but it is all the better for that. Nietzsche had understood the nature both of pessimism and of life far better than the philosophers who go about seeking for 'rational proofs' of ultimate attitudes and of the presuppositions of all our proofs. He has seen that the belief in life must be the product of an instinct, of a Will to Live that is hereditary and inborn, and that optimism is not a pure dispassionate reflection in the mind of the nature of things, but an attitude of will. Pessimism therefore means to him, primarily, a weakening of this instinct, and is a symptom of degeneration; the proper way to meet it is to strengthen the will to live, by dint of which the human race has fought its way dumbly through all the horrors of its past.

It may be doubtful whether this remedy is adequate, and certain that it will carry no conviction to a pessimist; but it affirms the modern criticism of rationalism in its most uncompromising form. Biology has made it evident that reason is a comparative newcomer in the realm of life, which, until then, was wholly swayed by instinct. Nay, at bottom we live by our instincts still, and perish if they are perverted; our boasted reason is but the instrument by which we calculate and refine the means to our ends, and is subject, like all our faculties, to the law of natural selection. It could never have developed if it had not

been a useful and potent weapon in the struggle for existence; it cannot rightly presume to condemn life, because, if it does, it will be swept away again. For then nature will again select those who are too stupid to see the reasons for pessimism, or too strongly biased by their Will to Live to credit them. Thought thus finds itself led to an abyss of irrationality which threatens irretrievably to engulf all intellectual values and to subvert all rational 'principles'; and science seems to vindicate Hume's prescience in declaring with his characteristic clearness and incisiveness that reason both is, and ought to be, the slave of the passions. This dictum has been taken by most philosophers as a personal insult, but they have never understood its profundity. It forms the starting-point for the most momentous developments of modern philosophy, among which Nietzsche's theory of knowledge holds a definite and important place. But its significance has not been properly appreciated. To make this clear it will be necessary to outline the history of philosophy since Hume, with a slight redistribution of the usual emphasis.

Hume had achieved what is very rare in philosophy, viz., a real and great discovery, when he observed that the notion of causal connexion was not *given* to us in the succession of phenomena, but *added* to them by us in a way that demanded explanation. The importance of this discovery was, however, not that if our right to make additions is denied there results scepticism, or that if it is conceived as certainly valid a new form of *a priori* can be asserted; it lay in the fact that for the first time in the history of thought a radical doubt is cast on the assumption that the mind's function in knowing is merely to reflect reality.

The fact about causal reasoning observed by Hume is susceptible of various interpretations, and philosophers have perceived its scope only very gradually. Kant's interpretation, that it was to be inferred that 'cause' is an '*a priori* category,' would not, of course, have appeased Hume's scruples; it would only have confirmed his suspicions of human knowledge to learn what a mass of *a priori* machinery was needed to 'form' the data of experience and to transform them into scientific facts. For, so long as it is taken for granted that thought ought

to reproduce reality, the more we have to add and to manipulate, the less trustworthy do the results of thought become, and the more certainly has 'knowing' to be condemned as systematic falsification. Granting, therefore, that Kant had shown that the case of causal connexion did not stand alone, and that nowhere could there be found 'facts' that had not been 'faked,' or as he called it 'formed,' by our '*a priori*' additions, whoever denied the rightfulness of such interference with our data was bound to infer that what was called 'truth' was in reality a sort of 'fiction.' Kant himself had given further support to this estimate by showing that in some cases rational 'principles' could originate in 'postulates' of the will, and that whole sciences could be built up on conscious fictions. So far, therefore, from allaying the sceptical scruples Hume's discovery had provoked, Kant had in fact enormously extended their scope. As Nietzsche rightly remarked, 'truth' itself had become a problem to be doubted for those who really set out from Kant.*

Nietzsche wrongly attributes this perception of his own to Schopenhauer, who was a dogmatic metaphysician like the rest of the 'post-Kantians,' though his adoption of an irrational Will to Live as the essence of reality may possibly be traced to the after-effects of Hume's discovery of the function of 'instinct.' There can be no doubt, however, that Nietzsche himself had come face to face with the problem of truth, and seen the necessity for refining further on the 'critical' position as left by Kant. He had discovered that the intellectual values are no more unassailable than the moral, and was fond of quoting the revelation which formed the final initiation of the Moslem mystic, 'Nothing is true, everything is permitted.' By the time he wrote 'Schopenhauer as Educator' (1874) he had also seen through the unreality and the futility of academic 'philosophy,' and could say, 'The only method of criticising a philosophy that proves anything at all—namely, to see whether one can live by it—has never been taught at the universities; only the criticism of words, and again words, is taught there' (p. 190). But it is only in the 'Will to Power' (1886-8) that a definite theory of knowledge is shaping itself out of the two

* 'Thoughts out of Season,' ii, 123.

perceptions that 'truth' is more akin to 'fiction' than to 'reflection,' and that it must have *some* connexion with life. The resulting theory was never completed; and two distinct, and even incompatible phases may be noted in its development, according as the life-preserving beliefs are valued as 'false' or as 'true.'

The first of these phases is the older and the more obvious, suggested as it is, not only by the drift of Kant's theory of knowledge, but also by observation of the systematic inculcation by society of beliefs which are held to be not true but useful (to teachers, rulers, etc.) and socially salutary. It is clear that this estimate of the situation follows logically from the assumption that 'truth' *ought* to reflect 'reality.' If we refuse to acquiesce in the word '*a priori*' as a cloak for any number of logical sins, the apparently arbitrary use of postulates and fictions in our knowing must be valued as falsification. Yet both Kant and biology agree that some of these volitional procedures are practical necessities of life. Does it not follow that we live by falsehoods, and that the paradise of science is built by man out of salutary illusions?

In the first stage of his epistemology Nietzsche interprets thus. Truth itself is false; facts are 'fakes.' All the objects that the intellect respects are illusions. For example, there is no truth; 'truth' is merely 'that kind of error without which a certain species of living being cannot exist. The value for life is ultimately decisive'; or it is a form of *faith* which has become a condition of existence' ('Will to Power,' aph. 493, 532, cf. 428). 'There are no such things as mind, reason, thought, consciousness, soul, will or truth; they all belong to fiction' (ib. 480). 'The aberrations of philosophy are the outcome of the fact that, instead of recognising in logic and the categories of reason merely a means to the adjustment of the world for utilitarian ends (that is to say, especially a useful falsification), they were taken to be the criterion of truth, particularly of reality. The "criterion of truth" was, as a matter of fact, merely the biological utility of a systematic falsification of this sort,' etc. (ib. 584). There are no 'facts,' but only 'interpretations, prompted by our needs' (ib. 481). There is no 'self,' which is a fiction; for a belief may be life-preserving, and yet false

(ib. 483). There is no 'cause,' which is 'a faculty to effect something, superadded fancifully to what happens' (ib. 551, cf. 477-9). There is no logic, for logical thought is 'a complete fiction which never occurs in reality.' Its principles, the 'laws' of Identity and Contradiction, are 'fictions' and 'imperatives,' which apply only to fignments and are not 'adequate to reality.' For 'identical cases' are a 'coarsening' fiction, created by a 'will to power' that such they *shall* be. Logic, therefore, like mathematics, only 'holds good of assumed existences which we have created.' It is 'our attempt at making the actual world more calculable and more susceptible to formulation for our purposes' (aph. 512, 514, 516, etc.).

True, this estimate of the performances of the human intellect is not proved up to the hilt; and the ordinary philosopher is more likely to be horrified than convinced. But Nietzsche does not stand alone in it, and his conclusions have received independent confirmation from technical philosophers of the highest rank. Bergson's doctrine that science is an adaptation of reality to the needs of practice is a milder way of expressing the same judgment. Still closer is the parallelism between Nietzsche and Prof. Vaihinger's monumental study of the scientific function of fictions, which was written in 1875-8, though not published until 1911, under the name of 'The Philosophy of the As If.' For Vaihinger, the author of a great commentary on the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' had been led by his profound study of Kantian philosophy to the same conclusions as Nietzsche. And lastly, the various forms of 'pragmatism' which have sprung up in America and England, though they started independently and more immediately from the facts of psychology, biology and logic, represent a converging development.

There is then a great and growing consensus of authorities as to the facts. 'Knowledge,' 'truth,' 'logic,' nay, even 'perception,' are not in fact reproductions of the given, but operations on it, which variously and wondrously transform it. But what is to be the valuation of this fact? Is it necessary to infer that 'truth' is false, and 'knowledge' falsification? Is not this inference itself a valuation? Nay, does not this valuation destroy itself by destroying the distinction between true and false? If all 'truth' is 'fiction,' and we cannot know without feigning,

fiction ceases to be a term of abuse. Moreover, as an analysis of knowledge this usage is open to the objection that it is singularly inconvenient. For we do distinguish between the true and the false; and surely this distinction has a function and a meaning.

Is there, then, no alternative interpretation? There are to be found in Nietzsche suggestive hints that he was feeling his way towards such an alternative. They occur especially in a draft of the 'Will to Power,' which forms vol. xiv of the Collected Edition of his Works, but has unfortunately not been translated. It is not, however, easy to say whether they are isolated *aperçus* or the beginnings of a revaluation of the 'work of the mind' as good and true, nor how far Nietzsche was conscious of the discrepancy between them and his more usual valuations.*

But let us experiment with the suggestion that human activity may be a source of truth, and not of falsity. Granting that all knowledge involves human manipulation, that truth is essentially a valuation (aph. 507), that sensations do not occur, and that perceptions are already impregnated with valuations, because the original data were a chaos† and only such ideas could survive as were serviceable (aph. 508), that 'the whole cognitive apparatus is not directed upon 'knowledge' but upon the mastery over things (aph. 503), yet why should the inference be drawn that 'the world that concerns us at all is false' (aph. 616)? What sense is there in calling it 'false'? Is it not better to infer that a 'real' world that does not concern us at all must be false? Admittedly the whole 'worth of the world lies in our interpretation' (ib.); why not then radically change our attitude towards this

* Nietzsche is not rigorously consistent in applying his doctrine that science is fiction; for example, he bases his doctrine of the 'eternal recurrence' on the scientific principle of the conservation of energy (aph. 1003), without observing that the fictitious nature of the latter must hopelessly discredit it.

† It is to be noted, however, that Nietzsche, like Kant and all philosophers before James and too many since, follows Hume in conceiving this 'chaos' as constituted by a profusion of atomic 'ideals' or 'images,' and not as a continuous flux. So he cannot see that, as the problem of knowing is not one of synthesis but of analysis, and as a *continuum* may be analysed in an indefinite number of ways, any method of introducing order into this chaos must be arbitrary and therefore false, if our interference as such involves falsification.

refutation of our prejudices, and welcome the facts, the risks of life and the 'adventure' of thought (aph. 929)? Instead of ignoring or resenting the facts, why not say, 'pleasure is no longer to be found in certainty but in uncertainty . . . in continual creativeness,' and use 'no longer the humble phrasing "it is all only subjective," but "it is all *our* work! let us be proud of it"' (aph. 1059), especially when we perceive that the classifying of an experience as 'subjective' or 'objective' is itself the product of a value-judgment?

The willingness to perform this last transvaluation of the meaning of Hume's discovery, that we make additions to our data out of our own resources, is the achievement of that form of pragmatism which is called 'humanism'; and, so far, it represents the final term in the development of this important line of thought. Yet it is a very simple and easy change of valuation, which gets philosophy out of difficulties that have tormented it for centuries, and dissipates the illusion of scepticism. It is only necessary to say truth is human, of course, knowledge is active, and a condition of life and power, and not a passive receptivity of 'impressions' and the reflecting of an alien reality. Very well then, so much the better, and thank God for that! For does it not make reality for us most hopelessly human, too? Let us discard as useless and unwarranted the prejudice that truth ought to reflect, copy, reproduce a 'given,' seeing that it plainly neither does nor can. If our truth is human, why not admit that our reality is so too, and that *therefore* our truth is adequate to it? Why assume that the world of our experience is not commensurate with our intelligence? Why labour to identify it with an 'absolute' reality that must for ever baffle and elude us? Let us not condemn ourselves to hopeless scepticism by wantonly defining 'truth' in such a way that no human mind can conceivably achieve it. Let truth include and sanction whatever operations we find necessary and most helpful in our knowing activities; nay, let a reference to its function, value and success in standing the various tests which we use to sift the 'true' from the competing 'false' be included in the very meaning of 'truth.'

It cannot, indeed, be contended that Nietzsche had quite reached this position, though it has been shown

that he sometimes gets very near it, and actually formulates the pragmatist criterion for testing truth-claims, viz., the success of their consequences (aph. 510). More frequently he does not emancipate himself completely from the prejudice, 'if due to our activity, then necessarily false.' This is why he is not strictly a pragmatist, despite his tendencies to humanism. He perceives the pragmatic nature of 'truth,' but he does not 'value' it as true, but as false. But, of course, the difference is much too fine to have been observed by the critics of pragmatism. Indeed, they not only class him as a pragmatist, but usually prefer to attribute his position falsely to strict pragmatism. For they can then declare that pragmatists are unscrupulous persons who think that any lie they find convenient may rightly be taken as 'true'; whereas, of course, it is of the essence of pragmatism to show that, when an alleged truth or truth-claim works fully, no one is entitled to call it 'false.' It is not seen that the same assertion cannot be simultaneously a 'lie' and a 'truth' to the same person, and that everyone's beliefs are always for the time being 'true' to him. 'Truth,' consequently, is in fact plural, as Nietzsche sees (aph. 540), though it does not follow that 'consequently there can be no truth,' but only that it is still in the making.

Nietzsche's theory of knowledge, then, has all the instructiveness of a transition-form; he is still obsessed with the idea that it is wrong in our knowledge that it should not try to copy its data. But he expresses this prejudice so frankly and traces out the resulting paradoxes so boldly, that he is easily seen to have argued himself into a position which is arbitrary and untenable. This, indeed, seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter; in his theory of knowledge, as in his theory of morals, Nietzsche is immensely suggestive, and stimulates to further progress by his very errors. His work is everywhere incomplete and sometimes crude; but it is brilliant and intensely alive; and his career was cut short just as his powers were maturing.

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Art. 8.—BRITISH PREFERENCE IN CANADA.

1. *House of Commons Debates [Canada]*, 1897–1911. Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau.
2. *Industrial Canada*, 1901–1911. Published by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, Toronto.
3. *Canadian Manufacturers' Association: Reports of the Standing Committees, as submitted for consideration at the annual meetings*, 1906–1911. Toronto.

WHAT may be regarded as the first chapter in the history of the British preference in Canadian tariffs came to an end in October 1911, when, after the election fought on the issue of reciprocity with the United States, the Laurier Government was defeated, and the Conservatives, who had been in opposition since 1896, came into power. From the time when the preferential clause was first made part of a Tariff Act in 1897, the policy embodied in this clause was continuously opposed by the Conservatives as an inroad on the national policy to which a Conservative Government committed the Dominion in 1879; and a second chapter in the history of the preference will open with the first revision of the tariff by the Borden Government. When this revision would be made, was, in the early weeks of the 1912–13 session of the Dominion Parliament, somewhat uncertain. In the session of 1911–12, the Borden Government carried through the House of Commons a Bill for the appointment of a permanent Tariff Commission—a Commission that was to make detailed and exhaustive enquiries before changes were made in the tariff. But owing to amendments made to it in the Senate, where the Liberals are in a majority, the Bill was abandoned. There was no intimation at the opening of Parliament in November last that the Tariff Commission Bill was to be re-introduced in the session of 1912–13. It is possible that the Government may make changes in the tariff without the aid of the proposed Commission; but, until the Minister of Finance announces these changes when the Budget is submitted to the House of Commons, it is unlikely that there will be any authoritative statement of its policy in regard to this much-debated question.

Surprise at this new departure in tariff policy was a s

general in Canada as it was in England. Great changes in the tariff were expected when the Tupper Government went out of office and Parliament met for the session of 1897. Lower duties in all the schedules were then generally looked for except among a few representative manufacturers of Ontario and Quebec, who, since the general election in the preceding year, had been, to some extent, in the confidence of the new Government. Changes in the popular interest were confidently expected, because since 1879 the Liberals in opposition had continuously attacked the national policy, and had repeatedly pledged themselves in Parliament, on the platform, and in national convention, to a tariff from which all vestiges of protection should be eliminated. But when, in April 1897, Mr W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, introduced the new Tariff Bill in the House of Commons, it was found to differ from those enacted by the Conservatives only in the preference for imports from Great Britain. Apart from the preference, the tariff of 1897 was in principle and detail as much a protective tariff as any for which Sir John A. Macdonald and the Conservatives had been responsible.

'There is to-day in this Parliament, as between the two sides' (said Mr. Foster, who followed Mr Fielding in the debate on the new Liberal tariff), 'no difference upon the expediency of the principle of protection as the guiding principle of our fiscal system. . . . The very purpose, for which a protective policy was adopted by the Liberal-Conservative party and maintained by it for eighteen years, is to-day, in its entirety, swallowed whole by the Liberals. They embalm it upon the statute books of this country as their own.' (H. of C. Debates, April 23, 1897.)

No member of the Liberal Government could deny Mr Foster's assertion in 1897. Still less in 1911, when the Liberal Government was defeated, could a similar assertion be denied, because between 1904 and the last revision of the tariff in the session of 1906-7 the Liberal Government had become increasingly protective in its tariff policy. It increased some duties in 1904; it increased many more at the revision of 1906—increases which involved much curtailment of the British preference; and, while it was in power, it bestowed over \$17,000,000 as bounties on the iron and steel industry of Nova Scotia

and Ontario. As a matter of fact, the Liberal Government had not only adopted the national policy of the Conservatives, but had greatly extended it; and, except for the comparatively small inroad on the national policy tariff due to the British preference, when bounties, free-list privileges, anti-dumping duties and 'made-in-Canada' enactments, as well as import duties, are taken into account, there was scarcely a manufacturer in the Dominion who was not more generously protected by the Liberal tariff of 1907 than he had been by the tariff on the Statute Book when the Conservative Government was defeated in 1896.

Mr Fielding was Minister of Finance during the whole of the Laurier régime. He was responsible for the framing of all the Tariff Acts and all the bounty legislation passed by the Liberal Government between 1896 and 1911; and, as Minister of Finance, he made many more valuable concessions to the manufacturing interests than were made by the Ministers of Finance, who, after the national policy had been embodied in the historic Tariff Act of 1879, were responsible for the tariff and bounty legislation of the Conservative Governments. When the Liberals went out of office in 1912, the Dominion tariff was nearer to the high tariffs of the United States than it was when they came into power in 1896. The only innovation—the only variation from the national policy tariffs of the Conservatives adverse to the manufacturing interests of the Dominion—was the preference for imports from Great Britain. Even this preference was not so valuable to British exporters and to Canadian consumers from 1904 to 1911 as it had been from 1900 to 1904, during which period there was a uniform reduction of one-third in the duties on all British imports except wines, spirits and tobacco.

At the Colonial Conference in 1902, the Canadian representatives served notice on the Imperial Government that the Dominion had gone as far as it intended in making reductions in the tariff in favour of British manufacturers.

'As between the British manufacturer and the Canadian manufacturer' (said Mr Fielding, in explaining to the House of Commons at Ottawa, in April 1903, the attitude of Canada on this question) 'we thought we had gone as far in the way

of reduction of duties as we could. But we pointed out that Canada consumed a large quantity of goods imported from foreign countries; and, in return for the preference which we sought for Canada,* we were prepared so to rearrange our tariff as to give Great Britain a further preference, not over the Canadian manufacturer, but over the foreign competitor.†

This statement by Mr Fielding indicates the extent to which the Laurier Government had committed itself to the national policy of the Conservatives between 1896 and the Colonial Conference of 1902. It is an indication also of the fact that in 1903 the Liberal Government no longer feared a revolt among its followers in the House of Commons as it did in 1897, when it was impelled to introduce the preference into the tariff partly for the relief of Canadian consumers, and partly to mask the fact that, by its tariff and bounty legislation of that year, it was adopting and extending a fiscal policy which the Liberals had denounced ever since 1878.

The Liberal Government carried its party through the crisis in 1897 by shock tactics. No party caucus preceded the adoption of the policy of the British preference. No hint of this policy had been given by any of the leaders of the Liberals at the general election in 1896. Not a whisper of any such plan was let fall by the members of the Laurier Cabinet who formed the Tariff Commission of 1896-7, and who as such held public sessions in many of the large cities of the Dominion. There was not a hint of a British preference in the speech from the throne. As Mr Sydney Fisher, who was Minister of Agriculture in the Laurier Government, said in a debate on the Reciprocity Bill in 1911, the British preference, when it was announced by Mr Fielding,

'was like a thunder-clap to the House and to the people. Nobody expected it; nobody dreamed of it. The secret was well kept; so that, with the exception of the men who sat at the council board of that day, there was not a single individual in Canada who knew that we were going to bring down a proposal for a British preference on the lines that were announced.' (H. of C. Debates, Feb. 28, 1911.)

Many factors need to be kept in mind by critics of the

* Exemption from the duty of a shilling a quarter on grain imposed as a war tax from 1902 to 1905.

† H. of C. Debates, April 16, 1903.

preference and its working, especially by those who have long complained that British manufacturers have failed to take full advantage of it. Several of these factors will be noted later, particularly the curtailments that have been made in the preference since 1904, and the obstacles put in the way of a larger import of British manufactures into the Dominion by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. At this point, in recalling the circumstances in which the Liberal Government committed itself to the policy of preference, it is only necessary to note that it was not exclusively the purpose of the Government to reduce duties for Canadian consumers—to widen the market for British manufacturers or to forge a new link of empire—that impelled it to adopt the preference. With the exception of the late Mr J. I. Tarte, every member of the Liberal Cabinet of that day had for many years before 1896 continuously denounced the protective policy of the Conservatives. But between July 1896 and April 1897 a notable change had come over all the members of the Laurier Cabinet. All had been converted; and there were no resignations when the Government committed itself to national principles, and decided that the fiscal policy of the Conservatives should be endorsed, continued and extended by the legislation of 1897.

The rank and file of the Government's supporters in the House of Commons, as Mr Fisher's statement now makes clear, were not in the secrets of the Government when the new tariff was being framed. Many of them who had gone into the election on the Ottawa programme of 1893, which denounced protection as 'radically unsound and unjust to the masses of the people,' expected that in the first session of the new Parliament the old national policy tariff would be revised in accordance with the declarations of that programme and the speeches of the Liberal leaders from 1879 to 1896. This was also the expectation of the electors who had voted for Liberal candidates; and it was because the Government did not dare to disappoint all these popular expectations that the scheme of a preference for British imports was embodied in the Tariff Act of 1897.

British preference has produced good results. Consumers in Canada have profited from it as well as British

manufacturers. At the time when the Liberal Government went out of office in 1911, the preference had been extended to Bermuda, the British West Indies, Jamaica, India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, New Zealand and British South Africa. For some years New South Wales, as a low-tariff colony, enjoyed the advantage of the preference, but lost it when it was merged in the Commonwealth of Australia. Newfoundland has not been included in the preference; but the fish products of Newfoundland are admitted free under a special clause in the Dominion tariff. Following the example of Canada, moreover, three of the other oversea Dominions have conceded preferences of greater or less value to British manufactures. The Liberal Government of 1896-1911, accordingly, must be given the credit of originating or reviving this link of empire; for, while there were protective tariffs in Canada so early as 1858, and in Victoria from 1866, there was no preference for British imports before the Dominion tariff of 1897.

None the less, it is now a matter of history that the British preference in the first Fielding tariff was in the main a party expedient. Without it there might have been a serious crisis in the first session of Parliament under the Laurier Government. One member of the Cabinet, who had never concealed his free-trade convictions, and who was outspoken in regard to them in the last year of the Laurier régime, when the farmers and grain-growers were agitating for lower duties in all the schedules and for an immediate increase in the British preference, could have organised in the House of Commons a large group of Liberal members in opposition to the adoption of the national policy of the Conservatives. The preference obviated that crisis in the Liberal party. It served the turn of the Laurier Government in the Parliament of 1896-1900. To some extent it assuaged the disappointment of Liberals in the constituencies at the abandonment of the fiscal principles which the Liberal leaders had advocated from 1879 to 1896; and at the general election in 1900, as again in 1904 and 1908, there was no political party advocating the former fiscal principles of the Liberals.

The only dividing line between the Liberals and the Conservatives from 1897 to 1911, when reciprocity un-

expectedly introduced a new issue, was the British preference; so that, from 1897 onwards, Liberals in the constituencies who still adhered to the principles of Sir W. Laurier, the late Sir R. Cartwright and Mr Fielding, when these leaders were in opposition, had no alternative but to vote for supporters of the Laurier Government. A vote for the Conservatives at any time between 1897 and 1911 was a vote against British preference, which, except in a few manufacturing centres, was everywhere the most popular and valued fiscal legislation of the Laurier Government. How well the preference had served the Government is evident from the statement of the Canadian representatives at the Colonial Conference of 1902, that the Dominion had gone as far as it intended to go in conceding preferences to British manufacturers that jeopardised the protection of Canadian manufacturers. By this time the Liberal Government had partly lived down the ill-will of its followers who were sore at the abandonment of Liberal principles at the revision of the tariff in 1897; and its relations with the protected interests by this time also were quite as close and as cordial as those which existed between the protected manufacturers and the Conservative Governments of 1878-96. The statement made at the Colonial Conference in 1902 was no mere threat made to induce the Balfour Government to give a preference to the Dominion in connexion with the war tax imposed on imported grain and flour. Proof that the Government had no intention to go further in exposing Canadian manufacturers to competition from England than the preference of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, which had become fully operative in 1900, is to be found in the fact that the first serious curtailment of the preference came in 1904. Thereafter nearly every change in the preferential rates involved a curtailment of the concessions made in 1900.

The Liberal Government was steadfastly loyal to its policy of preference only from April 1897 to June 1904. Its loyalty obviously waned after the preference had served its turn at a crisis in the Liberal party and the relations of the Government with the protected interests became more close and intimate—a fact that must always be kept in mind when it is urged that the increase in trade with Canada under the preference has been some-

what disappointing, and also when British manufacturers are charged with having failed to take full advantage of the preference. To the last the Liberal Government always pointed with pride to the preferential clauses in the Act of 1897 and the later enactments that raised the preference to the level at which it stood from 1900 to 1904. So long as the Liberal Government was in power, its members and its supporters in the Press sought to give the impression that during the whole of the period from 1897 to 1911 the preference remained substantially what it was before the first curtailment in 1904. These Liberal speakers and newspapers told of the preference of 12½ per cent. of 1897, of 25 per cent. of 1899, and of 33½ per cent. of 1900. It was only when pressed at close range by political opponents acquainted with the facts * that supporters of the Liberal Government would admit that there had been a whittling away of the preference in 1904 and again in 1906; for with most Liberals in the constituencies the preference for Great Britain was the one redeeming feature of the fiscal legislation of the Laurier Government.

While the attitude of the Liberal Government towards the preference from 1904 to 1911 was markedly different from its attitude from 1897 to 1904, the attitude of the Conservative party, of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, of the granges of Ontario and of the Grain-growers' Association of the prairie provinces, was in each case consistent and unvarying. The Conservatives under the leadership first of Sir C. Tupper, and later of Mr R. L. Borden, condemned the preference when it was first proposed, and continuously condemned it in Parliament and in the constituencies so long as they were in opposition. The Manufacturers' Association from the first, and more openly from their convention at Halifax in 1902, insisted by resolution and memorial to the Government that all Canadian industries must have adequate protection against British competition as well as against competition from the United States and Germany. On the other hand, the preference was universally popular with the farmers and grain-growers.

* Cf. letter by Mr Fielding in reply to letter from Sir Charles Tupper, 'Witness,' Montreal, June 5, 1911.

These farmers are well organised; indeed, they are the only consumers who are organised. Through their organisations they strongly commended the preference at the public hearings of the Tariff Commission of 1905-6. They petitioned that it should be restored to the level at which it had stood from 1900 to 1904; and in Dec. 1910, they memorialised the Government to reduce by half the duties on manufactures imported from Great Britain.

In the discussions in Committee of Ways and Means on the resolutions on which the tariff of 1897 was based, Sir C. Tupper and other leaders of the Opposition took the ground that the preference was an inroad on the protection that Canadian manufacturers had enjoyed under the national policy tariffs of the Conservatives; and that its enactment destroyed the prospect of obtaining preferential trade with Great Britain—a policy to which the Conservatives had been committed since 1892. One of the most significant speeches made by any Conservative leader—significant in view of the change of Government in October 1911—was that by Mr Borden, now Premier.

'I am most anxious' (he said) 'that the trade of this country, so far as the interests of the country will permit, should be in the direction of the mother-country, and in the direction of the other colonies of the Empire; and I agree with the view which my honourable friend from Bruce—Mr McNeill—has so often advocated,* that it might be well in the interests of this country in the long run to make some sacrifices at first for that purpose. Possibly I would not go so far in that direction as my honourable friend. I would not like to see any of the great industries of this country cut down or shattered, or the bread taken out of the mouths of our working-men for that purpose. We might well make some amount of sacrifice for a purpose that would be in the interests of this country and of the Empire, and that would well repay the sacrifice in the end; but to take the step contemplated by the Government . . . does not seem to be calculated to attain that result.' †

* On April 5, 1892, the following resolution, moved by Mr Alexander McNeill, was carried in the House of Commons: 'That if, and when, the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland admits Canadian products to the markets of the United Kingdom on more favourable terms than it accords to the products of foreign countries, the Parliament of Canada will be prepared to accord corresponding advantages by a substantial reduction in the duties it imposes on British manufactured goods.'

† H. of C. Debates, May 26, 1897.

As an example of the speeches in opposition to the preference from members of the rank and file of the Conservative party, that by Mr Ross Robertson, then member from the city of Toronto, may be quoted. Mr Robertson, long the foremost Conservative journalist in Canada, regarded the proposal of 1897 as a direct violation of the principle of protection.

'I would certainly not give, unless for a very material consideration' (he declared), 'any advantage to either the workmen or the manufacturers of Great Britain, or for that matter to the workmen or manufacturers of any country in the world. . . . I am most unwilling that British manufacturers should have the money that Canadian manufacturers need.'*

A volume could be compiled of the speeches for and against the preference; for one aspect or another of it was discussed in every session of Parliament from 1897 to 1911. In these many discussions there was no change in the attitude of the Conservatives; and the speeches which have been quoted from the discussions of 1897 may be taken as typical of those of the fourteen years that followed. The attitude of the Conservative party was defined in Mr Borden's resolution of 1902, which was again proposed in the session of 1903 as follows:

'This House, regarding the operation of the present tariff as unsatisfactory, is of opinion that this country requires a declared policy of such adequate protection for its labour, agricultural products, manufactures and industries as will at all times secure the Canadian market for Canadians; and, while always firmly maintaining the necessity of such protection to Canadian interests, this House affirms its belief in a policy of reciprocal trade preferences within the Empire.'†

In the same session of Parliament, Mr F. D. Monk, late Minister of Public Works in the Borden Government, asserted that 'this unfortunate preference' had done no good to the British people; 'and certainly,' he added, 'it has done no good to us.'‡ In another debate on the preference in 1903, Mr R. Blain, a Conservative member

* H. of C. Debates, May 26, 1897.

† Ib. March 18, 1902, and April 17, 1903. In 1903, for the last three lines was substituted the following: 'that the financial policy of the Government should include a measure for the thorough and judicious readjusting of the tariff at the present session.'

‡ Ib. June 2, 1903.

from Ontario, urged a tariff so framed that every factory in Canada manufacturing goods to be sold in Canada should have sufficient protection to keep out the same class of goods made in any foreign country.

'And I have no hesitation in saying' (continued Mr Blain) 'that, if that country should be England, the policy of Canada should be framed in the interest of the Canadian taxpayer as against the people who are producing the same class of goods even in the old country.'*

These were the terms and this was the spirit in which the preference was discussed by the Conservatives in the House of Commons. Much the same attitude towards it was manifested by the Conservatives in the campaigns which preceded the general elections of 1900, 1904 and 1908. In Montreal, in the campaign of 1908, Mr Borden described the preferential tariff as one of Sir W. Laurier's 'blunders.'† Mr Monk in the same week, also in Montreal, assailed it as a one-sided arrangement;‡ and throughout the campaign the preference was so generally attacked by the Conservatives that the 'Glasgow Herald,' in commenting on a letter by Mr J. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto, describing the issues of the campaign, remarked that 'the future of the preference [on woollens and cotton] was beclouded.' At this time the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was pressing for duties on British woollens higher than had been enacted when the preference was curtailed in 1904 and 1906; and the Laurier Government, on the eve of the election, promised an enquiry into the grounds of this demand.

'We have already learnt from the last revision of the tariff' (added the 'Glasgow Herald') 'to put no unshakable confidence in the permanence of the preference. It will require only a further concession to Canadian manufacturing interests to demonstrate how precarious is the ground on which it is proposed to erect the structure of an Imperial preferential system.'§

Even amid all the excitement of the election on reciprocity in 1911, when the Conservatives everywhere

* Quoted in H. of C. Debates, March 14, 1911.

† 'Witness,' Montreal, September 21, 1908.

‡ 'Gazette,' Montreal, September 18, 1908.

§ 'Herald,' Glasgow, October 28, 1908.

emphasised the value of the Imperial tie, which they insisted would be endangered by reciprocity with the United States, the British preference did not escape condemnation by Conservative candidates. It was again assailed as a blunder of the Liberal Government. One speech, by Mr W. F. Maclean, member for South York, Ontario, since 1892, will suffice to show that the hostility of the Conservatives in 1911 was still as strong as when Sir C. Tupper, Mr Borden and Mr J. Ross Robertson made their first attack in the House of Commons in 1897. At Swansea, Ontario, Mr Maclean said:

'My opponents say that I opposed the British preference law of 1897, and that I repeated this position the other night when I said "I'd do it again." Preference for preference is my plan. That is exactly what I meant; and, holding that view, I believe that an arrangement for mutual preferential trade is easily within arrangement throughout the Empire. Furthermore I believe that this arrangement will be reached in a very short time; but it will never be reached under the jug-handled Laurier system. Sir W. Laurier gave Canada away in the preference, and he proposes to give Canada away in regard to reciprocity.' *

Of much more practical importance than these condemnations of the preference by the Conservatives was the movement against it by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association—a movement that was continuous from the time of the Halifax convention in 1902, until so late as January 1911. It cannot be said that the many attacks on the preference by the Conservatives did not influence the attitude of the Government. But it can be asserted that the agitations against it by the Manufacturers' Association were much more responsible for the reductions of the preference in 1904 and 1906 than any or all of the denunciations of it from the Conservative benches in the House of Commons. The Conservatives attacked the principle on which it was based, insisting that it involved an inroad on the protection of Canadian manufacturers, and that there should be no preferences for British imports until Great Britain conceded tariff preferences for Canada. To some extent the Manufacturers' Association attacked the principle; but it was in

* 'Globe,' Toronto, September 20, 1911.

attacking the preference in detail—concentrating now on woollens, and next on blankets, jewellery, silver-plated ware, tombstones and cast-iron pipes—that the Association and its members achieved their successes while the Laurier Government was in power.

The general policy of the Manufacturers' Association was first defined at the Halifax convention in 1902, two years after the full preference of one-third off the duties in the general list had gone into effect. The question was discussed in 1901, when the Association, which had then 825 members as compared with 2754 in 1912, held its convention in Toronto. At that convention there were complaints from the woollen manufacturers that they could not do business against British competition unless they had a protection of not less than thirty per cent. on all classes of finished woollens, worsteds and knitted goods and carpets.* The position of Canadian woollen manufacturers was again discussed at Halifax, when a resolution with regard to the preference generally was adopted, which has been reaffirmed at every annual convention since 1902. This Halifax resolution, memorable in the history of the British preference, reads as follows:

'While the tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should nevertheless give a substantial preference to the Mother-Country, and also to any other part of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged, recognising always that under any conditions the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers.'†

Two agitations by the Manufacturers' Association dated from the Halifax convention of 1902. One was for an increase in the duties on British woollens, the other for a general revision of the tariff with a view to higher duties for the protection of Canadian manufacturers. At this time, as Mr Fielding's statement at the Colonial Conference shows,‡ the enthusiasm of the Laurier

* 'Monetary Times,' Toronto, October 11 and November 8, 1901.

† 'Industrial Canada,' November 1911, p. 415.

‡ 'At the meeting when we discussed the preference, Mr Chamberlain said to the Hon. W. S. Fielding, then our Minister of Finance, "You, meaning Canada, can come into our markets on the same terms as the rest of the world." Mr Fielding replied: "Yes, but we give Britain a preference." Mr Chamberlain, however, would not budge from his position, and

Government for the British preference was on the wane. The crisis in the Liberal party of April 1897 was by this time forgotten; and the Laurier Government was as ready to grant the demands of the manufacturers as any Conservative Government between 1879 and 1896.

The result of these political conditions was that both the agitations begun at the Halifax convention were attended with success. The duties under the British preference on woollen fabrics (not including blankets or flannels) and on wearing-apparel of wool or worsted were increased from $23\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.—the rate since April 1900—to 30 per cent., the rate demanded at the Toronto convention of the Manufacturers' Association in 1901. At the time that this first curtailment of the preference was made, the Laurier Government also conceded the demand of the Association for another general revision of the tariff. The work preliminary to this revision was undertaken by Messrs Fielding, Paterson and Brodeur, all members of the Cabinet, who during the autumn of 1905 and winter of 1905-6 travelled from end to end of the Dominion, holding public sessions at which pleas for and against increases in duties were made. Most of the pleas were from manufacturers urging duties as high as those in the Dingley tariff, then in operation in the United States. The pleas against increases and for lower duties, with a few exceptions, were all from farmers in Ontario and grain-growers in the prairie provinces, who were represented before the Tariff Commission by deputations from the Ontario granges and the grain-growers' associations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

It was at this time that the farmers first came forward in defence of the British preference. They everywhere commended it as the most valuable fiscal legislation of the Laurier Government; and they also petitioned that the preference on British woollens should be restored to the rate at which it stood previous to the change made at the instance of the Manufacturers' Association in June 1904. At nearly every session of the Tariff Commission

he made no reply when Mr Fielding said: "The only thing to do is to go back to Canada, take off the preference to Britain, and then we shall be on equal terms."—Interview with Sir F. Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence, 1896-1911, in the 'Witness,' Montreal, May 30, 1912.

in the cities east of the Great Lakes there were pleas from manufacturers that the British preference on goods similar to those they were making should be curtailed. In Toronto an ex-president of the Manufacturers' Association pleaded for higher duties on silver-plated ware from England; and another ex-president urged higher duties on jewellery, not because his business had been injured between 1897 and 1905 by importations, but on the ground that designers of jewellery from England had recently been in Canada to study popular taste, and consequently Canadian manufacturers of these wares might soon have to meet increased competition.

At the revision of the tariff in 1897 there was an increase in the duties on cotton goods to safeguard Quebec mills from competition from Lancashire under the preference, and also to increase the protection of these mills from competition from New England. The cotton industry, when the preference was first adopted, thus fared much better than the woollen industry. It was not exposed to British competition to anything like the same extent. But more protection against Lancashire competition was demanded at the revision of 1905-7 in the interest of the Quebec mills, when the Tariff Commission was at Valleyfield and at Montreal. At Three Rivers, Quebec, where there was a plea for higher duties on cast-iron pipe, competition from Scotland was described as 'foreign.' Competition in the tea-packing business from London was similarly described as 'foreign' when tea importers at St John, New Brunswick, asked for protection against tea in retail packages; and at St Stephen there was a plea for higher duties on tombstones to protect granite quarrymen in New Brunswick from the 'pauper labour' of Aberdeen.

So many of these attacks on the preference were made at the numerous sessions of the Commission that it is difficult to name any British manufactures imported into Canada, and coming into competition with similar goods made in Canada, in respect of which pleas for more protection against British competition were not advanced. They occasioned little surprise when reported in the Canadian newspapers; for most of these pleas were made by members of the Manufacturers' Association, which from the Toronto Convention of 1901 had been openly

hostile to any preference which exposed Canadian manufacturers to competition from Great Britain. 'I am sure,' said Mr P. W. Ellis, who was president of the Association in 1901, 'that it is the opinion of Canadian manufacturers that the duty of the Government is to legislate first for Canada and for Great Britain afterwards';* and in many issues of 'Industrial Canada,' the organ of the Manufacturers' Association, between 1901 and 1904, a similar doctrine was preached. In the issue for March 1904, for instance, it was denied that the preference had been of material advantage to any class of Canadians. On the contrary, it was maintained that some industries had been seriously injured; and in view of Mr Chamberlain's agitation in England, which began in 1903, it was declared in 'Industrial Canada' (May 1904) that 'Canadian manufacturers do not favour the sacrifice of Canadian industries for the sake of a preference in the British market.'

The last public session of the Tariff Commission was held at Ottawa, on February 8, 1906, when the president of the Manufacturers' Association, Mr C. C. Ballantyne, of Montreal, filed a carefully-drafted memorial, which for the first time formally submitted to the Government the views of the Association in regard to the British preference and the maximum, minimum, and preferential rates, which Mr Fielding had announced in Parliament were to be substituted for the general list in the tariff of 1897. 'We desire,' ran this memorial,

'a reasonable competition with the industries of Great Britain and the other portions of the Empire, that is, we desire a tariff against these countries which will equalise for the Canadian manufacturer the disadvantages under which he works in the higher cost of labour, capital, machinery, etc.—a tariff that will enable him to compete at least on equal terms in his home market with the manufacturers of Great Britain. We favour the offer of a substantial preference to the portions of the Empire; but we are strongly opposed to any policy which will prevent or limit the development of our own resources. With regard to the proposed policy of a maximum, minimum and preferential tariff, we have only to say that, so long as it encourages Canadian enterprise to make everything we can at home,

* 'Industrial Canada,' November 1901.

and to buy our surplus requirements as far as possible from British sources, we believe it to be in the best interests of the Canadian people. If, however, such a policy should ultimately result in extending the minimum tariff to the United States, we are absolutely opposed to it. In conclusion we beg to express our unbounded confidence in Canada and her people, our determination so far as lies in our power to advance her interests at home and abroad, and our earnest desire to have such a readjustment of her tariff as will benefit every citizen of the Dominion, and form a milestone on the road to the consolidation of our great Empire.'

In the new tariff, which was before the House of Commons in the winter of 1906-7, the general list and the uniform reduction of one-third of its duties on all imports except woollens from Great Britain were abandoned. Maximum, minimum, and British preferential duties were substituted; and, while the reduction of one-third was retained in respect to most of the 711 dutiable articles named in the tariff, and the preference increased in respect of a few of them, changes in rates were made which involved curtailments of preference somewhat like that of 1904, when the duty on woollens was increased from $23\frac{1}{2}$ to 30 per cent. In cases where the preference had not been attacked by Canadian manufacturers, the old rate was allowed to stand. All curtailments were in response to pleas for more protection against British competition—pleas which were proof that between 1900 and 1906 British manufacturers had taken advantage of the preference, and had thus brought about the protests of the Canadian manufacturers. The more important of these curtailments affected blankets, printed cottons, steel ingots, cast-iron pipe, steel castings, jewellery, silver-ware and tombstones. The woollen manufacturers did not gain the full measure of their plea in 1906. They had pleaded that the duties increased in 1904 to 30 per cent. should be further raised to $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. They failed in this effort, despite the support of the Manufacturers' Association; but, apart from this failure, the Association, at this revision of 1906-7, achieved the greatest success in its history; for most of the pleas for increased protection against British competition were conceded by the Government. The preference was thereby given the rudest shock it ever

received at the hands of the political party with which it originated in 1897; and, moreover, there were many increases in the general tariff to strengthen the protection of Canadian manufacturers against competition from the United States and Germany.

These assaults of the Manufacturers' Association, continuous from 1901 till the revision of the tariff in 1906-7, did not end with the many curtailments that were then made. The woollen manufacturers were disappointed that the Laurier Government did not increase the duties on British woollens from 30 to 37½ per cent. They at once began a second agitation, to which the Association gave its full support. At the convention in Toronto in September 1907, a resolution was adopted urging more protection against British woollens, and formally identifying the Association with the demands of the Canadian woollen manufacturers. This second agitation attracted much more attention in Canada and in England than the agitations which had resulted in higher duties on British woollens in 1904 and 1906; for it was while this agitation was at its height, in the closing days of the Parliament of 1904-8, that there was published in 'Industrial Canada' the attack on woollens imported into Canada from Yorkshire that aroused so much indignation in the West Riding. The article, which was entitled 'Death in the Clothing,' appeared in the issue of the official organ of the Manufacturers' Association for August 1908. It read as follows.

'One of the unfortunate features of the flooding of the Canadian market with the products of British woollen mills is that some of the cheaper lines of goods and shoddies brought into Canada for the manufacture of cheap clothing are a real danger to the health of the wearers as well as of those who are employed to make them up. . . . Before the preferential tariff went into force, the quality of the cheaper lines of clothing sold in Canada was greatly superior to what it is to-day. Then the working-man paid a dollar or two more for his clothing, but he got value for his money, and he was not exposed to the danger of contracting some filthy or incurable disease. The cloth for cheap clothing was then manufactured in Canada. . . . Now, however, it is impossible for the Canadian manufacturer to turn out a substantial shoddy in competition with the stuff that is allowed to come

into the country under the preference. If the Government would only investigate this question and learn of some of the dangers to which they are exposing the people of this country who are compelled to wear cheap clothing, we feel satisfied that they would take measures to put a stop to the importation of such trash, even to the extent of prohibiting it as they would a plague.'

Chambers of Commerce at Batley, Birstall, Dewsbury and Leeds, convened in special meeting, indignantly protested against this attack on the Yorkshire industry. Questions were asked in the House of Commons at Westminster. There was correspondence between the Colonial Office and Ottawa; and on September 4, 1908, the secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, in a cablegram from Toronto to the Batley Chamber of Commerce, expressed regret for 'any injustice that may have been done British woollen manufacturers by the publication of the article in "Industrial Canada" reflecting on the quality of Yorkshire woollens.*' Two weeks later the Manufacturers' Association held its annual convention in Montreal. While increased duties on British woollens were again urged, no reference was made to the article in 'Industrial Canada,' and there was no resolution identifying the Association with the cablegram of regret sent to Batley.

No success attended this second agitation for higher duties on British woollens. The game, in fact, was overplayed in this agitation of 1907-8; and, when the Laurier Government went out of office in October 1911, the preferential tariff stood exactly as it had been left by the revision of 1906-7. The final agitation of the preference during the Laurier régime was in 1910 and 1911. This time the movement was for lower duties on all British manufactures. Sir W. Laurier made his memorable tour of the prairie provinces in the summer of 1910. At every stopping-place between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, at almost every town in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Premier was met by deputations from grain-growers' associations, urging reciprocity with the United States, lower duties in the general tariff, and an immediate reduction by 50 per cent. of all duties under the preferential tariff. Over 23,000 grain-growers

* 'Witness,' Montreal, September 8, 1908.

were represented by these deputations; and in December 1910, the Premier was waited upon at Ottawa by a great deputation representing the grain-growers' associations of the West and the granges of Ontario, which reiterated these demands. As a counter-movement, the Manufacturers' Association sent a deputation to Sir W. Laurier in January 1911. The deputation referred to the farmers' agitation, and stated that, 'having regard to present conditions, we consider that any increase in the existing preference is inadvisable, and would imperil the existence of many Canadian industries.'* So far as the Laurier Government was concerned, this was the last word on the British preference.

For exactly ten years—from the Halifax convention in 1901 to the Toronto convention of 1911—the Manufacturers' Association worked continuously against the preference; and, as has been shown, most of the agitation for curtailment between 1901 and 1906 met with some success. The Association also worked between 1901 and 1911 to keep down by other methods the quantity of British manufactures imported into Canada. At the convention in Winnipeg in 1906, it was decided that all advertisements of British manufacturers should be excluded from 'Industrial Canada'; and at the convention in Montreal in 1908, complaint was made by the commercial intelligence committee of the Association that, in the weekly bulletin of the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, enquiries were published from British and foreign houses 'anxious to find purchasers or agents for their goods in Canada.'

'It is scarcely right' (continued this report) 'that our money should be used to furnish a free advertising medium to the outsider whose object is to displace us in our own home market. The attention of the Department has been called to this point, and assurance has been given that the various commissioners shall be instructed not to encourage enquiries of the kind referred to; but we regret to state that thus far no improvement has been noticed.'†

This statement at the Montreal convention was ad-

* 'Industrial Canada,' November 1911, p. 422.

† Canadian Manufacturers' Association, 1908: Reports of Standing Committees, p. 89.

versely criticised in the Press. At the Hamilton convention in 1909, the commercial intelligence committee in its report recalled this criticism, and justified the strictures on the weekly bulletin which had been made at the Montreal convention. It was conceded that Canadian importers had some claims on the Department of Trade and Commerce. 'But,' continued the report,

'there is a vast difference between serving the needs of a Canadian who desires to find out where he can obtain a specific article for a specific purpose, and serving the needs of a foreigner who has a surplus production that he wants to unload on the Canadian market.'*

British manufacturers who, since 1897, have made efforts to increase their trade with Canada have not lacked discouragement. Apart from the many curtailments of the preference in 1904 and 1907, the Laurier Government, at the instance of the Manufacturers' Association, was increasingly rigid in its regulations as to the proportion of British labour in imports entitled to the benefit of the preference.† It imposed and continuously collected a duty of 15 cents a pound on catalogues and price-lists sent to Canada by British manufacturers and exporters. Manufacturers who tried to push trade with Canada from 1900 to 1911, when the first chapter in the history of the preference came to an end, had to encounter not a few obstacles. The most serious of these obstacles after 1904 were created by the Government. But the Manufacturers' Association was behind the Government in the curtailment of the preference; and the co-operation of the Government and the Manufacturers' Association in whittling down the preference from the level of 1904 partly accounts for the fact that, while dutiable imports from Great Britain were of a total value of \$24,366,179 in 1896, they had not reached a higher figure than \$84,511,835 in 1911, notwithstanding the increase of two and a half millions in the population of the Dominion, the larger spending power

* Canadian Manufacturers' Association, 1909: Reports of Standing Committees, pp. 85, 86.

† Canadian Manufacturers' Association, 1908 and 1910: Reports of Standing Committees, pp. 77, 78, 39; 'Commercial Intelligence,' London, March 9, 1910.

of the well-to-do, and the great increase in the price of commodities since 1898.

It is impossible to gauge the part played by the preference in this increase. That the preference has been helpful to British exporters in some lines of trade may reasonably be assumed, especially as there has been no such increase in the exports from Germany and France to Canada as there has been in English exports. German trade with Canada was disturbed for several years by the imposition of a surtax by each Government—German and Canadian; and only in 1911 did the imports into Canada from Germany, which had been greatly decreased, reach again the value of ten million dollars—a figure that had been passed in 1902. French imports into Canada have never been large. They amounted in 1902 to six million dollars, and in 1911, after much careful nursing by means of a reciprocity treaty, to ten million dollars. Under conditions so complicated as these, not much can be learned from a study of the French and German figures.

More enlightening are the statistics of trade with the United States—a trade which has not been disturbed either by a reciprocity treaty or by a surtax. In 1891, when dutiable imports from Great Britain were of the value of \$24,300,000, those from the United States amounted to \$29,790,000. By 1911, when British dutiable imports had increased to \$84,511,835, those from the United States reached the value of \$153,167,000, while of duty-free imports Canada imported from Great Britain to the value of \$25,422,830 and from the United States to the value of \$121,777,000. It will thus be seen that, while British imports, with all the supposed advantages of the preference, increased almost three and a half times in value, American imports increased more than five times. In 1896 British imports, free and dutiable, formed 31·15 per cent. of all imports into Canada, while American imports amounted to 50·80 per cent. In 1911 the proportion of British imports, free and dutiable, had decreased to 24·34 per cent., while the percentage of the whole import trade of the Dominion held by the United States had risen to 60·84.

The aim of this article is to record the history of Preference since it was first enacted in 1897, to recall the political conditions under which it was conceived, and to

describe the changes which it has undergone since 1904, when the Laurier Government, in consequence of pressure from the manufacturers, began to weaken on the policy it had adopted in 1897. An endeavour has been made to explain the forces that have been working against Preference since it was first adopted, and also the forces that have combined since 1905 to secure its maintenance and if possible to extend it and to widen the market for British manufactures in the Dominion. The interests hostile to Preference are solely those of the manufacturers. Consumers generally are heartily in favour of it; but the only organised forces that have made any fight for it are the farmers of Ontario and the grain-growers of the three western provinces. The grain-growers will become a much stronger factor in Dominion politics after the redistribution of electoral power that is now due following the census of 1910. The prairie provinces, which now have 27 members in the House of Commons, will have at least 42 after the redistribution; and, however much the manufacturers may press for further curtailment of preference and for increases in the duties in the general list, any government, Conservative or Liberal, must pay heed to the growing demand of the West for lower duties in the general tariff and for the increase of the British preference to fifty per cent. Canada for half a century has been much influenced by the tariff legislation of the United States. It may now be assumed that duties in the American tariff have reached their climax. The tendency is now in the direction of lower duties; and any general reduction in the duties in the American tariff, such as is expected at the coming revision, will react on Canada and strengthen the demand for freer trade with the United States and for further reductions in the duties on imports from Great Britain.

EDWARD PORRITT.

Art. 9.—THE TRAINING OF A QUEEN.

1. *The Girlhood of Queen Victoria. A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries, 1832-1840.* Edited by Viscount Esher. Two vols. London: Murray, 1912.
2. *Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870.* Edited by the Hon. Mrs Hugh Wyndham. London: Murray, 1912.

THERE is a certain irony in the fact that the century which more than any other produced revolutionary changes in the standing of women, and in the ideas current about them, was in this country identified with a woman who, rigid in many directions, was nowhere so rigid or so unchanging as in her attitude towards her own sex. It is too early yet to get an unbiased view of Queen Victoria in relation to her work, or to strike a balance between the limitations belonging to her character and those imposed upon her by tradition; we can only note the singular paradox of her life. That she was in training for her task from an early age would be evident enough from this Journal, were it not already known. But the training, though it aimed at a single and clearly defined object, was confused and contradictory in itself. The young Princess knew that she was to rule over her country, and she was encouraged to take a high view of the sacredness of the charge. Simultaneously she learnt, not only by direct precept, which is the least part of education, but from all the ideas and influences surrounding her, that the charge was one which must bring her into direct conflict with the sacred laws governing her duty as a woman. Only a skilled casuist could have done justice to the ethics of her position. A Quaker divinely called to lead a military expedition would find himself in much the same case; conscience would impose upon him duties which would be crimes in his fellow religionists as well as repugnant to his own feelings. All rulers are exempt to some degree from the laws of conduct binding ordinary men. Queen Victoria was so exempt to a degree that was extraordinary if not unnatural.

The discrepancy between her actual and her theoretical obligations might have produced inconvenient results

upon a mind more speculative or more sensitive to mental climates. Man, as philosophers inform us, is so constituted that by telling him he is a fool you may make him believe he is one. Had Victoria been placed in France or Russia or some other country where ideas react more immediately upon life, she might easily have been convinced by all that she read, heard, and dutifully accepted about women, that she could not by any means fulfil her task. As it was, with a truly British knack of separating views from conduct, she mounted the throne with an alacrity and self-confidence that amazed those who were more accustomed to consider what women should be than what they could be or were. How the Queen herself, then and afterwards, reconciled her active exercise of authority with the views she is known to have held about feminine duty, is a problem before which curiosity must retire unsatisfied. From time to time she expressed herself with dogmatic force upon the subject, but apparently she never attempted to examine the ground of her conviction, or to pursue the anomalies of her case to their logical conclusion. Probably she took the more pious course of regarding herself as an exception created by inscrutable Providence for some good but not-to-be-questioned purpose, as a man separates his mother or his daughter from the great mass of women, condemned by nature to be either rakes or dolls.

That this was her attitude is amusingly apparent in some of her talk with Lord Melbourne, whose views about women may be described as classical. Except on one point, they fitted in very comfortably with the Queen's notions of things. No woman should touch pen and ink, Melbourne assures her; and he gives as the reason that women have 'too much passion and too little sense.' These faults are more likely to disqualify a queen than a writer; and the Queen's meek acquiescence would seem to imply that, in her own view, she was fit only to register automatically the decrees of those with less passion and more sense than herself. It did in fact imply nothing of the sort, because she escaped from the dilemma by the simple expedient of endorsing the criticism as regards women in general, and firmly rejecting it in the case of the Queen. Drastic as were Melbourne's generalisations on this side, his detailed

judgments—as witnessed by some of his comments on history quoted by the Queen—were considerably more enlightened and sympathetic than hers. It is not good for anyone to be self-separated from his fellows ; and there can be little doubt that the Queen's character to some extent suffered because, being a queen, the ideas of the time compelled her to be also a super-woman. The autocratic element in her was certainly not diminished by her practice of regarding herself as a being in more ways than one removed from the common lot. But the blame for any regrettable results must be divided between her and the old-fashioned ideas about women which coincided with her advent to the throne.

With her training on the purely intellectual side the Queen in after years expressed some discontent. Her information was slight, no doubt, as appears clearly enough from the candid pages of her Journal ; but perhaps the Dean of Chester and her other teachers were not altogether in fault. Neither here nor elsewhere is there much evidence of her possessing a disinterested love of knowledge, or any great capacity to gain experience from books. Life at first hand, rather than through books, was her concern ; and it is probable that, like most women of a practical and positive turn of mind, she only learnt with ease and profit under a directly utilitarian incentive. For the most part, her remarks upon her studies show her interest in them to have been narrowly specialised ; reading in history or in Shakespeare, for instance, becoming strictly a means of discovering the good and bad qualities of rulers in the past, with the lessons to be learnt from them for a 19th century purpose. Still more to her taste was the contemplation, under the guidance of her uncle Leopold ('who governs Belgium so beautifully'), of living Kings and Queens, and of the constitutions under which they ruled their countries, France, Spain, or Portugal. From the time she was fifteen, Princess Victoria began to express herself upon public affairs and to learn the vocabulary of her craft. This, and her wonderful habits of industry and of accurate observation and statement, were probably the best that she gained from her bringing up. They were not exciting acquisitions, but she might have done worse ; and without them it is possible that her enthusiasm would

not so easily have survived the drudgery of her office. With what zest she came to it is shown in her Journal—'I have immensely to do, but I like it very much . . . I *delight* in this work.'

By a pleasant coincidence the successful Queen who sincerely believed that women were not made to govern, got her most masterly schooling at the hands of an instructor who thought it 'tiresome to educate and tiresome to be educated.' Lord Melbourne wore his scholarship and his practised knowledge of men and affairs with a negligent ease which, while it did not deceive, no doubt commended itself to his royal pupil. With all her docility and willingness to learn, Victoria was fastidious about ways and means. The Journal records some girlish strictures upon Croker for his superior tone and want of tact which remind us that the writer in after years was to quarrel with the most powerful of her Prime Ministers because he talked to her as if she were a public meeting. Lord Melbourne's method, if method it can be called, did not err on the side of superiority. His expressed views upon systematic education were of the rather sceptical nature which still appeals to the majority of his countrymen: 'My opinion is it doesn't much matter *what* is taught, so long as what's taught is *well* taught.' The Normal Schools of which there was talk in the spring of 1839 would, he thought, 'breed the most conceited set of blockheads ever known'; and 'the education of circumstances was the best.' These are views and prejudices calculated to reassure the half-cultured. From the first the Queen put herself unreservedly in the hands of her Prime Minister who was also her private secretary and tutor. His 'honest, blunt and amusing' manner not only won her liking but gave her a sense of security, of which she felt a peculiar need in a world which she had already recognised as one of deceit. His politics seemed to her perfectly in accord with those of her uncle Leopold, so that she had no hesitation in accepting them as 'the best there are.' She took unremitting pains to make his knowledge her own, unhindered by petty vanities. She was not ashamed to ask questions, nor to confess when she had not understood. 'I said I was so stupid I must ask him to explain again. He explained like a kind father would do to his child.'

There was no end to the things he had to explain. One day it was the Civil List and the Household Expenditure ('his ideas about all these things are so reasonable and so excellent'); on another a difficult question of Army administration, upon which it would be his duty to offer a decided opinion, though 'the Army is a department of government I do not very well understand'; on a third would be explained 'in the clearest manner' the principles of Colonial policy ('an Empire like this cannot stand still—it must go on or slip back'), the position of the Irish Church, or 'another question of great difficulty, which is the Ballot.' There were besides Foreign Affairs, incessantly, and the stock business of administration—Revenue, Education, Poor-laws, and from time to time what Ministers were about to discuss in the Cabinet; 'it's right you should know.' In addition to the state papers which Lord Melbourne thought it necessary to read to her himself in his fine soft voice, there were boxes of dispatches for her to look through, and important letters that she must see, so that both she and her Minister sometimes confessed themselves quite 'muzzed' with reading. The Queen worked hard in her own thorough and uncompromising fashion; and, as the instruction proceeded and was assimilated, Lord Melbourne, besides placing before her his decided opinion, began to ask also for hers. Thus, in connexion with the offer of the Irish Mastership of the Rolls to O'Connell, she states that he asked her twice over if she had any particular feeling about it.

Of more importance than familiarity with the subject matter of government was it to acquire the right tone and attitude proper to the constitutional ruler of England. Here Lord Melbourne had some advantage over King Leopold, who was perhaps more learned in constitutions than in the temper of the English people. Almost every page of these volumes, from the date of the Queen's accession, proves how singularly happy was the accident which brought the young and impressionable Queen at the outset of her career under the influence of this one mind. Saxon, Lord Melbourne defined his ancestry in answer to a question of the Queen. However that may be, he possessed those virtues and that combination of qualities and defects which are generally regarded as belonging to the soil, and in particular a tolerant, easy-going wisdom

and humour that give to his mind and speech a certain outline shapely, sweet and amusing, as Gilbert White saw that of the Sussex Downs. His equability appealed from the first to the Queen, who more than once singles out for approval his 'quietness.' There was in her also, however far her practice at times might fall below her theory, a natural love of soberness and moderation; and she agreed with her Minister in liking to carry these qualities into the higher regions, so that, when he declared that in religion he valued above all 'what is tranquil and stable,' she was able to go with him as well as in his dislike of the hair-splitting controversies which puzzle the mind. Their views about right and wrong might not always tally, but they were both equally persuaded that there could not be anybody who did not know the difference between right and wrong.

Melbourne's attitude towards the monarchy was a characteristic compound of homeliness and reverence. Though, unlike Sir Robert Peel, he was accustomed to talk to kings and knew the whole family and exactly what to say to them, he held transcendental views of the office that were in accord with her own. With tears in his eyes and most emphatically he repeated to her Eldon's words: 'The King of England is always King; King in the helplessness of infancy, King in the decrepitude of age.' There was in the main the preliminary sympathy between mentor and pupil which Melbourne himself declared to be essential to effective teaching. The rest he accomplished by a process so smooth as to be barely decipherable. It was not instruction so much as himself that he gave her. She found it interesting to converse with him on all subjects; and there was no subject from which she could not extract from him something shrewd or wise that stuck to her memory. The Court after dinner amused themselves with Cup and Ball, and the Bandalore, and Lord Melbourne succeeded with the former. 'He said the only way to do it was "perfect steadiness, patience; perseverance and tranquillity,—which is the only way to do anything."' On the palace tables were illustrated books, 'Portraits of the Female Aristocracy,' 'Portraits of the Characters concerned in the French Revolution,' 'Sketches of the People and Country of the island of New Zealand'; and 'these sort

of things' it was the Queen's delight to put before him, and to draw out his clever and funny remarks. One Sunday evening at Windsor they ran through 'all sorts of famous people' from John Knox to Mme de Staël.

'It is quite a *delight* for me to hear him speak about all these things; he has such *stores* of knowledge; such a wonderful memory; he knows about everybody and everything; *who* they were, and *what* they did; and he imparts all his knowledge in such a *kind* and agreeable manner; it does me a *world* of good.' ('Diaries,' i, 305.)

The use the Queen made of her Prime Minister's brains was certainly comprehensive. When the mysteries of constitutional government and the elements of polite knowledge were disposed of, he had to turn his mind to new modes of doing the hair and new gowns, to give his opinion upon the Queen's striped dress and her cherry-coloured silk. Some of the entries contrast oddly with the later austerities of the Court. In response to complaints that she was spending too much money out of the country, the Queen protested that she positively must have some French things. She insisted on putting off a fixed journey to Windsor because the royal wardrobe could not be packed in time; Lord Melbourne, she was sure, couldn't have an idea of the number of things women had to pack and take. She had a desire to keep a monkey and gratified it, while another of her pets was the occasion of the one recorded instance in which Lord Melbourne earned her serious displeasure. Tired, under the cloud of an approaching crisis, and disinclined for after-dinner conversation, he so far allowed his humour to get the better of him as to call the Scotch terrier Islay 'a dull dog,' 'which really makes me quite angry.' Very prettily sometimes the parts of guardian and ward were reversed, and the Queen addressed maternal remonstrances to her Minister on the subject of his health and diet, or scolded him for talking lightly about religion. 'I have often had doubts about you—have often suspected you.' 'Not of heterodoxy,' he protested, conscious of the patristic theologians—'those old fellows' piled in tomes upon his bedroom floor.

It is one of the charms of the Journal that the Queen

never obscures the woman; but there was an element in the Queen's youth not to be expressed by any purely feminine adjective. 'Gallant' is the word that rises to the mind as one after another she breasts the difficulties of her extraordinarily difficult position. 'How anyone in your situation can have a moment's tranquillity!' exclaimed Lord Melbourne. The Queen's peace of mind was not unbroken. Once at least there is confession of 'nerves,' loss of appetite and tears at night. But uppermost was composure and a healthy delight in clearing obstacles. Lady Lyttelton, who was present at the prorogation of Parliament in August 1839, contrasts the Queen's secret nervousness with the clarity of her voice, its rich, sustained quality, and some other characteristic which she can only describe as 'gentlemanlike.' Amongst the duties which made her life, as Lord Melbourne remarked, rather an unnatural one for a young person, was that of reviewing her troops. By general consent she looked her best on these occasions, in her Windsor uniform habit and cap, and mounted upon a white horse. With her uniform she put on a new emotion. 'I felt for the first time like a man, as if I could fight at the head of my troops.' She confided jokingly to King Leopold her regret that she could not wear a real uniform. He replied it was a great pity she was not a Prince, and the Queen said she thought so too. It is easy to believe that, with whatever outbreak of feeling afterwards, the Queen at this time in her interviews with Ministers was 'very much collected, civil and high.' People gave her the reputation of being stern and decided; and it is indeed noticeable that after the short and stormy episode of the 'Bedchamber Plot,' while her Prime Minister was 'very much excited the whole evening—talking to himself and pulling his hair about,' the Queen was calm because 'her mind felt happy.'

For a while she seems to have agreed with Palmerston in liking power and finding it very pleasant, and perhaps she felt some of its intoxication. She was also, as a young man with his first regiment or his first brief, in love with her profession, and prepared to make any sacrifice for it. Then, if ever, she was in touch with her great predecessor, Elizabeth. She had visions of a like solitary grandeur. 'I dreaded the thought of

marrying, I was so accustomed to have my own way.' 'I wished, if possible, never to marry.' Fortunately for her she had at her side an adviser whose patriotism was above personal considerations, and who had, moreover, not without reason, the greatest horror of women in any way eccentric or extravagant. The Duke of Wellington complained that Melbourne joked too much with the Queen, and tempted her to take too lightly things which are very serious. Marriage was not one of them. All the conversations on the subject reported by the Queen show marked gravity on his side. He was more conscious than she of its hazards. 'It's a very serious thing, both as it concerns the political effect and your own happiness.' Some of the difficulties appeared almost insurmountable. A foreign prince would not be popular, nor would a subject be liked; whoever was chosen, he must not be stupid, nor yet too clever; in short, 'if one were to *make* a man one would hardly know what to make.' On the other hand, not to marry, as the Queen proposed, would be a very unnatural state of things, and 'nothing's right that's unnatural.' Want of naturalness was not amongst the Queen's faults. With all her talk and her reachings this way and that, it is clear that, whether she knew it or not, she was in the mood to marry, or at least in the unsettled, unsatisfied state of feeling which commonly ends in marriage.

Excess of political excitement brought reaction and a desire for more normal pleasures. The Queen threw herself with all her heart into the Court festivities arranged in honour of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, 'a dear, delightful young man,' with whom his hostess declared herself 'really a little in love,' and whose departure made her infinitely sorry. She confided to the ever sympathetic Melbourne that a young person must *sometimes* have young people to laugh with, if only to remind her of what she is apt to forget—that she, too, is young. 'Nothing more natural,' replied the Minister, not without sadness. She discovered also that she needed more dancing, and that she got so tired of politics and hearing nothing but politics. On October 9, 1839, the young Princes of Coburg arrived at Windsor. A week later the Queen's marriage was settled, and she was already learning in a new school. Dearest Albert

'looked over my shoulder and watched me writing . . . and scraped out some mistakes I had made.'

From the lofty heights of young wifehood and motherhood the Queen looked back upon this, the most dramatic year of her life, and pronounced its joys and sorrows to be artificial. Lord Melbourne's feeling is not to be precisely gathered from these pages. Partly, we may suppose, it would be that of a man who leaves the purest work of his life unfinished, partly that of a Prospero about to lose Miranda. The Journal, as it draws to an end, notes that he was not well, which he attributed to 'age and that constant care.' If his life were to begin again, he fancied that he would go in mainly for amusing himself and would eschew politics altogether. At the marriage ceremony 'Lord Melbourne, good man, seemed much affected.' Afterwards came an affectionate leave-taking; "God bless you, ma'am" . . . with such a kind look.' This is the Queen's conclusion; but a trifling incident of a few months earlier, casually reported, seems to find its place here.

'Talked of Lord Melbourne's having had his umbrella in the room. . . . He replied, laughing, "You should never quit your umbrella when it rains." "What use was it in a close carriage?" I said. "Might be upset," he said; "I might want to get out; suppose I might be stopped and put out of the carriage, which may happen one of these days—at least leave me the umbrella to go on with," he said, laughing so much.' ('Diaries,' ii, 223.)

To turn from the Journal to Lady Lyttelton's letters is to become aware of some of the results of the Queen's differentiation between her own and other women's duties which has already been noticed. The very strong dislike of women 'mixing in politics,' which she retained throughout her life, dates from the first years of her reign; and the vigour of her remarks on the subject seems to have caused Melbourne some amusement. In her view, people made too much of women and were too much under their influence; and he was put to it to defend his dinners with Lady Holland. The Queen was particularly incensed at the idea of Cabinet Ministers confiding in their wives, and was in no way appeased by Melbourne's genial maxim that everybody told everything to somebody. The need to tell was a weakness she did

not share and had little sympathy with. If she spoke, it was her nature, as she told Lord Melbourne, to 'speak up her feelings,' even though doing so might get her into trouble; but it was as easy for her to be silent. The reserved attitude towards her ladies, which was thought so remarkable in one of her age, probably did not cost her very much. If she never talked to them about the things which most interested her, this was not only for State reasons, but because her interest was largely in matters with which other women, she thought, had no concern. The Queen's household virtues and womanliness were so conspicuous, and 'womanliness' is still so much associated with ideas of seclusion and leisure, that it is easy to forget that she was also a woman of affairs, and an immensely busy one. Very early in the diary the writer began to recognise that a great deal of business for the State was to be so much her daily portion that she need not stop to mention it. And nothing more impresses one with a sense of her capacity and power than the ease with which she kept separate the duties of State and home. She led, in fact, a double life; and from one half of it, partly through a sense of public duty, partly because of her private prejudices, women were religiously excluded. It follows, since her mind was much given to her work, that she did not fully express herself in her intercourse with women; and they, on their side, were apt to underrate her ability because the greater part of it was withdrawn from their observation.

It is clear enough, for instance, from the general tone of Lady Lyttelton's letters, that the Queen was abler, more intelligent and more experienced in the eyes of Melbourne, statesman and man of the world, than in those of her charming and accomplished lady-in-waiting. To the Prime Minister she was a woman who sometimes slipped back into the child but was not childish; to Lady Lyttelton she was chiefly a child trying to be a woman. There is a tinge of kindly patronage in her allusions to the Queen's efforts to improve her mind. 'On our drive home she read a *lesson-book* . . . very attentively and goodly to herself.' 'Our Queen listening like a good child,' 'learning trees and plants . . . last year she did not know an elm from an oak.' 'The Queen seems always afraid,' she observed on a visit to Woburn in

1841, 'like a girl just out of school, of asking questions about pictures and portraits for fear of being thought ignorant.' It grieved Lady Lyttelton, as it grieved others, that the Queen did not shine in conversation, and that brilliant remarks were sometimes wasted upon her. 'The Queen seemed more struck (by a *bon mot* of Dr Hawtreys) than I ever saw her at anything really clever.' Affectionately loyal as she was to her Queen, Lady Lyttelton evidently gave her unqualified admiration to the Queen's husband, from whose rooms of an evening ascended the most exquisite harmonies upon the organ, 'the first of instruments, the only for expressing one's feelings—and it teaches to play—for on the organ a *mistake!* oh! such a misery.'

True to his nation and to the beliefs of the day, Prince Albert was presently to usher in the millennium of universal education. Meanwhile there was 'rather a raised' tone of conversation at Windsor and at Osborne; natural history, naval matters and many 'bits of information' came to the front; while Bishop Wilberforce, surpassing himself, contrived to interest the Queen in astronomy. Whether this slightly rarefied atmosphere, where mistakes stood out in all their naked misery, was that in which the Queen's nature, with its singular blend of mental grip and clearness of vision, with an almost total lack of the articulate reasoning processes, could most freely and fruitfully develope, it is perhaps permissible to doubt. It is in any case very possible to exaggerate the importance of 'really clever' accomplishments; and the feelings of compassion and hopelessness and fears for the future, which their absence and some other deficiencies in the Queen's educational equipment inspired in her lady-in-waiting, were fortunately not justified by the event. To his royal mistress's laments over her ignorance Melbourne used to reply, 'You know quite enough'; and, when the sum total of her personality and work is gathered up, that will be the final verdict.

Lady Lyttelton was more alive to the Queen's specifically moral qualities, to her bravery, simplicity and overflowing affection. She noted the 'vein of iron that runs through her most extraordinary character,' and paid a fine tribute to that trait in it which invariably impressed those who came in contact with her.

'There is a transparency in her truth that is very striking—not a shade of exaggeration in describing feelings and facts; like very few other people I ever knew. Many may be as true, but I think it goes often along with some reserve. She talks it all out; and just as it is, no more and no less' (p. 331).

The Queen's single-mindedness shines through these early journals, and gives them, as Lord Esher rightly points out, a peculiar and unusual value amongst documents of the kind. So artless and unselfconscious is the narrative that one is tempted to believe it was written without any particular care or premeditation, but occasional comments such as: 'these are *nearly* his words,' 'these are not *exactly* his words, I *think*,' show that it was not so. Fidelity to her subject was the Queen's sole aim, and she took deliberate pains to secure it. The exact process in her mind is not discoverable, nor the dividing line where the moral quality becomes an intellectual one, but the result is of high value. Melbourne lives in these pages. The contrast between his crisp, emphatic sentences and her own diffuse and rather colourless expression is not a little curious. The Queen, like most of her feminine contemporaries, was much at the mercy of the underlining habit, and loved to emphasise the unimportant word; but, when she gave Melbourne italics, they were given in the right place. Her truthfulness served her well, but one remembers also that she confessed to an inclination to imitate handwritings and people, and that mimicry was a characteristic of George IV. Sometimes the Queen reported better than she knew: 'Spoke of Russia and the difficulty to act against it; "she retires into inaccessibility," said Lord Melbourne, "into her snows and frosts."' Something in the fall of the words sets one dreaming of the man behind his laughter. 'The rooks are my delight . . . I could sit looking at them for an hour.' Faithfully the Queen writes it down, though it is a taste she does not share and indeed thinks surprising. Here is the picture of an evening at Windsor in the winter of 1839 (ii, 304):

'After this some new Assam Tea, which Sir J. Hobhouse had sent me, was brought in, and I gave Lord Melbourne a printed paper which had been sent me with it, which he read out loud and so funnily; there was the opinion of a *Dr Lum Qua* quoted, which name put him into paroxysms of laughter,

from which he couldn't recover for some time, and which did one good to hear. After this I said to him he had been so very kind about all that matter which vexed me so yesterday. "The advantage of Monarchy is unity," Lord Melbourne said, "which is a *little* spoilt by two people—but that must be contended against." "I've no doubt," he continued, "that is what kept Queen Elizabeth from marrying; but you mustn't think that I advocate that; I think that's not right, it's unnatural, and nothing's right that's unnatural." I said I was certain that Albert wouldn't interfere. "Oh! I haven't the slightest doubt that he won't interfere," he replied warmly; and I added that that was the very reason why he might run into the other extreme. "My letter may have appeared dictating," he said, which I said was not the case. "That's my way of writing; I wrote so to you and did to the King." I said I was sure it would all do very well in a little time. "You understand it all," he said; "you have always lived here"; and I had had three years' experience, I said. "But you had just the same capability for affairs," Lord Melbourne said, "when you came to the Throne, as you have now—you were just as able; I'm for making people of age much sooner." He again went into an amazing fit of laughter about *Dr Lum Qua*. Talked . . . also about children learning, as he said, everything from the nurses and servants—which he talked of for some time. "I'm sure, all I have learnt that's useful was from the nursery maid," which made us laugh so. Talked of the H. of C. and the Provision. "I can't think there can be any real difficulty," he said; "one can't tell; a Legislative Assembly is as capricious as a woman."

And here is Lord Melbourne on public instruction :

'We then had a great deal of fun with Miss Murray about Education, and I only wish I could repeat all Lord Melbourne said. "You had better try to do no good," he said, "and then you will get into no scrapes." "All that inter-meddling produces crime," he said. But we said if people didn't know *what* was wrong they couldn't help committing crime. "I don't believe there is anybody who doesn't know what is wrong and right," he said. He doubts education will ever do any good. We asked did *he* derive no benefit from education? "I derived no morality from it," he replied funnily; "that I derived at an earlier date"' (ii, 148).

History would be more intelligible if we possessed more diaries like this one, containing authentic portraiture; and to excuse its author on the score of youth or otherwise is

beside the mark. For one girl who can so transfer to her paper the tone and rhythm of living speech, and suggest the richness and variety of its content and the bulk of the speaker behind, there are any number who can learn to turn a neat sentence, or to say the right thing about the poets. We need go no further than this *Journal*, which closed before she was twenty-one, for proof that intellectual power was an essential ingredient in Queen Victoria's character. The quality which has been defined as intellectual integrity was hers by nature and by cultivation, and through the honesty of her vision we are enabled to see without any intervening obstacle the character and daily habits of her Minister and can gauge the value of what she gained from contact with his mind. His culture, tolerance and sympathetic humour he could not give her, for these things were outside the scope of her nature, as her 'vein of iron' was outside the scope of his. Nor perhaps did he possess that which, in the last resort, would compel her assent. Strong natures like hers need something more to control them than belief in what is tranquil and stable. But for the introduction to the special duties of the task before her no one more fit could have been found.

Public affairs, it has been said, are most safely engaged in by those who have some dislike for them and are under no illusion as to what they really are. Government, as taught by Lord Melbourne, was no glorious game, but a business like any other, imperative and often tiresome or painful, so that a person must be severely trained to it. 'It's in the lot of your station, you must prepare yourself,' was his reply when the Queen assured him she could never bear up against her difficulties; and the same note recurs whenever her private inclinations run counter to her duty. He would not allow her to think that Windsor disagreed with her health. 'You have fancies about it. Your Majesty has a fixed idea.' Upon the Government's decision to begin the parliamentary session of 1840 at an unusually early date, the Queen declared that she would not open it in person. 'I wouldn't, I said, and always wished to get out of that. . . . "Oh! you will do it," he said earnestly, with his good kind face expressing anxiety I should; "not to do so would not be right when it is necessary for public affairs."

His attitude was as towards one bound up with the fortunes of the country, and therefore debarred from indulging her own tastes and prejudices. 'Think of the scrape you'd get us all into,' was the final argument with which he overcame her refusal to be vaccinated. The pressure he put upon her to attend church in a public manner on the eve of her marriage was in the circumstances a trifle inconsiderate, but he justified it on the ground that 'it's of great importance that you should get over your dislike of going amongst everybody.' In the same way she was to get over her dislike of Sir Robert Peel. 'You must not give way to personal dislikes too much,' nor to partisanship and the political bitterness which sees only bad motives in opponents; 'I don't like you to have those feelings.' 'I don't see much difference. . . . I think they are very much like the others,' he said, urging her to invite the great people on the Tory side. Such counsels must have come convincingly from a politician who could tell a colleague that, in his view, the great fault of the present time was that men hated each other so damnably; 'for my part I love them all.' However little at that time the Queen was able to acquire it herself, there is no doubt that this rather unusual political temper deeply impressed her; 'a truly angelic disposition and worthy of eternal record,' is the comment following upon a conversation in which Melbourne had spoken generously of Brougham.

Popularity, Melbourne taught the Queen, was very well if you did not make too much of it; but, Whig and aristocrat though he was, he laid great stress upon public feeling and the general conviction. It was an essential part of his political creed and sprang from the instinctive respect for individual rights in every class which made him jealous for the liberties of the poor and inspired those retorts to philanthropists, 'if you'd only have the goodness to leave them alone,' which the Queen noted down with so much amusement.

The lessons which the young Sovereign found most hard to learn were probably those in connexion with the laws and customs of her country. The illustration afforded by her conflict with Ministers in the summer of 1839 is notorious, and perhaps its importance has been exaggerated. Melbourne characteristically blamed him-

self for the results of action which at the time he does not appear to have discouraged, but latest authority finds the Tories in the wrong rather than the Queen. She proved at least that she did not suffer from the disability to say 'No'; which is, said Melbourne, 'a very bad thing for a public man.' In her well-known subsequent reference to this affair the Queen did not say that, were it to be done again, she *would* have acted differently, but that she *might* have done so; and only the constitutional prig will wish that she had. The altercations in Parliament over Prince Albert's provision called forth something of the same imperious desire for power in its substance; and her interviews with Lord Melbourne show much 'pertinacity' on one side and some gentle reminders on the other. 'These are our laws'—he does not know that they are right, but there they are, and convenient at times. Even in social matters, 'in this country all should go by law and precedent'; otherwise a person is liable to make every sort of mistake.

Law and precedent and the feeling of the people—'whether the country is up to it . . . whether the feeling of the country is such'—these were the constitutional props he set up on either side of her. How much of his teaching was realised or deliberately adopted by the Queen, it is impossible to tell from her Journal. She made no summary or analysis of what she had learned from him; she stated simply that she owed him more than she could ever repay. The extent of her debt must be measured by the character of her reign. It was not for nothing that the ruler who became so identified with the life of the nation that the words Queen and Country ceased to have a separate significance, learned her first lesson in government from that one of her Ministers who, if not the greatest, was the most English of them all. 'A true public servant' she was called, after her death, by another great Englishman; and one may suppose that this was the title which Queen Victoria, in the height of her power, would have carried with most pride, and that Melbourne would most have desired for her.

ELEANOR CECIL.

Art. 10.—DISRAELI: THE FIRST TWO PHASES.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By W. F. Monypenny. Vols I, II. London: Murray, 1910, 1912.

'WE may as well finish Cæsar's story because we never know until a man's end whether the play has been tragedy or comedy.' So writes Lord Morley, provoked by the consideration of Cæsar Borgia's career to a reflection which might nearly as well be suggested by that of his greater but scarcely more familiar namesake. Pascal, looking not at the things that are seen but at the things that are not seen, has, indeed, struck a deeper truth: 'Le dernier acte est toujours sanglant.' But if we make a background of the flaming ramparts of the world, each human life, in spite of some by-play and cross division, can doubtless be brought at last under one or other of the two accepted categories. We watch the rich humours and large ironies of terrestrial drama, wondering whether the close of the piece will make for laughter or tears. The very limitations of the actors only enhance the piquancy of the performance. They are as ignorant as ourselves of what is in store for them. In their perplexity they sometimes come to draw their words from temperament and their gestures from habit, and are themselves the sport of circumstance. The most solemn plausibilities ultimately disclose the finest comedy; tragedy, complete and overwhelming, is found to be the real tenour of a life that had seemed wreathed in smiles and crowned with roses. We cannot tell until the end.

Even then we cannot always be sure, for there are cryptic cases where a man's character and intention are left hanging in dispute. Shall we, for example, ever quite know our own minds about Disraeli? Will the end of the biography resolve the vital issues that obtrude themselves from the first? The question whether it was tragedy or comedy turns, at least to a considerable extent, upon his attitude towards human things. No mind ever moved more swiftly from the sublime to the ridiculous; did his vast ambition ever outstrip the keen pursuit of his subtle, relentless irony? What are we to say of his work? Was he a great constructive statesman, filled

with prophetic vision and descending heaven-sent at the crisis of an empire's growth to point the path of destiny? Or was he just a charlatan, a mocking mountebank masquerading in the guise of better men, ridiculing their fidelities, confusing their convictions, believing, like Gay, that life was a jest and that all things showed it? Were all his high-flown sentiments the treacherous homages of a profound cynicism, or was his sardonic mirth merely the mask of an idealist whose true feelings could find no proper nourishment in a fallen world? Was he totally devoid—as his language so often makes us fancy—of any true perception of righteousness and judgment, of those high moralities which his own race has done so much to implant in the world? Or was the question which he asked about mankind in general particular to himself, and was he, in spite of much appearance to the contrary, really on the side of the angels?

Whichever way we choose to have it, the dramatic opportunities, tragic and comic, psychological and historical and social, are abundant and absorbing. No biography that the 19th century has to offer—not Talleyrand's, nor the third Napoleon's, nor yet Newman's—has finer and more fascinating points of interest than his. Mr Monypenny has put it to the severest of all tests—the test of broken production—and it has gone out and prospered. No ordinary drama could sustain an interval of two years between each act. Where the life of man is in play, it is of the essence of good art that the story should move from start to finish with no longer breaks than are required for reflection. History, doubtless, has no natural boundaries; the life of nations flows on from age to age, calling for artifice to break the stream with banks and locks. But biography is fenced and walled by God; and each man's life flits without a pause across the lighted hall from one dark eternity into the next.

If Disraeli's career is a battle-ground for Thalia and Melpomene, that of his biographer is no disputed possession. Here is tragedy, not indeed unrelieved, for much has been done, and well done, yet none the less in a sense consummate and irreparable. There are no tragedies like those of art and letters. The statesman, struck down in the prime of life or the crisis of his country's

fortunes, will presently find a successor; for the face of the world changes with ineffable swiftness, and the abilities and policy that seemed indispensable one day are displaced and out of date the next. The soldier, falling nobly, like Wolfe, in the hour of victory or, like Gordon, in the hour of defeat, forgoes his work only to win an exceeding weight of glory and to fortify his race with an example that exalts and stimulates thousands to whom his talent would of itself have been no title to memory. Even the man of science cut off on the eve of discovery leaves his labours in the sure and certain hope that sooner or later the hidden things of Nature will be made manifest. But the artist enjoys no such consolations. For him the sword of Damocles has a keener edge. His world is within himself and perishes with him. His thoughts are incommunicable except in the one and perfect form. Another hand may colour his drawing or complete his book. But no mind but his own can reproduce the close sequence of impressions which have grown, like leaves and flowers, upon the stem and outline of the work, to find their perfect development in the character and conclusion of the whole. And with these are lost the long concentration of the mind upon its goal, the growing passion and intensity of pursuit, the patient exploration of remote yet cognate country. Only the faith that can remove mountains is entirely equal to such emergencies. Pitt's dying lament has not a more poignant pathos than the cry which Buckle was heard muttering upon his death-bed: 'My book! my book! I shall never finish my book!'

The life of Disraeli, however well it may be completed, can hardly be more than two disconnected fragments, the junction of two concepts, of two styles, and of two methods. To judge work steadily one must see it whole. Yet, unfinished as it is, Mr Monypenny's achievement is notable enough. No biographer could have been more judicious or have executed his task in a more pleasing or workmanlike fashion, with greater modesty or readier resource. If the book would never have taken rank among the greater biographies in the language, it is mainly because the author had no opportunity of knowing his subject at first hand. A biography to be perfect must be the work of an intimate friend. Boswell

and Lockhart and Froude sat close at the feet of their heroes. They learned without conscious effort every characteristic movement of the head, every native gesture of the hand. The best political biography, if it does not exact quite so close an acquaintance, has in fact secured it. Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Morley and Mr Churchill had each a particular familiarity with the memorials they have preserved. The life of a statesman need not perhaps be a brief for the defence, but it must not too visibly anticipate the verdict of the historian. Imagination and power are apt to fly out as fast as a nice balance of judgment enters in. It is essential to the preservation of a man's image that we should see him as he appeared to his friends; that we should feel, though it be only at second hand, the glamour of his talents, the charm or strength of his presence.

Mr Monypenny's other shortcoming is now commonly reckoned a virtue. He is apt to hide himself so as to leave Disraeli to tell his own story. He will not let us know what manner of man he is. But, if the truth be told, every reader, at the bottom of his heart, likes a book the better for being interested in the author of it. No doubt there is a danger, as in Lord Morley's 'Gladstone, of our becoming interested in the author to the prejudice of the subject. But this risk is not commonly a grave one, nor is it to be weighed against the vast sympathy that arises when the writer allows us to feel that he is a man of like passions with ourselves. Froude's brilliant little sketch of Disraeli, slight and unauthoritative as it is, will never grow old, because Froude's own vivid criticism of life illuminates every situation. He seizes more truly than the other the standpoint from which alone Disraeli's career can really be appreciated. 'Adventures are to the adventurous'; Sidonia's warning is the motto which everyone who would portray Sidonia's kinsman must bind around his neck and inscribe upon the tablets of his heart. The spectators ought, if possible, to be betrayed into some equivalent of that sentiment to which Melbourne gave a too vigorous expression. Disraeli had early confided to him the seemingly ludicrous resolve to become Prime Minister; and as Melbourne watched the adventurer rise from rung to rung, he exclaimed in the full-blooded language of the period, 'By God, the fellow will do it

yet!' We need to be animated by such excitement. Disraeli was in truth a gambler playing recklessly for the highest stakes, a jockey reaching out after the winning-post against tremendous odds, a sportsman securing a choice and much-prized quarry after a long and apparently hopeless pursuit. And Froude has caught the enchanting splendour of the struggle. But ever and anon he throws it up against eternity. Its meretricious fascination drops away. The enthusiasm of the moment fades before more lasting realities. We regain control of our senses; and the career, so brilliant, so audacious, so alluring, is swept into the common sieve of human morals. Such treatment alone can satisfy alike the claims of art and truth.

The Disraeli of Mr Monypenny is the *Disraeli surgens*—the Disraeli of untamed gifts and powers, striving for recognition against the unfair prejudices excited by origin and the legitimate resentment provoked by bad taste and boundless self-confidence. This period of his life falls into two convenient and well-defined phases. The first, represented by Mr Monypenny's earlier volume, is that in which he has not yet grown to self-knowledge, when the world is still an Aladdin's palace of excitement and he is to himself a psychological enigma of absorbing interest. It is the period of 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming,' of Gore House and Lady Blessington, of Eastern travel and Byronic postures and 'The Revolutionary Epic.' It ends with his entry into Parliament and is displaced by a phase less variegated, equally amazing, and more turbulent, at the close of which he is a made man, universally recognised as daring, resourceful, and mysterious. Of this second epoch 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil' reflect the new environment and promulgate the new purposes.

As he said himself, he was born in a library. Everyone has now heard of Isaac D'Israeli, though probably, if it had not been for his son, not one living soul in a thousand would now have known his name. He belonged to an age which did not regard a life of leisure as a waste of time; but, though he had to the full the instinct of meditation, he does not appear to have been persuaded by his own temperament any more than by the arguments of Aristotle that the contemplative life represented the highest

form of mundane felicity. There is a famous passage in 'Contarini Fleming,' in which Baron Fleming endeavours to convince his son that men are born for action. 'A man of great energies aspires that they should be felt in his lifetime, that his existence should be rendered more intensely vital by the constant consciousness of his multiplied and multiplying power. Is posthumous fame a substitute for all this? Try the greatest by this test, and what is the result? Would you rather have been Homer or Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare or Napoleon? No one doubts. . . . We are active beings; and our sympathy, above all other sympathies, is with great action.' Similar, if not identical considerations, it is supposed, were pressed by Isaac D'Israeli upon Benjamin. However that may be, nothing at any rate is more certain than that the native bias of the latter's mind was not towards politics, at least as we know them in the West. Oriental manners, Oriental countries, Oriental mystery, Oriental romance, had for him very much more than their common magic. 'I am quite a Turk,' he wrote in a moment which may not have been without its influence upon the affairs of Europe nearly forty years afterwards, 'wear a turban, smoke a pipe six feet long, and squat on a divan. . . . I find the habits of this calm and luxurious people entirely agree with my own preconceived opinions of propriety and enjoyment.' 'Alroy,' that rhythmical rodomontade, embodied, he declares, his 'ideal ambition.' Bulwer, the bombastic wizard, and Botha, the archæologist, were, together with his father, the only people in whose conversation he found the pearl of wisdom. He cultivated the repose of the visionary. 'All men of high imagination are indolent.'

He had had, it is true, no great opportunity, so far, of experiencing the subtle fascination of English politics; it is one of the misconceptions which Mr Monypenny removes that his father's house was the resort of all the most distinguished men of the day. But the condition of England in the early thirties was such that no one who went about in society as he did could remain wholly indifferent to it. Presently he turned his attention to that upon which the attention of others was concentrated. In 1832 he set out his political opinions in a voluminous pamphlet and proceeded to present himself as candidate

for High Wycombe. He was as yet the crudest of politicians, and visionary to the last degree. The belief, which has possessed far nobler minds than his own, that party is a crime against patriotism, was translated in practice into the futile attempt to stand as an independent. He declared himself a Tory and a Democrat—a Tory because history showed that the Tories and not the Whigs had had the true welfare of the people at heart; a Democrat because democracy was the order of the future. It was a creed pregnant with a political Hercules, but for the moment it looked as if the child would be still-born.

An independent member, says the scoffing epigram, is a member on whom nobody can depend. The tutelage of failure, and the counsels of Lord Lyndhurst, whose sympathies he had the good fortune to enlist, taught him the wisdom of subservience. He became for the nonce a Conservative. He stood for Taunton and was beaten. Then he tried at Maidstone and got in. There we take a long farewell of the earlier Disraeli—the Disraeli who drew the whole population of Valetta from its business to look at his wondrous sash and trousers; who seduced the Turkish Bey at Janina into Bacchic orgies; and who, decked out in frills and red rosettes, invited an astonished audience to hail him as the poet of the Age of Revolution. Such characters do not thrive at Westminster. Still the past cannot be shed like a serpent's skin. The remains of his lost youth—he was now thirty-three—still hung about him in the shape of the bottle-green coat, white waistcoat and prodigious length of gold chain, wherewith he rose to make his maiden speech. His language, too, bore the impress of the pompous extravagance which he particularly affected. The story does not need re-telling. As everyone knows, he was shouted down—to his great advantage, as Mr Monypenny points out. 'He had made the blunder of trying to take the House by storm without giving it time to become accustomed to the peculiarities of his manner; and only the hostility of the Radicals and O'Connellites had saved him from genuine failure.' Four months later he had begun to establish himself in the goodwill of those whose champion he was ultimately to be, but he had no illusions as to their intellectual calibre. 'In the lobby all the Squires came up to shake hands with me and thank me for the good service' (he had

spoken against the repeal of the Corn Laws). 'They were so grateful, and well they might be, for certainly they had nothing to say for themselves.'

At this point of the political romance the hero is suddenly transferred from the High Court of Parliament to the higher tribunal of the god of love. Mr Monypenny has a cause to plead, and there can be little doubt he has made it good. Disraeli's marriage, often and not unnaturally credited with the basest motives, is proved at length to have had its source in genuine devotion. His wife's statement, that he had married her for money but if he had the chance again would marry her for love, was only the banter of a woman who enjoyed a laugh at the vast ignorance of common talk. 'Rattle and flirt' as she was, she possessed a hidden shrewdness which appears plainly in the curious document wherein she methodically contrasts the strangely opposite qualities of herself and her husband. Out of that formidable inquisition it is worth drawing one or two representative items ('Life,' ii, 68):

He.

Very calm.

Very patient.

Often says what he does not think.

It is impossible to find out who he likes or dislikes from his manner. He does not show his feelings.

He is a genius.

He is to be depended on to a certain degree.

She.

Very effervescent.

No patience.

Never says anything she does not think.

Her manner is quite different, and to those she likes she shows her feelings.

She is a dunce.

She is not to be depended on.

On Disraeli's side also there are one or two extracts to be made:

'December 30th.—I am mad with love. My passion is frenzy. The prospect of our immediate meeting overwhelms and entrances me. I pass my nights and days in scenes of strange and fascinating rapture.

'January 23.—I love you, if possible, each day more truly and more tenderly. All my hopes of happiness in life are centred in your sweet affections, and I wish only to be the solace and glory of your life.'

Do we still doubt? Shortly before her death she told a woman friend that 'her life had been a long scene of happiness owing to his love and kindness.'

It is time to glance round the political arena, where Disraeli was soon to impart to the gladiatorial shows an enhanced degree of swiftness and ferocity. The Reform Bill of 1832 was one of those periodical crises which shake the floors of political conviction and leave the combatants staggering and bewildered on the trembling boards. The party to which Disraeli had attached himself, being the more injured of the two in the shock, was the more deeply discomfited. Its leaders were men of great attainments but not of great imagination. Peel, to whom the reconstruction of opinion principally fell, represents that groping moderation, of which one finds it hard to determine whether it be really a virtue or a vice. The term Conservative came into use with him; and he was in many respects a typical Conservative.

There are two veins in the party of stability. There is the ancient Jacobite inheritance—the romantic loyalty towards the Crown; the religious veneration of the Church; the conception of a nation at peace with itself, accepting, without complaint and as of divine appointment, all the baffling diversities of operation and reward. In such a creed the distinctive note is personal, for the glory of each is felt to be the glory of all. Echoing for ever in its phrases—echoing despite all restraints of time and circumstance—is the oath sworn solemnly upon the sword-hilt, the mystic blessing of the priest, the shout of the clansmen in their charge, the mighty voice of a loyal and acclaiming people. There is another vein of thought, which hides its sentiment, and speaks the language not of romance but of science; which keeps close to the facts of life and accommodates itself easily to the exigencies of new positions and treats the government of the nation as a business concern; which is afraid of theory, shy of change, not too tenacious of principle; which advocates the line of least resistance; which indeed strives to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good, but nevertheless makes its appeal in the main to successful and substantial men. This was the school of thought to which Peel naturally belonged, and whose

views and wishes he was so admirably adapted to set forth. The Tamworth Manifesto, which held the field as the synopsis of conservative opinion when Disraeli entered Parliament, breathes a deliberate opportunism in every sentence. The Reform Bill is not approved, but nevertheless accepted. Change is not welcomed, but nevertheless foreshadowed. The empiric is everywhere to be consulted and the doctrinaire dismissed into his own inner darkness.

Such a conception of policy is empty of imagination and compatible with the utilitarian philosophy implicit in Radicalism of the deeper dye. From the first Disraeli set his face against it. He, whose 'ideal ambition' was set out in 'Alroy,' is the natural defender of those mystical foundations of the state upon which ultimately rest the life and destiny of a nation as truly as those of an individual. Strange as it may seem, he has a claim to be the political leader of that community to whom Carlyle was prophet and Newman priest. He looked back towards the more mysterious and enigmatic characters of political history, to Bolingbroke, to Carteret, to Shelburne, in some degree, perhaps, to Lyndhurst's patron, Canning—men upon whom, as upon himself, there always rested a shadow of suspicion—to give him the romantic inspiration of which he was in search. He found, or thought he found, in them the doctrine of a free people and a patriot king; and he set himself to restore those two existences, 'the monarch and the multitude,' which he maintained 'had been blotted out in the selfish strife of faction.' With curious persistency, for no man was ever more sensible of the glamour of great houses and noble lords, he repudiated all that was aristocratic in the history of the Tory party. He argued that, when Pitt passed away from the influence of Shelburne, the true way was lost, and that from that time forward the Tories were only divided in name from the Venetian oligarchy of the Whigs. Endowed with just that quality of foresight in which Peel was deficient, he saw the coming power of the working-classes and the absence of finality in the settlement of 1832; and he thought that the past could only be prolonged into the present by seizing upon and holding up to view those elements in it which strike the sentiment of working men. Aristocracy is ill-adapted

for such a purpose. With its peculiar reserve and culture, its unavoidable aloofness, its impalpable and incommunicable code of manners, its seeming absence of emotion, its instinctive claim that the true public, for which, as Voltaire contended, one ought always to work, is of necessity in a minority, it can in the nature of things never be popular, though it may be honoured and respected. A sovereign, on the other hand, whose person can be seen, whose sorrows can be shared, and a Church, whose mission of love presses into the poorest home, move the roughest heart and touch the coarsest fibre. For men, as Sidonia, who knew everything, warned Coningsby to remember, are born 'to obey and to adore.'

'Disraeli,' says Mr Monypenny in a happy adaptation of a phrase, 'without forgetting the things which are behind is always found reaching forth unto the things which are before.' He was thus the father of that strange hybrid creed of Tory Democracy which is the perpetual refuge of the young Conservative out of power and his perpetual discomfort when he returns to office. Ranged against Disraeli stand the Old Guard of the party—Halifax and Harley, Pitt and Castlereagh and Wellington, Peel and the late Lord Salisbury. He struck a note which they were perhaps too prudent, perhaps too proud, to strike, and he had his reward. Mr Monypenny celebrates the 'sanity,' the 'robustness,' the 'fruitfulness' of his conservatism. There will be some to whom these words will seem full of light and meaning. Yet it is precisely here that Carlyle's acid allusions to the Hebrew conjurer are best remembered. For Disraeli played only upon sentiment. His touch was cleverness itself, but he could not strike the deeper chords of passion, nor fill the swelling notes with power and reason. Right as he so often is, there is nevertheless a strong suggestion of bathos about all he writes. Lay a page of his philosophy beside one of Burke's, and his choicest phrases begin to sound like jangling discords. For all his skill, the music that he makes is forced and hollow.

Burke is indeed the touchstone upon which men may try their conservatism to know of what kind it is. To Disraeli he seems to be 'the Arch-Whig trumpeter'; to a recent exponent of modern conservative theory the

notion that he was ever a Whig appears 'a really serious misapprehension.' But in truth, adherent of the party system though he was, Burke is too great to be stamped with any party name. He came nearer to pure patriotism than any man of high abilities and noble feelings who has allowed himself to be closely associated with party strife. He had in the fullest measure that large wisdom which searches out and powerfully displays the deeper glories of all the complex distribution of civic toil and power—its grace, its end, its excellence, its infinite communion. In a passage of ardent beauty, beside which Disraeli's celebrated account of the accession of another queen looks sadly tawdry and ineffectual, he has expressed, as no other has done, the inmost passion of loyalty. His serene sentences in the letter to the Duke of Richmond convey the subtle virtue and purpose of aristocracy in a manner that the reader will remember long after Lord Monmouth is forgotten and Lord Marney discounted. And, though no one has more severely condemned 'the puling jargon' of pity—the cheap lamentation over the fact of poverty and sentimental flying-in-the-face of human conditions—he is not oblivious of that deep crying of the poor to which the author of 'Sybil' gave less restrained expression. It is the measure of Disraeli's limitations and the sharpest criticism of his creed that he found no place in his philosophy for the wisdom of Burke. For nowhere else in the work of conservative publicists is the sober teaching of experience so swiftly absorbed into high principle or so generously warmed by true imagination.

Disraeli's first exhibition of the new Toryism consisted in an attack on the Poor-law of 1834. It was not an especially happy adventure. That Act, supported by the leaders of both parties, put an end, as everyone knows, to the intolerable state of things created by the sentimental charity of the Berkshire justices, and brought the treatment of poverty back to the wise severity of the Elizabethan standpoint. Doubtless there was room for criticism, as there always will be in any conceivable solution of a problem where discrimination is so desirable and yet so hard of application. But Disraeli's complaint, that 'the new Poor-law . . . taught the destitute not

to look for relief to their neighbours but to a distant government stipendiary,' sounds (after what had just occurred) captious enough; and Disraeli's administration forty years later left no remedy for it upon the statute-book. In the same speech he discussed the Chartist movement, which he attributed partly to the Poor-law but still more to the Reform Bill of 1832. He asserted that there was no principle in the new constitution; that it conferred power without responsibility. Deprecating the Charter, he yet expressed sympathy with the Chartists; and he declared the idea of 'a monarchy of the middle-classes' to be 'a great delusion' and one 'foreign to the character of the English people.' Let no one who condemns, as he justly may do, Disraeli's conduct in 1867, forget that 'the shooting of Niagara' was a move foreshadowed by his early speeches and consistent with his distrust of middle-class rule.

The Whig Government fell rather ignobly in the August of 1841, and Peel was returned to power with a solid majority. Disraeli looked for a place in the Government, and, finding none was offered, eventually applied for it. Mr Monypenny says that such conduct is common enough—much more common than people are generally aware of—and therefore apparently not to be regarded as discreditable. It is a futile apology. The very ignorance he alludes to is itself an effective condemnation of his doctrine. Public morality, never by any means ascetic or disposed to outstrip '*la morale des honnêtes gens*,' looks reasonably enough for a decent modesty in those who seek public honours. And the true code in these matters is that which La Bruyère has so admirably laid down: '*Nous devons travailler à nous rendre très dignes de quelque emploi; le reste ne nous regarde pas, c'est l'affaire des autres.*'

The application failed, as it deserved to do, but not, it seems probable, from any opposition on Peel's part. 'It is almost certain that Peel really wanted to give Disraeli office.' Mr Monypenny points to Stanley as the real author of Disraeli's disappointment. If it was so, there would be no violation of the natural laws of politics. For there is an unsleeping irony that watches over politicians; and Disraeli was to obtain office first of all from the unfriendly general whom he had sarcastically

nicknamed the Rupert of debate. He failed to carry the position, as he always failed to carry positions at the first attempt. The result was to give him a triumph infinitely more telling than any post in the administration of 1841 could have brought him. In the meanwhile, he consolidated the place in literature which had been half won by 'Contarini Fleming' and 'Vivian Grey.'

'Coningsby' and 'Sybil' are the birthplace of the political novel, and as such they possess an originality and an interest of their own. But they were also the gospel of 'Young England'; of one of those swift and glittering bands of young politicians whose agility and zeal mark them off from time to time from the mere hacks and mercenaries of the parliamentary armies. Disraeli, older by several years than the rest of the band, had both the knowledge of the world and the wealth of phrases and ideas of which George Smythe and John Mannerns and Alexander Baillie-Cochrane were in search. He inspired them, but they also inspired him.

'It is not easy now to discriminate between the ideas which the little group had brought from Cambridge and those which they acquired later when they came under the influence of Disraeli's riper mind. Like most of the generous youth of the nineteenth century, they were in the first place romantics—in eager sympathy with the protest against a utilitarian age to which romanticism was committed in all its manifestations. . . . One of the cardinal articles of their political faith was that monarchy, as Smythe put it, was a principle rather than an instrument; one of their primary aims the restoration of dignity and influence to the Throne. . . . They desired for the Church a position of greater independence than the Erastian spirit of the eighteenth century had been willing to sanction, or than Peel himself, we may surmise, would have been disposed to concede. Like all true romantics, they had an antipathy to the middle class, which was Peel's political idol; they dreaded its growing influence, and hoped to provide a counterpoise by reawaking the sense of duty in the nobility and gentry, and restoring them to their rightful place as leaders and protectors of the people. With the people at large their sympathy was real and active. They had that faith in the lower orders which the Tory party had lost, and the courage to believe that it might be possible to redeem them from the misery and serfdom into which they had fallen.' ('Life,' ii, 165.)

Disraeli worked their characters into romance and their sentiments into dogma. 'I am . . . dazzled, bewildered, tipsy with admiration, the most passionate and wild,' Smythe wrote to him, when he had finished 'Coningsby'; 'I never read anything, thought of anything, felt anything, believed in anything before. Thank God, I have a faith at last!' He followed up his success by the publication of 'Sybil' in the following year. 'It has never really enjoyed,' we are told, 'the popularity of' its predecessor, but its sub-title at least of 'The Two Nations' has made a lasting impression upon the imagination of Englishmen.

Mr Monypenny has devoted much time and care to an analysis and criticism of the two books. Without attempting to follow him through their plots, we may follow his example in examining their objects. Disraeli's doctrine of beneficent monarchy, of the Monarch and the Multitude, or whatever we like to call it, may be interrogated from the standpoints of history, of philosophy, or of prophecy. From the first it is obvious to say, though Mr Monypenny oddly enough does not say it, that the experiment of a patriot king had already been tried. George III was as deeply saturated with Bolingbroke's teaching as was Disraeli himself. In his review of party history, however, Disraeli makes little mention of the years which succeeded that sovereign's accession, though these were the years in which 'the Venetian oligarchy' first met its match and was overthrown. The omission, however, is quickly explained. For those were the times of Lord Bute and Lord North, of the canonisation of John Wilkes and the loss of the American Colonies, of the King's Friends, the 'Letters of Junius' and the 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents.' It is evidently wisest to contemplate the new polity only in our dreams, and let it be no more than the baseless fabric of a vision. 'Young England,' says Mr Monypenny very well, 'was less a party than a spirit in the air.' Taken as such, it has as much and as little value as every Utopia. It sets before us an ideal, upon which, inasmuch as it raises pure emotions and stills the ugly passions of the party system, it is worth while to meditate, but which there is no reasonable prospect of translating into reality. A wise monarch, informed and guided by public opinion

through an honest Press instead of through Parliament (for that is the kernel of Sidonia's doctrine), is a fond imagination at which even the boldest visionaries would hardly throw a glance. It requires, in fact, as Sidonia rather ingenuously goes on to tell us, 'a high degree of civilisation for its full development.' Mr Monypenny, however, by a dexterous but unconvincing substitution of the Cabinet for the Crown, contrives to invest Disraeli with the mantle of a prophet. Parliament has decreased; his Majesty's Ministers have grown in power year by year. But the Cabinet, if it has become the despot of the House of Commons, has been not less evidently terrible to the Sovereign and the Constitution; and the popularity of kingship is dearly bought at the price of its influence.

So much for the Monarch. What of the Multitude? Disraeli has pleaded their cause in 'Sybil,' as is generally recognised, with a rare depth of sensibility. The book is an incident, or perhaps an event, in the movement of which the Factory and Housing Acts are the legislative outcome, and whose underlying principle is that individual misery and degradation ought not to be allowed to arise from social circumstance. Disraeli indeed had not, any more than the rest of us, a clear-cut solution of the problem. He looked to time, to temper, to the charity of the Church, to the faith and hope of a new generation, to strengthen the feeble knees and raise up the fallen.

'From him' (says his biographer) 'the ethics of Toryism receives its best and deepest expression. "The feudal system may have worn out, but its main principle—that the tenure of property should be the fulfilment of duty—is the essence of good government. The divine right of kings may have been a plea for feeble tyrants, but the divine right of government is the keystone of human progress; and without it governments sink into police, and a nation is degraded into a mob." In a passage such as that, which contains the kernel of Disraeli's teaching, we feel the sentiment that gives to Toryism its power over the imagination; and for lack of which Liberalism, in spite of its self-confident and triumphant advance, remains in comparison mechanical and uninspiring, invested in mediocrity, stamped with the seal of the commonplace and profoundly unsatisfying to the deeper spirits of the age.' ('Life,' ii, 301.)

Disraeli's novels brought him distinction, which he deeply coveted, and money, which he urgently required. Queen Victoria pointed him out. Louis Philippe—and this furnishes some of the most curious passages in his biography—invited him to dinner, and, at a time when the influence of one country upon another was more tangible than it is at present, gave him confidential audiences with a view to improve the relations between France and England. In the House he had long established his claim to be heard, and heard with attention. Still Fame tarried. Then, with one of her swift incalculable gusts, she raised him to the stars and gave him a name which will not perish while parliaments endure and the history of parliaments is set down.

No strategy is more difficult to revive than the strategy of a parliamentary campaign, and the task is not facilitated when one of the protagonists—as in this case—has been before one in the field. Mr Monypenny has told the story of the Repeal of the Corn Laws interestingly and adequately but not with quite such raciness and vivacity as made Mr Churchill's life of his father something of an epoch in political narrative. The pen, it may be, was already flagging in a tired hand; and in recording the progress of the several encounters, the author has leaned a little heavily on Hansard and contemporary accounts. The truth is that the mystic cauldron needs persistent stirring; only by a gradual dissolution do the various ingredients evoke the wraiths and spectres of the past.

The open duel of 1845-6 is commonly regarded as the outcome of the secret duel of 1841. Disraeli, it is supposed, took the first fair occasion of avenging the slight he had suffered. Mr Monypenny properly insists that no legitimate inference to this effect can be drawn from his conduct. He did not begin to draw away from his leader until his leader had begun to draw away from his principles. 'For two whole sessions he gave his support to Peel's Government and its principal measures—a support moreover that was not grudging nor even mechanical, but active and intelligent.' Not until 1843, and on a point raising the issue of agricultural protection, did he vote against the Government.

Tariff Reform has now been so long before us that

there is no great difficulty in grasping his economic position. He understood, as well as anyone, the doctrine of free trade, and he was at pains to prove that what was best in it came by a long descent from Pitt and Shelburne. But he set before any such ideal theory of production and exchange what List, whose book he had studied, would have called the productive powers of a nation. In his eyes the maintenance and preponderance of the landed interest, including 'that estate of the poor'—the Church—was of more consequence to the country than any material advantages afforded by a one-sided development of industry. For the rest, he thought that hostile tariffs were to be abated by negotiation rather than by a policy of free imports; he believed in duties based upon circumstance; and he pointed to Spain as illustrating the nemesis of prohibition, and to Turkey as illustrating the nemesis of free trade.

The first passes of the duel were exchanged as early as the winter of 1843-4, long before the question of the Corn Laws became a vital one. Peel's manners were never his strong point; and Disraeli in common with other members of the Conservative party had reason to know it. Independent criticism coupled with an attempt to get a post for a brother widened the gulf between two men of natively hostile temper. Peel attributed the worst motives to his follower. 'It is a good thing,' he wrote in December 1843, 'when such a man puts his shabbiness on record. He asked me for office himself, and I was not surprised that, being refused, he became independent and a patriot.' For another fifteen months, however, the two made a shift to get on. Then Disraeli struck and struck home. Peel had spoken on a sharply contentious matter with some considerable warmth. 'I know from old experience,' observed Disraeli, 'that when one first enters the House these exhibitions are rather alarming, and I believe that some of the younger members were much frightened, but I advised them not to be terrified. I told them that the right hon. baronet would not eat them up, would not even resign; the very worst thing he would do would be to tell them to rescind a vote.' Peel clothed himself next day in that magnificent righteousness, which he—and Gladstone after him—were to find rather attractive than repellent to their adversary's

darts. 'The hon. gentleman,' he said, 'has a perfect right to support a hostile motion, but let him not say he does it in a friendly spirit.' Then came some lines from Canning:

'Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn, the blow:
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, O save me, from the candid friend!'

Peel was commonly supposed to have treated Canning badly by his refusal to take office after the death of Liverpool. He had refused to be a party to Catholic Emancipation in 1827, and had ended by carrying it himself in 1829. The low mocking voice rose to remind him of his inconsistency. But the quotation had been apt, and the retort was therefore swathed in compliment.

'Quotation is a weapon the right hon. gentleman always wields with the hand of a master, and when he does appeal to any authority, in prose or verse, he is sure to be successful; partly because he never quotes a passage that has not previously received the meed of parliamentary approbation, and partly and principally because his quotations are so happy. The right hon. gentleman knows what the introduction of a great name does in debate—how important its effect and occasionally how electrical. He never refers to any author who is not great, and sometimes who is not loved—Canning, for example. That is a name never to be mentioned, I am sure, in the House of Commons without emotion. We all admire his genius; we all—at least, most of us—deplore his untimely end; and we all sympathise with him in his fierce struggle with supreme prejudice and sublime mediocrity—with inveterate foes and with candid friends. The right hon. gentleman may be sure that a quotation from such an authority will always tell. Some lines, for example, upon friendship, written by Mr Canning and quoted by the right hon. gentleman! The theme, the poet, the speaker—what a felicitous combination!'

In the House cheer followed upon cheer. Irony had never been more keenly barbed nor more venomously poisoned. The ironist coruscated with naïve delight. 'There never was,' he wrote to his sister, 'an instance of a trip being succeeded by such a leap.' At Bradenham, when the news arrived, Isaac D'Israeli, blind and feeble,

sat muttering again and again the biting triplet of the climax. His long experience of literature taught him how consummate was the art which had brought the innuendo to that most dexterous pitch of perfection; his father's heart must have told him that there was now, humanly speaking, no limit to the political prospects of his first-born son. So much for the huntsman and the hunt. What of the victim with whose blood the victory ran red? Peel, there can be no doubt, writhed under the assaults which fell with merciless insistence upon a spirit accustomed to deference and unaccustomed to defeat. For the story of the challenge, indeed, to which Froude gave currency after 'careful enquiry,' Mr Monypenny finds no better foundation than the intemperate zeal of Peel's brother. But feelings are not usually the less acute for being suppressed; and the Minister happened to be exquisitely sensitive both physically and mentally. He had besides but lately passed through one of those upheavals of long dormant opinion which bear hardly upon men as they grow older. Unusual anxieties of government lay upon his shoulders. And, perhaps most trying of all, he could find no words with which to avenge him of his adversary.

For Disraeli, if at the first he had not his conscience clear, had in the end his quarrel just. Of Peel's relations with Canning there is a full and honourable explanation; his conduct in repealing the Corn Laws admits only of a stumbling defence. The famous phrases describing the Government as an 'organised hypocrisy,' and the Prime Minister as 'a great appropriation clause,' are remembered for their convenience, but were established by their truth. Peel, indeed, in moving language, threw himself upon the judgment of posterity, and posterity has generously responded to the appeal. But for all that, as a later Prime Minister has argued, his action was 'fatal to high principle in politics.' The betrayal of 1846 brought forth the betrayal of 1867; and Peel's critic exulted in a treachery to party which Peel had not been scrupulous enough to avoid. Also, it is true that things that are done hurriedly and under pressure of circumstance are seldom done wisely. Mr Monypenny contends that time has largely vindicated Disraeli's arguments. English agriculture, it is certain, has followed the

narrowing path of his forebodings, not the broad highway of Cobden's assurances. And the thought of a colonial preference which he dimly foreshadowed has returned fifty years later encompassed with difficulty and embarrassed with prejudice. His protests have lived to possess new meaning and to register lost occasion.

Speech availed to discredit the Government; stratagem was required to overthrow it. Disraeli had gradually rallied the distracted squirearchy round the banner of Bentinck, and Peel was left dependent on the 120 Peelites and whatever assistance he could derive from the Whigs, the Cobdenites and the O'Connellites. Harassed by Irish unrest, he pressed forward at once rival methods of pacification—a Corn Bill and a Coercion Bill—and placed himself at the mercy of any casual combination of his numerous opponents, who were mostly hostile to one or other of the measures. Disraeli worked hard and without much scruple to secure revenge for his Tory companions. But they themselves were too honourable to oppose coercion if it were really required; and the Old Whigs, who really favoured a fixed duty on corn, were too much in the hands of Russell to oppose repeal. Coercion, however, does not wait upon convenience; and a Coercion Bill can hardly be honestly put forward unless it be promptly carried. This was the rock upon which Peel's Government ultimately foundered—as it happened, upon the very day that the Corn Bill passed its third reading in the Upper House. Peel had delayed the more urgent of his remedies to make sure of the passage of the other; and consequently revenge followed close upon the heels of betrayal. We do not need to recall the last unworthy scene in which Bentinck and Disraeli tried to make good the story of Peel's treachery towards Canning. The attack was the more ungenerous because the Minister had just refrained from making plain a far more serious blot upon his accuser's shield. Goaded at last by Disraeli's incessant taunts, he had expressed his surprise that, with such an opinion of his character and career, his critic should have applied to him for office in the spring of 1841. Disraeli rose and explicitly denied the truth of the accusation. 'Neither directly nor indirectly,' he said, 'had he solicited office.' This was nothing less than a deliberate untruth. His biographer maintains that he

had temporarily lost his head. It is more certain that he had permanently lost his character. Peel had him now at his mercy; and a less magnanimous man than Peel would have felt that Providence had delivered his enemy into his hands. But Disraeli was spared the production of the letter; and it was left for a later age, when time had softened censure, to expose the wretched fact. There is indeed a story, to which Mr Monypenny alludes, that Peel passed the watches of the night that followed the denial in searching for the compromising document. But there is also another legend at once more agreeable, more likely, and more dramatic. It is said that, immediately after Disraeli's statement, Peel leaned forward and opened the despatch-box which lay before him on the table, raised for a brief moment a piece of note-paper, and then without a word returned it to a long oblivion.

Whichever way we like to have it, here at all events the curtain drops with a certain sombre finality, though the play is not played out, nor the story told. Disraeli doubtless will come again; he will awaken new interest, excite new dispute and evoke new enthusiasm, as his character passes through new phases, develops new powers and pursues its infinite variety. But of the stage-manager we shall see no more; and it is with unfeigned regret that we take our leave of one who has toiled so faithfully and served us so well.

ALGERNON CECIL.

Art. 11.—THE MAJORITY REPORT OF THE DIVORCE COMMISSION.

1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes. Minutes of Evidence. Appendices.* Five vols. London: Wyman, 1912.
2. *The Divorce Commission. The Majority and Minority Reports Summarised.* By the Secretaries to the Commission. Westminster: King, 1912.

THE Majority Report of the Divorce Commission is in a special sense the work of Lord Gorell. Without any disrespect for his able colleagues or any disparagement of their useful assistance in matters of detail, it must be acknowledged that if Lord Gorell had sat alone, the Report, both in form and in substance, would not have shown any material variation, so far as its chief topics—the multiplication of grounds of divorce and of Divorce Courts—are concerned. His long experience of divorce law and practice and his great gifts, especially a remarkable power of enthusiastic concentration, professional tact and rare personal charm, would have ensured for him signal influence in the conduct of any similar enquiry; but on this Commission, amongst those in general harmony with his point of view, he was the one dominant figure. If strong prepossessions are not disqualifications for the direction of an investigation which involved the exposure of pitiful human suffering, tending to upset the coolest judgment, Lord Gorell was in a unique degree fitted to be the Chairman. But the prepossessions were there—the outgrowth, be it said, at least as much of a warm heart as of reasoned conviction. The Commission was appointed on Nov. 10, 1909. Three years earlier, in 1906, Lord Gorell, then President of the Probate Division, in his considered judgment on the very important divorce case *Dodd v. Dodd* (L. R. [1906] P. 189 at p. 207) had taken the exceptional course of expressing, in an interrogative form, his own conviction of the necessity of divorce reform and of the direction it should take. We quote his words.

‘It is not necessary for me now to express a formal and final opinion upon these serious questions, but the considera-

tion of what I have found it necessary to deal with in this judgment brings prominently forward the question whether, assuming that divorce is to be allowed at all, as it has been in England by judicial decree for the past fifty years and for a long time before that by Act of Parliament, any reform would be effective and adequate which did not abolish permanent separation, as distinguished from divorce, place the sexes on an equality as regards offence and relief, and permit a decree being obtained for such definite grave causes of offence as render future cohabitation impracticable and frustrate the object of marriage; and whether such reform would not largely tend to greater propriety and enhance that respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie which is so essential in the best interests of society and the State. It is sufficient at present to say that, from what I have pointed out, there appears to be good reason for reform, and that probably it would be found that it should be in the direction above indicated.'

These sentences might almost seem a short summary of the Majority Report with regard to the matters dealt with in them. The question of local courts had been handled by Lord Gorell in February 1909. As Chairman of a Departmental Committee on County Courts he had recommended that full divorce jurisdiction, for persons of limited means, should be conferred on those courts outside London (County Courts Comm. Rep., p. 22). The Majority Report differs from Lord Gorell's earlier proposal in substituting for the main body of County Court Judges, taking divorce as an addition to their ordinary work, a smaller body of County Court Judges temporarily detached for divorce business exclusively, with the title and powers of Commissioners of the High Court. But both plans involve divorce being granted by County Court Judges at a great number of local courts. The Majority Report suggests 89 centres as a beginning, with facilities for adding to that number. Ardent sympathy and preconceived opinions have obvious dangers for an investigator; but, although it would be idle to pretend that any witness who came in contact with Lord Gorell during the sittings of the Commission was left in doubt as to what he thought, it is a tribute to his fairness and real elevation of mind that he was able to keep his own views as much out of sight as he did.

At the outset of the Majority Report (p. 2) Lord Gorell dwells with pride on the copiousness of the evidence heard by the Commission. 'A full enquiry, such as has taken place before us, does not appear to have been held at any time previously in this country, nor, so far as we are aware, in any other.' It will not be disputed that within the three thick volumes of evidence, containing 1510 pages of matter and 43,598 questions and answers, there lies enshrined a great deal of valuable material. It is due to circumstances over which the Commissioners had only partial control that this unwieldy mass has been swollen by repetition and irrelevance, and its importance lessened by the record of eccentric and exaggerated opinions. Royal Commissions do indispensable national service and become more necessary as Parliament itself grows less and less capable of the effective discussion of subjects which demand knowledge, reflection and independence. But we have no settled practice for the conduct of Royal Commissions; and in no part of their machinery is it more wanted than in the matter of collecting evidence and choosing witnesses.

As an example of haphazard arrangements, the two Royal Commissions on Divorce may be instanced. The first Commission was appointed in 1850. It heard two witnesses, adopted the evidence of five others given some years previously before a Select Committee, and presented a Majority Report which recommended that divorce *a vinculo* on the ground of adultery, hitherto unknown in our courts, should be introduced into English law. This advice was based partly on the needs of the day and partly on an historical retrospect. The latter has long been a byword for its errors. Plainly this Report, with its gravely important recommendations, would have gained in repute if more pains had been taken with the evidence. But, while seven witnesses were deemed enough for the Royal Commission which initiated the Divorce Court, the recent Royal Commission to consider its development has found it necessary to hear 246. It is difficult to believe that excess has not now taken the place of defect. Examination of the bluebooks strengthens this impression. Did it, for example, really require eight County Court Judges, six Registrars and one High Bailiff to convince the Commissioners that, while

some of these public officers think the County Courts could grant divorce with advantage to the community, the others think exactly the reverse? It should be added that, notwithstanding this lavish supply of County Court witnesses, neither in the evidence nor in the Majority Report is any reference made to the Statement of the General Council of the Bar (see App. vii) in which concrete illustrations of 'the present congested condition of business in many of the County Courts, the difficulty of obtaining continuity of trial, and the consequent expense' are given.

The piling-up of witnesses who repeated the same facts or expressed the same opinions is to be found in other contexts. But irrelevance is far more noticeable and far less excusable than repetition. For example, if there be one subject of social concern which, more than another, has no legitimate relation to party politics, it is the marriage question. Yet the views of political persons and associations were allowed the freest possible expression in the witness chair. It does not diminish the force of this criticism that the political witnesses to whom the Commission listened came from one side only. Thus Sir David Brynmor Jones, M.P., appeared to inform the Commission that the Welsh Liberal Parliamentary Party had passed a resolution and that they 'look upon this question of the localisation of the administration of the law in divorce and matrimonial causes in the Principality as one urgently needing the attention of the Government.' Proceeding in the same dignified strain and still as the spokesman of the Welsh Liberal Parliamentary Party, Sir David continued!(iii, 499),

'We are of opinion that for judicial purposes Wales should be regarded as a self-contained area on racial, linguistic and historical grounds, though in the practical application of this principle we do not desire to advance proposals of an extravagant character involving any undue burden on the Treasury.'

Why the Divorce Commission, with surely more than enough business of its own, should be made the vehicle for conveying to the Government these views of high policy and considerate economy is by no means obvious. It is true that Sir D. Brynmor Jones, having discharged this important mission, gave evidence in the same lofty

tone in his individual capacity. But he had nothing very striking to say. He enlarged on the semi-barbarous arrangements as to marriage said to have been made by Welshmen in early times, from which it would appear that, then at any rate, Cambrian anxiety centred more on the wife's dowry than on the wife herself.

Lady Bamford Slack appeared to state the views of the Women's Liberal Federation, and Miss Broadhurst to represent the Political Reform League. The latter, under the unkind examination of Lord Derby, had to confess that the Political Reform League numbered about 400 members only, and that she had the vaguest possible mandate to speak on their behalf. Dr Ethel Bentham appeared for the Fabian Women's Group, numbering about 200. Mr Atherley Jones, Radical M.P. for N.W. Durham, came to say that he prepared a Divorce Bill 'some years ago' which, however, 'was never introduced in the House,' and could not be submitted to the Commission because he had mislaid it. These are but a few out of a considerable number of political witnesses, all of whom, it is fair to say, protested social as well as political aims. Then there were resolutions from Women's Liberal Associations, Women's Suffrage Societies, Women's Labour Leagues, the Women's Liberal Federation, branches of the Independent Labour Party, and at least one Socialist Society. We venture to assert that the whole of this political evidence, with the exception of that of one or two female doctors, was worthless, and might well have been dispensed with.

Anyone who has followed the evidence, either from day to day in newspaper reports or as collected in the blue-books, must have been struck with the quantity of particularist views and 'crank' evidence poured out before the Commission not only as to divorce but also about other subjects. Perhaps the most flagrant instance is that of Mr Maurice Hewlett. He produced a memorandum the object of which was to insist that, sexual desire being part of the essence of marriage, its cessation ought to be a sufficient ground for divorce. It is a repulsive attempt to disguise selfish lust by describing it in high-sounding words, so that lechery becomes, for those who possess what Mr Hewlett calls 'higher natures,' merely a transfer of 'bodily desire and spiritual intention' from

one partner to another, which the law ought to facilitate and public opinion to sanction.

Another witness who managed to combine in his evidence most of the defects we have enumerated was Mr Cecil Chapman, a metropolitan magistrate. As an instance of evidence unthought-out, impracticable, irrelevant and inexact, it was happily almost unique. He thinks the effect of separation orders is 'generally bad.' Yet it appeared from the evidence of another magistrate (vol. i, p. 99) that Mr Chapman is so lavish in granting them that, as the result of his being attached to a particular court, the number of separation orders granted there was almost doubled. He gave accounts of sad cases such as every police-court furnishes and will continue to furnish until poverty and vice disappear out of the world. The remedy he prescribes is divorce, to be granted by a stipendiary magistrate armed, it would seem, with large discretionary powers. Mr Chapman's sayings and doings are frequently reported in the London evening papers, and they certainly indicate a larger reliance on his own intuitions than on any enlightenment which might result from a study of the law. But, although Mr Chapman was enthusiastic for divorce at the discretion of the Court, he apparently had no clear or coherent scheme in his mind. He soon strayed away into eccentric proposals to alleviate the 'economic dependence of women.' He would confer on every wife a legal right to a definite share in her husband's earnings, as payment to her for 'acting as the mother of *his* children and the keeper of *his* house.' (The italics are ours.) It is fair to add that Mr Chapman was not the only witness prepared to regard as a reasonable incident of ordinary married life a wife suing her husband in respect of her services to their common home and children.

Mr Chapman seemed to think that the need for divorce was largely created by reckless marriages; and, if he did mean this, we believe he was quite right, although the subject is distinct from that referred to the Royal Commission. But, when he proceeded to enlarge on this theme, he again lapsed into futile eccentricity. The marriage contract, he believed, would be made more real and impressive by the removal of all religious sanction. Mr Chapman thinks men would then fear to break the

marriage vow because it would be a 'crime' to do so instead of, as now, only a 'sin.' There is much to be said for universal civil marriage, but surely not on this ground. Again Mr Chapman most properly deplores the very early marriages of boys and girls amongst the poorest class. But there is no recognition of the difficulty and danger of invalidating as well as forbidding too early marriages, or of the probable alternative of lawless intercourse and bastard children. He has no remedy to propose except the crudely impossible one of prohibiting all marriages until the parties produce formal certificates of birth. The clearest point which Mr Chapman made was not only unconnected with divorce but also turned out to be ill-founded. He instanced as one of the inducements to reckless marriages an alleged 'practice' on the part of clergymen to undersell one another by reducing their marriage fees, and to advertise the fact on their church boards. Under examination Mr Chapman gave a name as that of his informant and also mentioned the district in South London where this abuse was supposed to be rampant. But the gentleman indicated categorically denied responsibility for the story, and the rural dean of the district proved that it had no foundation in fact. Many years ago, in a quite different part of London, something of the kind was for a time attempted in one particular church; and tradition of another isolated case was mentioned, but without details. Thus the time of the Commission was wasted and the mass of the evidence uselessly increased first by Mr Chapman's mare's nest and then by its exposure.

Of distinguished exponents of special points of view the Commission suffered no lack. Mr Frederic Harrison explained with considerable fullness the Positivist opinion on marriage as well as divorce. He produced a form of marriage service composed by himself. With regard to divorce, Mr Harrison, while admitting that as a legislator he might be tempted by cruel cases of suffering to enlarge the area of divorce, made the following remarkable statement (vol. iii, pp. 356, 357):

'But human life and society have cruel cases of suffering on every side—cruel parents, cruel children, treacherous friends, fraudulent agents, and inhuman masters. And in our eagerness to save individuals, let us not ruin institutions by de-

grading the moral law which holds them together. To extend facilities for divorce to some is to vulgarise the sanctity of marriage for all. Our body, here and abroad, has never given any countenance to the cry of modern democracy to extend and popularise divorce. On the contrary, it has always held divorce to be one of the most sinister and most dangerous symptoms of social dissolution, of moral anæmia, and of religious chaos. It seems to us the thin end of the wedge to establish free love.'

The Positivist acquiesces as a citizen in whatever the law of the land may be as to marriage and divorce, but as a believer in the 'religion of humanity' condemns second marriages of all sorts, which, while they 'may have full legal and moral validity,' 'cannot ask for any religious consecration.'

The principles of Eugenics, concerned as they are with the breaking as well as the making of marriages, found an eminent advocate before the Commission in Mr Crackanthorpe, K.C., President of the Eugenics Education Society. The society two years ago numbered 400 subscribers, and its subject is undoubtedly attracting an increasing amount of attention. That it should do so must tend to dissipate the deplorable ignorance which prevails on matters of vital importance for the healthy continuance of the race, and is therefore wholly satisfactory. It is primarily concerned with the prevention of marriages of persons who, from age, actual disease, or morbid taint, bodily or mental, are unfit to become parents. Exponents of Eugenics would encourage restrictions both by law and by a sound public opinion; but Mr Crackanthorpe seemed to recognise that the latter would effect more than the former, and that its growth must be very slow. But the Society would not only discourage unfit marriages, it would also terminate those which exist. 'Just as there are marriages which, in the interests of the race, ought not to take place, so there are marriages which, having taken place, ought in the interests of the race to be dissolved' (vol. iii, p. 85). It is not very clear whether marriages should be dissolved against the will of both partners where one of them is unfit; and, further, what is to be done with the unfit partner who may, nevertheless, be in the prime of life and vigour. Since the supreme object is to prevent

faulty breeding, the wishes of the parties do not seem to matter; and, as Mr Crackanthorpe, when questioned, reluctantly hinted, the unfit partner can be dealt with by artificial means (vol. iii, pp. 93, 94).

The theory of divorce so regarded is quite logical. It is this. The race is more important than the individual. The continuance of the race depends upon marriage. Its satisfactory continuance depends upon satisfactory marriages. Therefore in the interests of the race, and apart from the rights or wishes of individuals, marriages which are not satisfactory should be dissolved; and if, in addition, it is desirable with a view to the satisfactory continuance of the race that the sound partner of a dissolved marriage should assist in that process, his or her remarriage should be encouraged. One is inevitably reminded of the methods of a stud-farm. But Mr Crackanthorpe would doubtless demur to any definite proposal of what may be called 'positive' Eugenics. His practical proposals are concerned with 'negative' or preventive measures.

We have, of course, no desire to represent the evidence to which reference has been made as typical of that given by the whole body of witnesses. To do so would be quite misleading. A large proportion of the evidence was essential to any intelligent consideration of the subject. Both sides of the main question—the enlargement of grounds of divorce—were represented. As was perhaps to be expected, the witnesses who agreed with the view of the Chairman and the majority of his colleagues, especially if we include theorists as well as those in actual contact with divorce problems, were more numerous than those who dissented from that view. It is always easier to get persons to come forward who desire a change, than to stir those to action who do not desire it. This is the case even where, as in this instance, societies and associations and official and other bodies are invited to nominate spokesmen. A committee quite naturally chooses a member who is known to take a special interest in the particular subject; but it by no means follows that the witness so obtained is truly representative of the common sense and sane judgment of the whole body. The Majority Report frankly admits that one object in taking evidence in public was to

attract the attention of possible witnesses. It will be readily appreciated how surely that procedure would tend to multiply evidence, especially the evidence of those zealous to advocate change. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact will hardly be denied that the balance of opinion in favour of an extension of grounds of divorce, as revealed before the Commission, does not at all correspond to the state of opinion outside.

The result of the unwieldy bulk of the evidence and of its undue preponderance on one side has been unfortunate for the Majority Report. Conscious that evidence buried in heavy bluebooks is inaccessible to the public, the draftsman has adopted the unusual course of quoting or summarising in the text the witnesses' statements on which he relies, instead of merely noting in the margin where they may be found. The effect has been to expand a necessarily long report into one very long indeed. One hundred and sixty-seven printed pages, even without the lengthy appendices, are too many for most people's time and mental digestion. It was no doubt a recognition of this fact which led the Secretaries of the Commission to publish their excellent summary mentioned at the beginning of this article. But summaries are dull things. It is fair to add that what elaboration could do to help the reader's painful journey through the Majority Report has been done unstintingly. An analytical Table of Contents precedes it; a Summary of Recommendations and a 'Conspectus' of the Summary follow it. The Report itself is divided into 18 parts, 8 questions (some of them subdivided into chapters) and 529 paragraphs; finally there is an index. But, notwithstanding all the labour expended on it, the Majority Report has suffered, and will suffer, from an unwieldiness which it owes primarily to the unwieldiness of the evidence.

Two months have passed since the Reports were published. Although, partly in consequence of the great delay in their appearance and partly in consequence of the preoccupation of the public mind by other matters, the Reports have not attracted so much attention as they might have done in different circumstances, it may nevertheless be assumed that their main contents are now familiar to those who feel sufficient interest in

the subject to read this article ; and we shall not attempt to restate them. There are a large number of highly important recommendations relating to the grounds, incidents and results of separation orders, and the procedure connected with them ; and there are other not less important recommendations relating to divorce law and procedure. As to all these the Commissioners, no doubt under the guidance of the Chairman, were unanimous. No one is better able to advise on such matters than Lord Gorell, though the public, from lack of technical knowledge, is not very well qualified to appreciate his views.

The four main issues dealt with by the Commission are (1) Enlarged grounds of divorce, (2) Local Divorce Courts, (3) Equality of the sexes, and (4) Publication of the reports of divorce cases. On the first two the Commissioners were divided ; on the last two they were agreed. All four, but pre-eminently the first, to which alone this article is devoted, closely affect the social life of the nation, and must ultimately be settled as its conscience and common sense may dictate.

No more fateful proposal than that of largely adding to the grounds of divorce has ever been submitted to the country for determination. The attitude of Lord Gorell and his colleagues on this point must not be misunderstood. They advocate divorce, not because they like it, but because they conceive themselves driven to advise it as a remedy for great existing evils. The Majority Report considers eleven causes which have been suggested by witnesses as justifying the legislature in providing for the dissolution of marriage. Some of these eleven causes overlap ; and it will be sufficient to regard them as eight, and to classify them as follows—(I) adultery, which is the only present ground of divorce in England ; (II) desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness, and imprisonment for life under a commuted death-sentence—these are the additional grounds now recommended ; (III) unconquerable aversion and mutual consent, which are grounds not recommended by Lord Gorell and the majority of the Commissioners.

It is extremely important that we should fairly appreciate the reasons which lie behind these recom-

mendations. It is not claimed by the Majority that there is a great public demand for extension of grounds of divorce. However it may be explained, it is clear that no such demand exists; and, so far, the efforts of individuals and of societies consisting of a few individuals banded together have wholly failed to create one. A Divorce Law Reform Union, for the purpose of evoking public opinion in favour of a wide extension of grounds of divorce, has been in existence for some years, but has not greatly flourished. Its chairman and secretary, Messrs Fairfax and Gates, were examined at considerable length before the Commission. They are gentlemen engaged in the City in business the precise nature of which they explained rather vaguely (vol. i, pp. 208, 212). The Union was then established in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, and appeared in Kelly's Directory to share its office with 'The Fairfax Trust, Limited' and 'Richard T. Gates and Co., Financial Agents.' The members were stated by Mr Gates to number 'about 300 or 400.' But since then there is said to have been expansion; and the Union has moved westwards to a seventh floor room in Piccadilly. The names of the Committee are not published, but there is a list of Vice-Presidents comprising several well-known novelists and writers.

The case for divorce cannot therefore be based on the urgency of a public demand, but on the alleged urgency of the circumstances themselves. Lord Gorell and his colleagues say in effect, and say truly, there are a great number of cases disclosed in the evidence, and probably a greater number undisclosed, where, in consequence of immorality, desertion, cruelty, insanity, inebriety or other grave cause, a marriage has been *de facto* terminated, and where there has resulted or is likely to result not only great suffering, physical and mental, to at least one of the parties to the marriage and to the children, but also a disregard of the sanctity of marriage shown by the formation of an illegal union. They say, further, that the existence of these cases throws on the State the responsibility of finding a remedy, and that the only remedy is divorce.

Now it is impossible in this article to discuss the evidence of 'hard cases' laid before the Commission.

There was a not unnatural inclination, on the part of some witnesses, to exaggerate. Of this perhaps the most glaring example was the attempt of Sir John Macdonell to treat magistrates' separation orders—even in official statistics—whether acted on or not, and notwithstanding frequent reconciliations, as equivalent to divorces, and thus grossly to overstate the number of persons who, to use his own phrase, are 'separated for life' (Min. Rep., p. 178). The Majority Report itself, it must be confessed, shows a tendency to paint things as black as possible. But, when all allowances have been made, it remains true that broken-up homes, with their accompaniments of misery, suffering and vice, are only too common in this country. It is part of the tragedy of the world that people may suffer all their lifetime in consequence of one wrong act, or even of one mere mistake, committed perhaps in early youth. Sadder still is the spectacle, familiar to all of us, of suffering endured by those who are in no sense responsible for its causes. The discords of parents, whether they do or do not culminate in separation, cannot but bring manifold mischiefs on their children. These range from the moral bewilderment a little child feels who witnesses a quarrel between its parents, both of whom have been hitherto regarded as infallible, to the dire trouble, perhaps starvation, endured in a home deserted by the breadwinner. There is no difference of opinion between the Majority and the Minority as to the reality, and not very much as to the amount, of the evil caused by unsuccessful marriages. It is in the attempt to prescribe a remedy, one which will attack the result of disease without removing its causes, that disagreement emerges. The one side advocate divorce as an instant cure for broken-down marriages. The other have no such specific to recommend. They offer only the old-fashioned remedies of unselfishness, grit, self-control and trust in God, as the true means both of preventing and of bearing trouble.

The Majority Report is vitiated by two capital errors. In the first place it assumes, without evidence and without consideration, that divorce is an effective remedy for the mischief and distress it describes. Lord Gorell and his colleagues, having listened to the evidence of judges,

magistrates, counsel, solicitors, chief constables, police court missionaries, rescue workers, doctors, lunacy experts and officials, inebriety experts, prison officials, medical officers of health and many other persons, lay the result before the reader. They find that in every class of society there are a number, small in proportion to the population, but actually considerable, of marriages which have broken down in the sense that the partners do not wish or are not able to continue to live together. The Majority ask themselves whether there is any valid reason why such marriages should not be legally dissolved so as to allow the parties to enter into fresh marriages; and they convince themselves that there is no valid reason against dissolution and remarriage in cases where one or other of the five proposed new grounds of divorce is present. They make their recommendations accordingly. But from first to last there is no attempt to show that divorce will in fact remove the misery and cure the evil which the Majority and the Minority alike deplore. The impulse to 'do something' in the presence of acute suffering is natural enough. It prompts the ill-advised kindness of the ignorant towards their sick, with which doctors are only too familiar. It sustains the market for quack medicines. But it ought not to be necessary to remind men charged with so important an investigation as that of the late Commission that the proposed remedy requires as much examination as the circumstances which have suggested its application. They have been content to describe elaborately a condition of things which must arouse the sympathy or indignation of everyone, and, it would seem, to rely on the emotion so excited to win support for their recommendations; as if, the deeper the tragedy of broken lives, the more irresistible were the inference that divorce will mend them.

But is it so? Let us take the most common case of all—the typical illustration which is always before the mind of advocates of divorce and therefore more frequently cited than any other—the case of a mother of the working class deserted by her husband who has decamped abroad and has left her with a family of four or five young children, to face the world as best they can, without resources and without protection. The Majority Report recommends that, after the lapse of three years, the

mother may be allowed to apply to a court for a sentence which will dissolve the marriage and permit her to remarry. But is this in any sense an effective remedy? The struggle to obtain food and clothes for herself and the little ones and to keep the home together will be most severe at first;* and although, at the very outset, the deserted family may count on the practical sympathy of friends and neighbours, if the deserted mother has done nothing to forfeit it, this will certainly not last three years. Moreover, the bitterness of the wife, especially if she thinks another woman has supplanted her, will be most acute while the injury is fresh. The first few months, therefore, will inevitably be the period of greatest moral danger as well as of severe economic stress. Suppose this period successfully passed and the new conditions courageously grappled with, it is certain that, when the three years are over, the crisis will in a great number of cases have ceased to be acute. In other words, divorce at the end of three years, viewed as a remedy, is hopelessly belated. Long before the time has passed, either the moral disaster of an irregular union will have happened, or the danger of it will have greatly lessened. In many, probably in most, cases a domestic *modus vivendi* of some sort will have been reached under which life, though still a hard struggle, will be possible, and will at least possess the alleviation of freedom from the selfish tyranny of a bad husband.

But let us suppose that divorce were obtainable immediately after desertion, and let us ignore the obvious reasons which make such a provision admittedly impossible. The assumption which lies behind the recommendation of the Majority Report must be that not only another but a better husband will, at any rate very frequently, be found ready to assume the responsibilities which have been abandoned by the first. The poor are undoubtedly very good to one another, and there are no known laws of taste in the selection of wives and husbands; but it is absurd to ask us to take for granted that a working man, who is sensible enough to make a good husband, seeking a wife, will be apt to be attracted by a woman whom a

* In the case of a childless woman deserted by her husband, the financial anxiety is of course much less, and the chance of finding employment much greater.

stormy life and frequent motherhood will almost inevitably have robbed of the freshness of youth, and so strongly attracted that he will desire not only to marry her but to adopt as his own her children by another man. As Mr T. Holmes, the secretary of the Howard Association and a Police Court Missionary of exceptional experience, stated in his evidence (vol. ii, p. 236), 'The chances of her being married to any decent fellow, if she has a young family, are very remote.' Such cases will no doubt occur, but it is surely an offence against common sense to pretend that they are likely to be so numerous as to justify a change of the law in order to provide for them.

It must not be supposed that the gain is altogether on the side of a remarriage, even should it occur. Everyone who interests himself in this problem is aware that one of its most perplexing factors is the fate of the children of a marriage that has broken down. They are the innocent victims of, at the best, the mistakes, but oftener the wrong-doing, of their parents. They stand to suffer in any case, but it is a fatal criticism of any so-called reform that it will aggravate rather than relieve that suffering. Their mother's remarriage provides them, it is true, with a stepfather, and (it may be assumed) relieves the economic pressure. But, on the other hand, while he *may* become an excellent parent, he may not; and in any view he will scarcely be free from irritation at the thought that he is discharging responsibilities which properly belong to another man. Human nature being what it is, it is certain that too frequently the new husband will show but little kindness to the children, while their mother has fresh and absorbing interests. It will often be found, especially if a second family comes on the scene, that the children of the first marriage, instead of gaining a father, have virtually lost their mother.

If, instead of having deserted, the husband has become insane, is deemed to be incurably so, and has been continuously confined during five years, the Majority Report recommends that his wife should be allowed to divorce him and to remarry. So far as the efficacy of divorce as a remedy is concerned, very much the same considerations are applicable as if there had been desertion. Other points of view will be dealt with later.

In cases of cruelty and habitual drunkenness, the new husband must, in addition to the drawbacks already mentioned, be prepared to face his predecessor, who, it must be remembered, will neither be at the other end of the world nor safely locked-up in an asylum, and will be very apt to make himself actively disagreeable. It is difficult to see how divorce can, in any of these cases, be practically successful in promoting satisfactory remarriages. That is the test, because the only important distinction between divorce and judicial separation, which Lord Gorell would abolish if it were possible to do so, is that the former admits of remarriage and the latter does not. But the probabilities of desirable remarriages being remote, the belief which we understand is prevalent amongst married women of the working classes—that they stand to lose by any extension of the grounds of divorce—seems well founded, even in cases where, if a divorce suit were instituted, they would be the petitioners. As to other cases, where the husband would be the applicant for divorce—and probably these are the cases chiefly in their thoughts—the impression is that the proposed enlarged facilities will be used by men who, having taken the best years of a woman's life, desire to get rid of her in order to obtain a younger partner.

In the less frequent case of a wife who deserts her husband and children, an immoral relation with another man has almost always been already formed, or speedily follows, so that the present law of divorce on the ground of adultery is applicable. But in instances where misconduct does not occur or cannot be proved, a father left without a wife to bring up a young family would, no doubt, generally have a better chance of leading a clean life and of doing his duty by his children, if he were in a position to marry again. If such cases were very common, or even as frequent as those of deserted wives, it would be much easier to defend the Majority Report, as at least providing a real remedy for a widespread evil. The desirability of remarriage, in the circumstances supposed, is just the same as if the wife had died. To a certain extent similar considerations apply where the wife is incurably insane. It is, however, a significant fact that of the letters addressed to the Commission by husbands who complained of not being able

to divorce lunatic wives, most of them dwell chiefly on the expense to which the writers have been put. They desire relief from this burden, as if it were an intolerable grievance that a man should be forced to contribute to the support of his wife, when she can offer him no return in the way of service or companionship. In other words, the hardship actually pressing on those who would welcome divorce on the ground of insanity is not that which the Majority Report seeks to remove, of a husband tempted and children neglected, but rather the husband's obligation to spend money on the unfortunate woman whom he has promised to cherish in sickness as well as in health.

We have spoken so far of the working class and of the very limited extent to which divorce on the basis of the Majority Report can in their case be regarded as an effective remedy. To the wealthy on the one hand, and to the lowest class on the other, different considerations apply, but they point nevertheless in the same direction. The absence of financial pressure, of course, greatly modifies the problem of the deserted home, whether it be the mother or the father who has left it. The difficulty of finding somebody to look after house and children, in the one case, is much less; and the difficulty of providing for the support of the family, in the other, is absent. Moreover, to anyone who watches the sequel of the divorce cases of the well-to-do in England, and still more in the United States, it is apparent that the opportunity for a fresh start and a happy married life, which divorce is supposed to provide, is not necessarily productive of that result. Persons who have appeared once in the Divorce Court sometimes appear there again; and in a certain section of society in America this is, we believe, not uncommon.

With regard to the lowest class in English towns and cities, the evidence given before the Commission showed with painful clearness that amongst them sexual immorality is so rampant and so lightly regarded that no change in the law of divorce would produce any appreciable effect, because marriage itself is practically ignored. It is important to note the existence of this degraded section of the community because, although it is difficult to give exact references, anyone who reads the evidence

before the Commission will probably come to the conclusion that much of the vice which is described as due to the absence of greater facilities for divorce is to be found in this submerged class, which no alteration of the law would affect in the slightest degree. The witnesses in real contact with the poor were agreed that this section, while unhappily in existence, forms but a small fraction of the entire working class, amongst whom fidelity to the marriage vow is, on the whole, honourably conspicuous.

It seems difficult to believe, if the considerations we have stated be allowed their due weight, that divorce extended on the lines indicated in the Majority Report can achieve the results anticipated by its framers. That it might do so in some cases is probable; that it would not do so in a far greater number of cases seems certain. It is, as we have said, a most serious omission that this aspect of the subject, which lies apart from the question whether extension is defensible on grounds of principle, has been overlooked in the Majority Report.

The second capital error which, in our view, vitiates the work of Lord Gorell and his colleagues is that they misconceive both the strength and the nature of the objection to extension of the causes of divorce. They divide their opponents, as represented by the witnesses, into two groups, those who object on religious grounds and those who are adverse to extension 'for social reasons,' as being inimical to 'the interest of the State and morality.' The former are airily dismissed as unimportant because, we are told, 'it is difficult if not impossible for them to regard the matter apart from their religious views.' The latter are also treated as negligible. It is deemed enough to say that witnesses who take this view 'are in a very small minority.'

It may be doubted whether it was wise thus to belittle the force of objections. That is, however, a tactical question which concerns the authors of the Majority Report more than anyone else. Whether wise or not, it was clearly infelicitous. It may be impossible for those whose 'religious views' are inconsistent with divorce to prove that they are capable of considering the subject independently and from a purely secular standpoint; but the publication of the Reports has made it clear that

there is a great body of opinion, uninfluenced by ecclesiastical notions, which yet looks with disfavour on the recommendations of the Majority Report for 'social reasons' and 'in the interest of the State and morality.' The views so lightly dismissed as those of 'a very small minority' are found to have wide acceptance both in the Press and in the country.

The proposed additional grounds of divorce are fully discussed in the Minority Report, together with the reasons which seem to its signatories to tell against the adoption of any of them. To what is there said it may be added that these grounds seem to fall into three groups or grades, viz. (i) Desertion and Cruelty, (ii) Habitual Drunkenness and Penal Servitude under a commuted death sentence, and (iii) Incurable Insanity—the objections to divorce on the first two grounds being the most serious, and those to divorce on the last ground the least so. Desertion and cruelty as grounds of divorce open so easy and obvious a way for collusive actions that Mr Barnard, K.C., one of the Divorce Court leaders, put it thus (vol. i, p. 183): 'I think, if you have divorce for desertion, it is practically coming to divorce by consent.' Habitual drunkenness and imprisonment are not liable to the same abuse. But drunkenness is often curable and therefore not an adequate ground. The number of convicts suffering under commuted death-sentences at any one time is so small that it is difficult not to believe that this recommendation was made with a view to its being subsequently expanded so as to include other cases of penal servitude. It will be noticed that Mr Spender in a note appended to the Report suggests that divorce should be allowed in all cases of five years' penal servitude.

The third ground, viz. that of incurable insanity, stands on a footing by itself and is full of difficulty. On the one hand it may be said that marriage, which is dissolved by death, is a union of mind as well as of body, and that in the case of an incurable lunatic the mind is dead; and further that the percentage of lunatics who recover after five years' illness is so small as to be negligible. On the other hand it is to be remembered that lunacy, unlike either of the other matters, may be and often is pure misfortune, and not the result of the wrongdoing of

the insane person. The majority of mental experts examined before the Commission were against the addition of incurable insanity to the causes of divorce, because of its possible results not only on the insane, but also on those who, without being insane, are in more or less danger of becoming so. It must be added that the peril of persons being wrongfully confined as lunatics, never wholly absent notwithstanding the most stringent precautions, would be increased in proportion to the inducement which the new law would offer to unscrupulous persons.

But the weakest feature of the Majority Report is its extraordinary failure to deal with the main objection to the proposed new grounds of divorce, that is, the lack of any governing principle, or rather the lack of any principle which could not equally well be pleaded in support of divorce by mutual consent. Divorce on this ground is repudiated by the Majority Report, but the point at which the authors stop upon the road towards it is determined by considerations of the merest opportunism. New causes of divorce are recommended, and the conditions by which they are to be accompanied are fixed, in accordance with what are deemed to be the requirements of the moment, without any pretence of finality. The Minority Report (pp. 184-6) enters fully into this aspect of the matter. But it is worth while to draw attention here to the unavailing struggles of the authors of the Majority Report to discover something like a defensible basis for their recommendations. The word 'principle' is in frequent use throughout the Report, but with how little clearness of definition the reader soon discovers. On p. 95 it is stated :

'In considering what law should be laid down in the best interest of the whole community, the State should be guided by two principles :

- (1) No law should be so harsh as to lead to its common disregard.
- (2) No law should be so lax as to lessen the regard for the sanctity of marriage.'

These statements of so-called principle seem to beg the question. No law should be 'harsh'; and whether the

present law is so, whether its strictness 'leads to its common disregard,' and whether the law as proposed to be altered would 'lessen the regard for the sanctity of marriage,' are exactly the matters at issue.

On p. 96 we are told, 'the law should be such as would give relief when serious causes intervene which are generally and properly recognised as leading to the break-up of married life.' This is the nearest approach to a definite principle contained in the Report. But it will carry Lord Gorell and his colleagues much further than they are prepared to go. If it be accepted, the really logical reformers are the apostles of divorce by mutual consent, of divorce when the affection of either partner has been withdrawn, and of marriage terminable at will—a point of view which had several defenders, male and female, amongst the witnesses. There are also, scattered up and down the Report, statements such as this (p. 96): 'We do not recommend the Legislature to permit of the dissolution of marriage for other than very grave causes.' Again (p. 96), the authors disown any intention 'to recommend that divorce should be granted for trivial reasons.' Flabby sentences of this kind convey no clear idea and serve no purpose beyond displaying the failure of the authors to discern even in their own minds any reasoned foundation for their work.

The Majority Report would be a stronger document if Lord Gorell and his colleagues had frankly given up the vain effort to find a principle where none exists. The real distinction between the Majority and the Minority Reports is that, while the latter insists that divorce, if it is not to endanger the very existence of family life, must rest upon some defensible principle by which its application can be controlled, the former looks at the hardness of hard cases and would allow divorce, wherever the cases are hard enough and occur with sufficient frequency, without reference to any principle at all. Lord Gorell's reiterated question to witnesses who told some sad story of a deserted wife was to this effect: How does the State gain by keeping this poor woman tied to a rascal who has bolted to America, when, if she were free, she might be happily married again? Nothing could make clearer the point of view from which the Majority Report was conceived. It is the assumed result, in the particular

case, that is the real inducement towards the extension of grounds of divorce. Notwithstanding the attempts to give to the Majority Report a decent appearance of argument, if any wider idea than the consideration of hard cases had been in the mind of its chief author, his question would have taken a different form. It would have been: How would the State lose if divorce were made possible, the matter being judged not by its result in this one hard case, but by its general effect?

We by no means deny that a great deal may be said for a divorce law which makes no pretence of consistency; and deals with each case as the Kadi under a palm-tree is supposed to dispense justice. Hard cases could then be relieved and undeserving applicants sent empty away. The same might be said of every other department of law. But the difficulty would be to find the ideal Kadi, quick to decide, too astute to be deluded, of infallible judgment, immensely resourceful and impeccably just. It is open to doubt whether even Mr Cecil Chapman might not feel the strain excessive. At any rate we could not hope to secure a supply of adequate successors.

It is a truism that the tendency of any divorce law must be to lessen the sense of the permanence of the marriage tie. A relationship which cannot be dissolved at all, and one that can be broken off, will obviously strike the mind differently. The extension of divorce is therefore the growth of something which cannot but possess elements of possible disturbance to family life. But the danger of actual mischief is indefinitely increased if grounds of divorce are not only multiplied, but are chosen on no principle and are accompanied by purely artificial conditions. If the idea be once accepted, that if a marriage be unsuccessful it may be dissolved, the pressure, which must always be on the side of further relaxation, will certainly prove too strong for any merely arbitrary restrictions. They will disappear, and the risk to family life which is inherent in all divorce will thus grow into a great peril menacing the very foundations of society.

The experience of divorce in the United States is of signal importance from this point of view. Divorce is granted in almost all the States for many causes—but chiefly for desertion or cruelty—and by many courts. Some degree of mutual arrangement in most divorce

suits may be taken for granted (vol. ii, p. 158). In 1906 the number of divorces was 86 per 100,000 of the population, which is considerably more than double the number in proportion to population in any other country in the world except Japan. According to the Census Report, 1909 (p. 37), 'the divorce rate, like the velocity of a falling body, is constantly increasing.' There exists something like a general recognition of a marked unsettlement and restlessness of family life. Many leading Americans deplore what one witness called 'the growing indifference to the duty and obligation of marriage.' According to the same witness, Mr Newton Crane, 'the increasing number of divorces in the United States has aroused a general public interest in that country, which has resulted in a widespread movement for their reduction' (vol. ii, p. 160). Mr Roosevelt some years ago noted the same sinister tendency. 'One of the most unpleasant and dangerous features,' he said, 'of our American life is the diminishing birthrate, the loosening of the marital tie among old native American families' (Census Report, p. 4).

The American witnesses considered sexual immorality less common in the United States than in England; and an anonymous correspondent of the 'Times' ('D.', 'Times,' Nov. 29, 1912) severely criticised the Minority Report for not recording their opinion. But the point of this evidence was to show that the loosening of family ties in America must be due to other causes than vice; it is the fact rather than the cause of this loosening which is material to the argument of the Minority Report. Still, it is well to hope that the moral standard in the States is as high as the witnesses think. We should like, however, to be sure that we are using words in the same sense. When we read such newspaper paragraphs as the following, which we copy almost verbatim—they are common enough—we are in doubt.

Mrs. A, wife of the well-known —, has left her husband, and in company with B, the eminent —, has fled to New York. A divorce is to be obtained. The A's, when they married, agreed to separate as soon as they found one another's society tiresome; and both, despite the New York excursion, remain friends.'

In England this is called shameless adultery. In America it is only the working of easy divorce laws.

The connexion between the decay of home life and the growth of divorce is not perceived by all Americans, and was questioned by a witness, Mr Barratt (vol. ii, pp. 187, 188), who, however, seemed to admit it so far as the rich are concerned. The same witness (vol. ii, pp. 172, 173) complained that it had been formerly represented that one marriage in twelve ended in divorce, but that the figures on which this statement had been founded were wrong in consequence of non-registration of many marriages. But the error does not affect the comparison of divorces with population, which alone is relied on in the Minority Report. This comparison is sufficiently portentous; and we need not concern ourselves with corrections which relate to some entirely different statistics.

The chief lesson of American experience is not to be obscured by points of this nature. The facts which are material and are not challenged are these—divorces easily obtained on the grounds recommended by the Majority Report; a very great and rapidly-growing divorce rate; and a general unsettlement of family life. While we listen with respect to the common, perhaps prevalent, American opinion, that divorce is 'a popular and firmly established institution' (vol. ii, p. 158), and that, whatever is amiss with family life in the States is not to be traced to divorce but to other causes, it seems unreasonable to exclude it as at least one efficient factor of the forces at work. But the point of importance to us at the present time is to note that divorce has certainly failed in the States to do what its advocates predict it will do in England, namely, foster family life, raise 'the standard of morality,' and increase 'regard for the sanctity of marriage' (Rep., p. 96). America is in this respect like every other country where divorce has been freely granted. The Minority Report (p. 175) states that

'no witness has been able to tell us of a country where, as the result of greater facilities for the dissolution of marriage, public morality has been promoted, the ties of family, of husband and wife, of parents and children, have been strengthened, and home life has been made purer and more settled.'

Art. 12.—THE STRATEGY OF THE BALKAN WAR.

SINCE the period of the Napoleonic wars, the steady growth of population, the rise in material prosperity, the development of agriculture, industries, communications, buildings and enclosures, have all combined to alter profoundly the face of Western and Central Europe. But the general condition of European Turkey remains what it was a hundred or five hundred years ago. From the point of view of military science this is to be regretted, for we all want to know what modern European warfare really means. We want to know how the enormous changes in material civilisation, which have taken place in the last century, are going to affect the conduct of warlike operations, for affect them they certainly will. And yet we are little wiser than we were before this Balkan War, for the campaign has been fought in a region where Napoleon, if he were brought to life again, would find little in the landscape to surprise him.

Now, in studying a theatre of war, the features which normally attract the strategist's attention are, first, communications, the road and railway systems; secondly, natural obstacles, the mountains, rivers, marshes, forests and enclosures; thirdly, the resources in the way of food; lastly, the nature of the inhabitants and their habitations. Bearing these points in mind, look at a map of European Turkey. Few railways, few roads; a mountainous country; few towns, few ports; the land apparently undeveloped and therefore probably poor. So it is, very poor; not that the soil is barren or Nature unkind, but that the country is thinly populated, and, where there are few cultivators, the crops will be small. Moreover, during the long years of Turkish maladministration, there have been few markets, great difficulties of intercourse and transport, little or no security. The inhabitants have therefore been accustomed to sow just enough to satisfy their own requirements and those of the Turkish tax-collectors, and no more. Except, then, that after the autumn harvest stores laid in for winter consumption might be commandeered, there is normally no surplus, nothing to spare for invading or defending armies. Armies operating anywhere in European Turkey

must therefore carry all, or nearly all, their own supplies; and this means increased strain upon, increased importance of, the roads and railways.

From sea to sea, the northern frontier of Turkey measures more than 600 miles—about the distance from London to John o' Groat's. Only two railways cross that frontier, one from Sofia to Constantinople, the other from Nish to Salonica. Join these two by the line which skirts the Aegean coast; run out a branch from Uskub to Mitrovitza, another from Salonica to Monastir, a third, recently constructed, from Eski Baba to Kirk Kilisseh—and that completes the railway system of European Turkey. All the lines are single and all of the same gauge; there are no main repair-shops, factories or depots; and the normal service was one passenger train and one or two goods trains daily, so that the amount of rolling stock available was small.

So much for the railways. What about the roads? The road system was taken over from their predecessors by the Turks when they conquered the country in the 14th and 15th centuries; and, for all practical purposes, what it was then so it has remained. Spasmodic attempts at reform have led to patchwork repair in places, and strategical considerations to a capricious rather than consistent development of communications in some of the frontier areas. The writer, for instance, was surprised to find last winter a new and well-constructed cart-road running over the mountains between Kozani and Veria (Karaferia); and the Greeks who used it in their advance upon Salonica were perhaps no less pleasantly surprised. In general, roads in the map mark little more than the lines which the roads used to follow; if a route is fit for vehicles at all, the driver more often picks his path alongside the ancient roadway than upon it.

Next, as to the natural obstacles. From the Black Sea westwards as far as the watershed between the Aegean and the Adriatic seas—that is as far as the natural but neither ethnical nor administrative frontier of Albania—the general slope and the trend of the rivers and valleys, and therefore of the main communications, is from north to south—a fact to be noted, because it facilitates invasion from the north. From the military point of view the rivers are not serious obstacles in themselves.

The Maritza is the largest, and is said to be navigable below Adrianople; the Vardar, as it approaches Salonica, is about as big as the Thames at Windsor; the other rivers are unimportant, but all of course liable after heavy rain to spate.

The mountains of the Balkan peninsula are on the whole less formidable than most maps and many travellers have led us to believe. The higher peaks do not exceed 6000 feet in height. The writer has never crossed the main Rhodope Balkan from north to south, but has crossed a large number of the smaller 'daghs' or chains; and he can remember few places where infantry, with pack transport and pack guns, could not march and manœuvre with fair ease, or where pioneers would fail to make a track fit for wheels in a comparatively short time. When the snow falls, of course, all mountains become serious military obstacles; but the winter comes late in south-eastern Europe, and the greater part of the campaign was concluded before real winter began.

The southern slopes of the higher ranges are thickly wooded; otherwise woods and timber generally are comparatively rare, for no state department in Turkey has ever studied scientific forestry; and a tree within range of a habitation is soon dragged to the kitchen fire. So that, incidentally, fuel must often have been a problem for these Balkan armies in the field. The main valleys are wide and open; their slopes are often rolling downland and generally good going. Steep-sided watercourses and ravines, such as in India are known as *nalas* and in South Africa as *dongas*, are seldom met with; and, since crops, irrigated land, and scrub or jungle are equally rare, the valleys of European Turkey form, when the weather is fine, first-class manœuvre ground for artillery and mounted troops; and it is the best-trained troops which gain most advantage from such country.

Thinly populated the country has already been said to be; one may ride for many miles and never meet a soul. The villages and little towns are curiously compact—no suburbs or straggling outskirts, but the houses jammed up against each other as if each were anxious to avoid the danger of being left outside the fold. Isolation meaning insecurity, outlying farms and homesteads are

few and far between; and those visible are more often than not in ruins, their owners long since victims of bankruptcy or raids. Habitations of this sort are not at all what armies on the march would wish to find, for, the fewer and more compact the villages and the towns, the less the chance of finding billets; and billeting accommodation for men and horses at night is a most important item, above all in a winter campaign.

Details, ethnical or other, of the inhabitants themselves would be outside the scope of this article, but there are certain points to be noted as affecting the campaign. First, that the hold of the Turks upon their European provinces was never deeply rooted. They colonised them only to a limited extent; rather they occupied them in the military sense, and ruled them by the sword. The Turks were the State officials and the army, and only to a limited extent the people of the land; all told, they probably numbered less than a quarter of the community as a whole. And since their privileged position depended on prestige and force of arms, to continue to uphold that position on the outbreak of war they required, in addition to field armies for the major operations, a large number of troops to keep in hand the subject races. What sort of people are or were these subject races? Truculent fellows and all rabidly disloyal to the Turk. Speaking generally and referring only to the peasant classes, the Bulgar is a sturdy, unmannerly, obstinate, thick-skulled, hard-working rustic, reticent and suspicious. The Greek is far more genial and intelligent, quite a cheery, pleasant fellow to meet and share a meal with. The Servian comes half-way perhaps between the two. The Albanian is the most charming and attractive of them all, but he is a genuine savage. The Gheg or northerner, at any rate, is at just about the same stage of development as the Afridi of Tirah; and anyone used to the manners and customs of the Pathans of our North-West Frontier would find little in Albania to surprise him.

The influence of the Albanians upon the campaign in Macedonia has not as yet transpired, but it is clear that they did not take their skins to market in large numbers. Some of the Catholic tribes have helped the Montenegrins; many of the Moslems fought against the Serbs; but the majority seem to have sat upon the fence. Had

things, however, gone well with the Turks, there can be little doubt upon which side this majority would have descended. The Bulgars, Greeks and Serbs of Macedonia were naturally heart and soul with their kith and kin, the Allies; and, since they all possessed beforehand—the Bulgars to a marked degree—secret organisations on semi-military lines, their guerilla bands must have played havoc with Turkish communications and with small detachments and patrols. Moreover, every invading column could easily obtain expert guides, while the intelligence system of the Allies, as a whole, must have been at least as good as was that of Wellington in Spain.

Since Moltke first visited Turkey nearly eighty years ago, and impressed his personality upon the Seraskierate or War Ministry of that day, the Turkish army has four times been thoroughly reformed on paper; and in each reform scheme Prussian influence has been paramount. But then no Turkish schemes of reform, naval, military or civil, have ever got far beyond the paper stage, so that details are scarcely worth discussing. The last scheme, that introduced by Mahmud Shefket Pasha in January 1911, with the help of Field Marshal von der Goltz, Turkey's chief military adviser for nearly thirty years, was described in a previous number of this Review (April 1911)—the theory, not the application. Briefly, the army was then re-arranged into four main groups or 'inspections,' two in the west, that is in European Turkey, and two in the east, in Armenia and Mesopotamia. Of the western or European groups, the first was in Thrace, with headquarters of army-corps at Constantinople, Rodosto, Adrianople and Kirk Kilisseh; the second in Macedonia, with army-corps headquarters at Salonica, Macastir and Uskub. In Syria, with its headquarters at Damascus, was a fourth army-corps nominally belonging to the Macedonian group.

Each of these groups had a theoretical war strength of roughly 300,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 400 guns. But each of them, of course, depended upon the western Asiatic provinces (Syria and Asia Minor) for a large proportion of their second-line troops—for the men, that is, required to bring the army-corps from peace strength up to war strength, because, as has already been pointed

out, there were few Turks in European Turkey, and it would have been impossible to find the required numbers on the spot. It is true that, according to the Young Turk programme, recruiting was not confined to Moslems, the Christian subject races being in theory liable to serve. But, in practice, the proportion of Christians actually enlisted in peace time was so low as to be scarcely worth consideration—probably never more than six per cent.; and of these the majority were employed upon non-combatant duties and not allowed to carry arms. More are said to have been swept in when the general mobilisation began, and to have been pushed well to the front in the battles; but, unwilling and untrained, they must have been a source of weakness rather than of strength.

The total war strength on paper of the two western groups taken together amounted to close upon 650,000 men; and it is not unlikely that, given time, this number could have been produced and equipment, arms and uniforms provided. But then, of course, it is one thing to possess the required numbers and another to employ them, to get them to the right place at the right time and to be able to maintain them there. A glance at the map will show that the European groups were from 200 to 300 miles apart. They were connected by only one railway; this railway runs roughly parallel to, and at no great distance from, the Bulgarian frontier on one side and the coast-line on the other; and the simplest, quickest and cheapest way for many of the Asiatic troops to reach their army-corps headquarters was by sea.

We have next to consider the efficiency of the Turkish army. But first of all what is military efficiency? What is the normal standard? The answer is simple. The standard for each army is set by its most serious and most probable opponent. To be better than its rivals is the ambition of every general staff, or at least to be as good; to be worse means foredoomed failure. Now the Turkish Empire is surrounded by a number of states with any one or more of which it might at any moment have been called upon to fight; and each one of those states possesses a national army trained on the system now common, with one or two exceptions, to the whole of Europe and to Japan, that is a continuous course extending over a period varying, according to circum-

stances and the arm, between one and a half and three years. The course is progressive, starting with the recruit and ending with the army-corps or army as a whole. The early stages are classified as individual training, the later as collective—collective in the sense that the various arms and departments of a military machine combine and learn to work together; the annual army manoeuvres form, for instance, the culminating point of the progressive training programme of one year.

The Turks, theoretically at any rate, kept their conscripts with the colours for the standard length of time—often indeed much longer—but failed to carry the system to a logical conclusion by omitting nine-tenths at least of the training. For all practical purposes neither officers nor men ever got beyond the elementary individual stage—drill upon a barrack square. A certain number, it is true, obtained some slight experience of working in comparatively large bodies, brigades or even divisions, in repressive measures against unruly subject races; and once, in 1910, some manoeuvres were held round Adrianople. But there collective training ended. And therefore, as compared with their possible enemies, the Turkish commanders, staffs, departments and troops were infinitely less well trained. The world at large was inclined on the whole to accept the Turkish army at its face value, but the differences between theory and practice and the incompetence of the personnel were probably fully appreciated by the general staffs of the Allies. What amount of faith Von der Goltz and his German assistants themselves really placed in their *protégé* we do not know. Ten years ago, however, a Prussian professor at the Constantinople staff-college confided to the writer that students well reported on were often exiled as being progressive and dangerous to the Hamidian régime, and that consequently there was little incentive to real work. Things perhaps improved after the downfall of Abdul Hamid; but then the staff-college students of the old régime are the generals of to-day.

Space permits but a brief reference to the armies of the Allies. The development of Bulgaria as a military Power is more remarkable, rapid and romantic than even that of Japan. A Bulgarian contingent, that is a body of some 10,000 peasant volunteers, led by Russian officers,

fought, and fought well, alongside the Russians in 1877. When, after that war, the Principality of Bulgaria was established, this contingent formed the nucleus of its army; but Russian officers continued to fill all appointments of higher than subaltern rank. The new national forces soon proved their worth, for the revolt of Eastern Roumelia in 1885 led to a concentration of Turkish troops in the neighbourhood of Adrianople, and the Bulgarians gathered east of Philippopolis to meet them. At this critical moment all Russian officers were suddenly withdrawn; and the Servian army marched on Sofia. Nothing daunted, the Bulgarians turned west and by some quite extraordinary feats of marching reached Sofia before the invaders, defeated them at Slivnitsa, and drove them back on Nish, only Austrian intervention preventing further progress. It is interesting to note that the young officers who assumed command of the Bulgarian army when their Russian mentors resigned are the Cabinet Ministers and army commanders of to-day—not necessarily old men, but men with exceptionally long experience in positions of responsibility and high command. Under them extraordinary progress has been made. With a population of 4,200,000 and a revenue of some 5,000,000*l.*, Bulgaria has managed to maintain a peace establishment of 60,000 men and to build up a war establishment of roughly 400,000. Those are remarkable figures, unequalled anywhere. Compare them with our own, taking the United Kingdom only, not the Empire. Our population is eleven times, our revenue thirty times, as great as those of Bulgaria; excluding the territorial army, we can put in the field an 'expeditionary force' less than two-thirds the size of the Bulgarian field army; and the upkeep of the organisation necessary to provide this force costs us annually more than thirteen times as much as her normal military budget costs Bulgaria.

Largely on the strength of the fact that the Schneider-Creusot guns, with which the Bulgarian first-line artillery is armed, were purchased in France, the French press has recently claimed that French ideas have guided the principles upon which the Bulgarians have trained their army. This is incorrect. Since 1885 there has not been a single foreign officer in Bulgarian employment. A considerable number of Bulgarian officers have, it is true, graduated at

foreign staff-colleges, but with no marked partiality, for those of Italy, Austria, Russia, Belgium and France have all been visited in turn. On the whole, it may be fairly said that Bulgarian organisation, training, strategy and tactics have developed on independent and national lines; and the claim of any foreign Power to have influenced them to the extent to which Germany, for instance, influenced those of Japan, is quite without foundation. We must remember, moreover, that the Bulgarians have had war—war of a particular kind, a calculable campaign against a predetermined enemy—staring them in the face from the time when they first began to mould their army; and, being eminently practical people, they have moulded it to suit their own requirements, and not to accord with the theories or doctrines of others.

Servia obtained autonomy earlier than did Bulgaria, so that her military institutions have had longer to develop. But the Servians, as soldiers, started badly. They were defeated by the Turks in 1876; and, though Servia obtained considerable benefits from the Russo-Turkish war, no Servian contingent seems to have taken any share in the Russian victories of 1877. Lastly, the Servians, as mentioned above, were thoroughly beaten by the Bulgarians in 1885. The historical records of the Servian army contained, then, nothing to be proud of before the outbreak of the campaign of 1912. Moreover, the extent to which Servian officers have mixed in party politics has worked against efficiency; they took, for instance, a leading part in the royal murders of 1903. However, a quarter of a century of consistent national military service, combined with an intensely patriotic spirit, has succeeded in creating quite a good military machine, capable of winning victories, at any rate over troops worse organised and worse trained than themselves.

Universal military service has been prevalent in Greece since 1867; but the old organisation fell to pieces after the disastrous campaign of 1896. It seems to have taken the Greek military authorities about eight years to recover from the *débâcle* at Larissa, for not till 1904 was any serious attempt made at reform; and only during the last two years, since the War Ministry has been in the hands of M. Venezelos, and since politics amongst the officers have been tabooed, has any real

progress been made. Comparisons are not easy, but it is probable that, in point of view of numbers, organisation, training and equipment, the Greek army was as much inferior to the Servian, at the beginning of the war, as the Servian army was inferior to the Bulgarian.

Of Montenegro little need be said. National service of a sort has been in vogue since 1853; but the organisation has been a loose one on a tribal or territorial basis, and only in the last three or four years has any attempt been made to form units larger than about a battalion. Some of the officers have passed through certain schools or classes, and a few have been attached for instruction to various foreign armies; but there is no regular corps of officers, and company and battalion commanders are merely the heads of families and local magnates of the area from which the unit is recruited. The training of rank and file is confined to a recruits' course of from four to six months, spread over the first two years of liability to service, and thereafter to an annual training of not more than fifteen days—the system, in fact, being not unlike that of our so-called 'Special Reserve.'

So much for the combatants. A comparison of mere potential numbers, for what that is worth, gives the Turks a superiority of roughly two to one—Turkey, population 24,000,000, fighting strength 1,500,000; the Allies, combined population 10,000,000, fighting strength 750,000. In wealth, as measured by revenue, Turkey again had a superiority of roughly seven to five.

Turkey's recent disasters have been freely attributed to the folly of the Young Turks. While it is unjust to blame them for the actual military collapse—however bad the army of the new régime, that of the old was worse—the accusation is fair to the extent that the policy pursued by the Committee Party towards the subject races led directly to the formation of the Balkan League. For that policy was to 'turkify' the Empire, to crush the aspirations of alien nationalities—not of one at a time, as was the policy of Abdul Hamid, but of all, and all at once. Disarmament, boycott, murder or expulsion of leaders, teachers and priests, repression of all privileges, introduction of Moslem colonists, and similar measures, created amongst the Christians of European Turkey a veritable reign of terror; and this, for Turkey's

immediate neighbours, had both a sentimental and a practical aspect. Individuals resented the murder or ill-treatment of their relatives and friends; politicians dreaded the extinction of racial propaganda and bemoaned the loss of life amongst their potential allies; and taxpayers disliked the expense, because crowds of refugees appeared across the frontiers, requiring to be clothed and fed. However divergent, then, the interests of the Balkan States in other respects, one aim was common to them all—to stop this process of ‘turkification.’

Exactly when the Allies came to terms with each other is not known; but, from the moment the League was formed, the initiative in its strategical sense lay with them. They could select the season which suited them best for the commencement of hostilities, for until that right moment arrived they could keep their compact secret. Even if the fact of the alliance became known, Turkey, they knew, would be unlikely to take the offensive; for, being already at war with Italy, she would hesitate to attack four other States. The Allies selected the autumn, partly, no doubt, to gain some advantage from the Italian operations before these came to an end, but mostly perhaps because a winter campaign was on the whole in their favour. That, at any rate, was the opinion of the Bulgars. In winter troops are called upon to fight both the elements and the enemy; and success in the former struggle depends upon organisation and upon the hardiness of the men. The Bulgarian organisation is infinitely superior to the Turkish; and, winter manœuvres having long been a regular feature of the Bulgarian annual training, their troops are more accustomed to winter hardships than is the Turk from Anatolia, or from further east or south. Lastly, they have superior physique, for physical development claims great attention in the Bulgarian army and schools; and the average Bulgar, soldier or civilian, is a harder, more muscular man and more accustomed to long hours of outdoor labour, than is the average cigarette-smoking, coffee-drinking Turk.

The Allies, then, could choose their time, and they chose the autumn; but the initiative lay with them also for another reason. The two initial steps in any war are, first, mobilisation—the change from peace to war

footing—and, next, concentration on the frontier; and the side which completes these operations most quickly is, as a rule, in a position to assume the offensive, to pipe the tune to which the other must dance. Now the rate at which these two steps can be completed depends upon organisation; upon the rapidity with which instructions reach reservists and the latter reach their depots; upon the distances to be covered from mobilisation centres to points of concentration; and upon the internal communications, of which, of course, the most important are the railways. Obviously in these respects the advantage lay with the Allies, whose organisation was better, and in whose countries distances were less and railway communications more highly developed.

The Allies began to mobilise on Sept. 30, the Turks on the following day. The Allies, therefore, were certain to be ready first and so to be able to dictate the plan of campaign, at any rate in its initial stages. What was this plan of campaign? A good many plans were suggested before the war began, but no great variation from that which has been carried through was possible. Offensive the plan was almost bound to be; for the side which is ready first selects this, the stronger form of war, in nine cases out of ten. The allied armies were therefore likely to advance, each from a base where it could best be sustained by the resources of its own country, and each along an axis which would, so far as possible, protect its own territory from the risk of counter-invasion by the Turks. Advance against what, and why? The object is always the same in war, to enforce the complete submission of the enemy at the earliest possible moment and with the least possible expenditure of men and money; and that object is best attained by defeating his field armies. Beat these, and the rest is generally easy. But hostile armies cannot be met by invitation at certain times and places; and therefore the advance, as a rule, is directed upon some point of strategical importance. If the enemy interposes, the desired collision is attained; if not, the strategical point is captured, hostile territory occupied, and resources seized.

This, briefly, was the plan of the Allies. Co-operation was possible in only a general way. Napoleon in many

letters, more especially those addressed to his brother Joseph in Spain, has condemned the attempt to arrange complicated schemes for the co-operation of armies acting from different bases of supply. And his reason is one which still holds good—that complicated schemes of this nature break down in practice, for simplicity is the keynote of success in warlike operations. Accordingly each of the allied armies has more or less worked out its own salvation.

The first State to take the field was Montenegro, which, by declaring war on Oct. 8, anticipated the action of the other Allies by about ten days. Except the possibility of capturing Scutari before its defences could be strengthened, or of detaining potential reinforcements for the main western Turkish army, there appear to have been no strategical advantages in a premature commencement of hostilities; but there may have been political reasons to justify this course.

Now Scutari in peace time is the headquarters of a Turkish *nizam* division of a nominal strength of 8000 rifles and 24 guns; owing to trouble with the Malissori Albanians, this division was reported about the middle of September last to have been reinforced by another withdrawn from Thrace; and later in that month further reinforcements were said to have been sent up from Elbassan. Thus the total of the Turks engaged in this area was roughly 20,000 men, with perhaps 30 field and 20 heavy guns of varying type. The Montenegrin army has been estimated as high as 50,000 men in four divisions of unequal strength. Of these one column moved north-east to co-operate with the Servians in minor operations in the *sanjak* of Novi Bazar; the remainder advanced along both sides of the lake of Scutari, and, after capturing a few unimportant places, laid siege to Scutari itself. This siege has been well advertised, and, as compared with operations of a more serious nature elsewhere, has obtained undue prominence in the Press. It seems, however, that the Montenegrins have throughout failed to recognise that omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs; and, though much has been written of long-range artillery duels, little has been heard of resolute assaults.

It is open to question whether the Montenegrins were

wise thus to devote practically all their energy and resources to the capture of this town; for the fall of Scutari could at no time have affected the general course of the war. Regarded from the point of view of the Allies as a whole, the proper rôle of the Montenegrin forces was not to gain independent and largely, if not altogether, selfish advantages in the immediate vicinity of their frontier, but rather to combine with the Servians in an advance upon some point of real strategic importance such as Uskub. This they might have done through Ipek, Jakova and Prizrend; and, had Turkish opposition to the Servian advance been as determined as might have been expected, a diversion by the Montenegrins from this quarter would have been of real value. Actually, the Montenegrins only entered Ipek, twelve miles from their frontier, on Oct. 31, six days after the Servian occupation of Uskub. On the whole, then, Montenegro's share in the honours of the war is small. And the true reason for this may be found in the fact that in organisation and training the Montenegrin troops are no better than the Turks.

War was declared by Greece with Turkey and by Turkey with the other Allies on Oct. 17; and for all practical purposes the hostilities thenceforward divide into two more or less distinct campaigns, the western in Macedonia and the eastern in Thrace. The less important but more rapidly concluded, that in the west, will be considered first.

Invasion being the programme, the Allies would naturally concentrate as near as possible to their frontiers about Larissa-Trikala in the case of the Greeks; Nish-Vrania in the case of the Servians; Kustendil-Dubnitza in the case of that portion of the Bulgarian army which could be spared to operate in the west. With the concentrations taking place in these areas and with the Montenegrins operating round Scutari, the Allies were on the circumference of a semicircle of which the diameter was roughly 250 miles. The Turks within this semicircle had the advantage of interior lines; and, given efficiency and good leadership, the odds, with numbers not greatly inferior to those of the Allies, should have been in their favour. For Ali Riza Pasha,

the Turkish commander-in-chief in Macedonia, should then have been able to prevent the junction of the Allies and crush each of them in detail, as did Napoleon in the defensive campaign of 1814, or Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862. The great distances and the many obstacles between the allied columns and the general direction of the railways and roads would all have been in favour of strategy of this sort. But Ali Riza Pasha had not the necessary force. What exactly were the respective numbers has not transpired; but the Turks in this area were probably in a minority of roughly one to three, and even interior lines will hardly counterbalance such heavy odds.

Imagine, then, the Turkish commander somewhere within the semicircle, having at his disposal say, 100,000 men, knowing that the population was disaffected, feeling that his communications were insecure, expecting from 25,000 to 50,000 Bulgarians to appear from the direction of Sofia, 150,000 Servians from the direction of Nish, 80,000 Greeks from the direction of Larissa, from 20,000 to 40,000 Montenegrins from the direction of Ipek—total close upon 300,000 men—what was he to do?

Ali Riza Pasha might have found much to help him in history, for the problem before him was one that has often had to be faced before by generals in the early stages of campaigns—by Sir George White, for instance, in Natal in October 1899. To gain time should have been his first consideration—time for reinforcements to arrive and so restore the balance. How gain time? By erecting obstacles, destroying bridges, holding defiles and passes in front of the advancing columns; by employing small bodies to delay the advance of the larger ones; but always avoiding serious fighting, for the essence of success lies in the smaller body not allowing itself to become so engaged as to have its organic unity destroyed by defeat. Field-Marshal Von der Goltz, in an article published last month in the 'Neue Freie Presse'—his apology for himself and the Turks—suggests an alternative plan, and states that his advice was that all the Macedonian troops should concentrate about Istib and there establish themselves in a fortified camp. But the objections to surrendering Macedonia, its resources and

all lines of supply, without a blow, and going to earth at once, are obvious; and that policy must have led to the Turks being besieged in a locality undefended by forts or heavy guns.

In the next place, how were reinforcements to arrive? That was the crux of the matter from the point of view of the Turks. Reinforcements could only arrive by railway from Thrace, or by sea. From Thrace neither troops nor rolling stock could well be spared; and from junction to junction, Doiran to Demotika, the distance is about 250 miles, and the line was much exposed. For all practical purposes, then, reinforcements and supplies could only come by sea. Command of the Aegean was thus vital to this western Turkish army, based upon a seaport, Salonica, and depending upon Asia Minor and Syria for both reinforcements and supplies. Command of the direct sea passage from Smyrna to Salonica was preferable, of course; but, failing that, command at least of the less direct but more easily protected routes from Smyrna or ports to the north of it to Dedeagatch or Kavalla was required.

Now until Oct. 15 the Aegean was commanded by the Italian fleet, a fact which, incidentally, must have played havoc with Turkish military measures in Macedonia for many months prior to the outbreak of the Balkan War. After peace with Italy was signed, all Ali Riza Pasha's hopes, all possibility of bringing the Macedonian campaign to a successful issue, depended upon the Turks regaining command of the sea. On paper the Turkish fleet was superior to that of the Greeks; not much, perhaps, but certainly not so weak as to be unable to risk a naval action, considering how vital was the issue. For, even had the battle gone against them, the Turks should have been able to inflict such loss upon the hostile fleet as to render the latter incapable thereafter of effectively blockading the whole Asiatic coast. To the lasting discredit of those responsible for the conduct of the Turkish operations, no risks were taken; and the command of the Aegean was passively surrendered to the Greeks, while the Turkish fleet endeavoured to conceal its shame by bombarding undefended Bulgarian ports.

Thus Ali Riza Pasha was left to his fate. Whether he was warned or not we do not know. If warned, his policy should, it seems, have been to prepare to evacuate Macedonia; to delay the Allied advance but to keep open at all costs the Salonica-Dedeagatch railway; and, as a last resort, to retire along it into Thrace. In Thrace his army might have been of some practical value to the Turkish cause as a whole; it is conceivable indeed that, in certain circumstances, it might have turned the scale. To remain in Macedonia with his natural lines of communication in hostile hands at the outset meant that, even if unbeaten in battle, his army must eventually surrender or starve. Ali Riza Pasha, however, decided to stay. What his general plan was, if any, is not clear; but he seems to have divided his forces into as many columns as there were bodies of invaders, and to have left each to look after itself. Each in turn stood and was defeated; and no policy could have been more quickly fatal.

Now for the strategy of the Allies. If we bear in mind the overwhelming importance of communications in this campaign and especially of railways, the points which the Allies would naturally first make for are self-evident. Let them but take Salonica, Uskub and some point on the line near Drama Seres, and the whole railway system was theirs. That, briefly, is what the Allies did.

On the next day after the declaration of war, October 18, Servians, Greeks and Bulgars were all on the move. Bulgaria placed at the disposal of the Servians the railway to Kustendil through Pirot and Sofia; and the latter therefore started in four columns. Of these the two northern were directed upon Novi Bazar and Pristina, places of minor strategical importance, and met with slight opposition. The main column advanced from Vrania and, supported by that from Kustendil, gained on Oct. 24 the important victory of Kumanovo. Two days later the Servians entered Uskub. About the same time a volunteer contingent of Macedonian Bulgars is reported to have occupied Drama; so that within the first week two out of the three primary objectives in the western area had been reached. The third, Salonica, took longer; and its capture became a race between the Bulgarian 7th division starting from Dubnitza, and the

main Greek army from Larissa, the distance being, in each case, about 190 miles.

The Greeks crossed the frontier on Oct. 18, and five days later occupied Serfidze after a fight in the hills south of that place. Thence the advance, though practically unopposed, was comparatively slow as far as Veria, which, though only 35 miles distant, was not reached until Oct. 29. On Nov. 2 a battle was fought with the Turks near Yenidje, probably the most serious in which the Greeks have been engaged; and on the 8th they entered Salonica, anticipating the Bulgarian 7th division by a few hours. The latter had been opposed in considerable force at the frontier near Suma-i-Bala and had encountered great physical difficulties in its march down the Struma valley. The capture of the third main objective, Salonica, and the junction in that neighbourhood of the three converging forces, Servian, Greek and Bulgar, meant the final domination of all possible lines of supply, and therefore for all practical purposes the end of the war in this western area.

Meanwhile both Servians and Greeks were advancing upon Monastir. The movements of the Greek column which started from Kozani on Oct. 26 are still wrapt in mystery, but there is little doubt that it suffered a serious reverse somewhere near Banitza, 25 miles south-east of Monastir, and eventually fell back upon Kozani. The Turks on this occasion captured at least 12 guns and gained what is practically their only success throughout the war. The Servians fared better. On Nov. 6 they defeated the Turks near Prilip in an engagement of some importance; and later, after a four days' battle commencing on Nov. 17 (the date of the first Bulgarian attack upon the Chatalja lines), they captured Monastir. Details of the minor operations of Servian, Greek and Bulgarian columns in this western area are of political rather than strategical importance, for they have had little or no effect upon the issue as a whole. It is interesting to note that the Turkish troops appear to have held more or less together, and to have attempted throughout regular rather than guerilla tactics. The latter are in any case rarely successful unless the troops adopting them are, first, more mobile than their enemy, and, secondly, are operating in their own country or amongst a friendly

population; and neither of these advantages was on the side of the Turks.*

We may now turn to the eastern area of the war. From the point of view of both sides the general strategical aspect in Thrace on the outbreak of war differed considerably from that prevailing in Macedonia. For the Turks the situation was incomparably more favourable. Their bases, Constantinople and Rodosto, were closely linked with Asia and secure from all attack. With the Rhodope and the Maritza on the left, and the Black Sea, commanded by their fleet, on the right, only the northern frontier of Thrace was exposed to invasion; and here, dominating the main line of advance, were the first-class fortress of Adrianople and, dividing the distance between that fortress and the sea, the garrison and entrenched camp of Kirk Kilisseh. Given time, the Turks could concentrate behind these outposts an army of numerical superiority to that which the Bulgarians, with their more limited resources, could bring against it; and for the Turkish general staff the main initial problem was the selection of the area in which to effect this concentration. The nearer to the frontier the more closely could the main army support its covering detachments, and the better placed would it be for eventual offensive action; the further from the frontier the greater the probable gain in time. Nazim Pasha appears to have recognised the strength of his position, and little fault can be found with his plan as a whole; it was in the execution that it altogether failed.

For the Bulgarians the end was no less obvious—to reach and defeat the Turkish main army before its preparations and its numerical superiority were assured. Adrianople lay between them and their objective; and a fortress containing a large mobile garrison could not be ignored, for the latter would directly threaten the flank and communications of any force attempting to pass by or round it. Adrianople, therefore, had to be attacked,

* The foregoing summary of the Macedonian operations is compiled mostly from reports published in the press. For the following outline of the campaign in Thrace the writer is indebted to an eye-witness whose information, at any rate so far as the operations of the Bulgarian field-army are concerned, is beyond dispute.

either with the idea of capture—in which case it would have become the primary objective, for only overwhelming numerical superiority justifies an attempt to do two big things at once in war—or with the object of keeping its garrison busy while the Bulgarian main field army sought battle with the main field army of the Turks. Now the capture of a first-class fortress may take a long time, as General Nogi, for instance, learnt in August 1904, when he tried to rush Port Arthur, and failed, with a loss of 14,000 men; and time was in favour of the Turks. Savoff therefore decided to attack Adrianople with the idea of containing, not capturing it; and the next question for the main army was whether to advance on the east or the west of the fortress, since to advance in strength upon both sides would have meant dissemination of force and therefore unsound strategy. The east offered greater advantages than the west, for on the east there was more scope for manoeuvre; while the Turks would probably be forced to fight parallel to their line of communication, or in other words with their main line of supply, the railway, running away to a flank and unprotected, instead of to the rear and so covered by the head. Moreover, Constantinople would be more directly threatened; and, the general slope of the country being from north to south, physical obstacles would less obstruct the Bulgarian advance, and would afford fewer facilities for delaying action on the part of the Turks. Savoff therefore selected the eastern route; and the first objective then became Kirk Kilisseh. Elaborate precautions were, however, taken to conceal this decision as long as possible; and this was done with such success that certain foreign correspondents were actually induced to believe that the campaign was preceded by a sudden change of plan. The world at large and probably also the Turks were, in fact, kept in complete ignorance as to the main line of advance until that advance had actually developed.

The 1st and 2nd armies concentrated close upon the frontier, the former with its centre about Kizil Agatch, the latter about Hermanli; the 3rd was kept well back east of Jamboli, and its concentration was carefully covered by the whole cavalry division holding the frontier between the outposts of the 1st army and the

sea. Deception was further increased by the way in which the divisions were allotted to the armies. For the normal peace organisation of the Bulgarian army is in nine divisions, each expanding in war to the strength of an ordinary army-corps, that is, to between 32,000 and 35,000 men. These nine divisions would naturally form three armies, and be grouped according to their peace 'inspection' system. Actually the peace grouping was altered; an additional or 10th division was raised, later also an 11th; and the three armies contained at first eight divisions instead of nine, the 1st army being composed of only two; while by leaving the 7th division south of Sofia, and by collecting the 2nd division along the Rhodope south of Philippopolis, the general situation was obscured, and an impression created that of the armies two and not three were threatening Thrace. Of the three armies, the 2nd was thus furthest to the west, the 3rd to the east, and the 1st in the middle.

The concentrations were completed in seventeen days—earlier than was expected—and on Oct. 18 the 1st and 2nd armies crossed the frontier, meeting with some minor opposition; while the 3rd army completed only one march toward the south and then halted for a day—all part of this programme of deception. On Oct. 21 the 3rd army also crossed the frontier in three columns, its centre passing through Kaibilar; and the following afternoon a Turkish force was encountered by the leading divisions—the wings being somewhat advanced—some fifteen miles north-west of Kirk Kilisseh. Fighting continued until the evening of the 23rd, by which time the Turks were driven back to the line of the Kirk Kilisseh forts. The advance of the Bulgarians was then deliberately checked to enable the fighting line to be reorganised before attacking what was known to be an extremely strong position. During the night, however, the Turks stampeded to the rear. Exactly what caused this unexpected panic remains more or less a mystery; but the rout was not checked till the fugitives reached the entrenched position which was being prepared by the main Turkish army between Lule Burgas and Bunar Hissar. The strength of the Turks in this encounter was estimated at between 70,000 and 80,000 men; and the Bulgarians deployed against them not more than five

brigades, or roughly 50,000. There was no pursuit. By the evening of Oct. 24 the 3rd Bulgarian army occupied a line about five miles south of Kirk Kilisseh, and there halted for three days, while the investment of Adrianople was completed by the 1st and 2nd armies.

On Oct. 28 the 3rd army advanced again; and that afternoon its left division opened the great battle of Lule Burgas by attacking the Turkish right in the vicinity of Bunar Hissar. This battle lasted for practically six days. The Turks were estimated to be 120,000 strong, well placed and well entrenched; some 30 miles to their rear, round about Chorlu, were believed to be other bodies amounting to 50,000, but these took no part in the action. From the 29th onwards rain fell in torrents, making two streams impassable, and adding greatly to the difficulties of attack, so that for the first three days the Bulgarian 3rd army made but little progress. Reinforced, however, on the left by a brigade detached from the 2nd army investing Adrianople (which came straight out of action in front of that fortress and marched round the rear of the 3rd army by Kirk Kilisseh), and on the right by the leading division of the 1st army, the Bulgarians eventually pierced the Turkish centre, next drove back their left and lastly their right, till by the evening of Nov. 2 the Turkish *débâcle* was complete. A body of Turkish reinforcements about 5000 strong landed at Midia during the battle, but only reached Vize after the right had broken; and these, too, were swept away in the rout. Again there was no pursuit. The Bulgarian cavalry division was well placed to strike in upon the Turkish lines of retreat from a point about Muradli, but the horses were unable to advance through the mud at a faster pace than a walk, whilst guns and vehicles of all sorts were axle-deep and could be barely moved at all.

On Nov. 5, after a three days' rest, the Bulgarian 1st and 3rd armies started again toward Constantinople, marching in four main columns. Up to the Chatalja lines the advance was unopposed. There was skirmishing between the respective advanced and rear guards but no serious engagement, nothing to justify the appalling casualties which the Turks seemed to be suffering during their retreat. In one place where the line of march

crossed a stream, the invaders came upon a large number of carts, wagons, motors, etc., deserted by the living, but encumbered by a multitude of dead, lying in the vehicles, in the river, or in the mud along its banks. The Bulgarian staff were puzzled; they supposed at first that the Turks had been fighting amongst themselves, or that the deaths were due to starvation and exposure. The bodies were not examined. Not for several days was it realised that cholera was the cause of death; and by that time the seeds of mischief had been widely sown. The bulk of the Bulgarian armies reached positions facing the Chatalja lines by Nov. 14, the last few marches being so strenuous that the troops reached the worst-infected area in an exhausted condition, and therefore prone to disease. In less than one week the cholera casualties among the Bulgarians exceeded those of all their previous battles. Arguing stoically that, however bad the plight of his own troops, that of the Turks must be worse, Demetrieff decided on Nov. 17 to attack—in strength upon the Derkos flank, elsewhere as a demonstration. The attack failed; but how near to success the Bulgarians were upon their left will be realised when details are some day published. A few days later negotiations for an armistice commenced.

Meanwhile the Bulgarian 7th and 2nd divisions had occupied all the territory lying between the main areas of the Macedonian and Thracian campaigns, their operations culminating in the capture near Dedeagatch on Nov. 26 of Yaver Pasha with close upon 12,000 men. Thus, after little more than one month's fighting, there remained in the hands of the Turks in Europe only three isolated towns, Adrianople, Scutari and Janina—whose fall is merely a matter of time—the peninsula of Gallipoli, and the capital itself, with the land inside the Chatalja lines. Such are the military events whose results are now being discussed by the peace delegates in London. If the machinations of the Committee and the reviving confidence of the Turkish troops lead to a continuation of the struggle, the problem of how to break down the final resistance of the Turks will be not the least formidable or the least interesting of the military problems raised in the course of the war.

Art. 13.—THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.

1. *Macedonia and the Reforms.* By P. Draganof. London: Bulgarian Diplomatic Agency, 1907.
2. *The Southern Slav Question.* By R. W. Seton Watson. London: Constable, 1911.
3. *Deutschland und der nächste Krieg.* By Friedrich v. Bernhardt. Stuttgart and Berlin: Cotta, 1912. English translation by A. H. Powles. London: Arnold, 1912.

THE origins of the Balkan League, which has revolutionised the conditions of South-Eastern Europe, are as yet known to very few. The secret has been well kept; and it must be sufficient to say that the League is not a thing of yesterday. It is the outcome of causes which date from far back; but the propositions with regard to reforms in European Turkey, made by Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in August last, may be taken as a convenient starting-point for tracing the series of events which led immediately to the Balkan War. Few people, probably least of all the Minister himself, can have seen that the introduction of those benevolent clauses, which collectively were christened by the grandiose name of 'progressive decentralisation,' was playing into the hands of the Allied Governments. The ludicrous side of the situation was intensified by the remembrance of the dictum laid down a few years before by another Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, 'There is no Albanian Question,' since it was precisely the excessive mothering of the Albanians by Count Berchtold which gave the Balkan States a new opportunity of airing their grievances with every show of reason. Moreover, it was the question of Albania again which created so serious a development in international complications towards the end of last November.

It is true that even in mid-August the 'Times' foreshadowed difficulties in the path of Count Berchtold's 'progressive decentralisation.' 'This phrase,' it said, 'portentous enough on paper, fails to satisfy the essentially practical mind of the Bulgarians'; but this solitary note of warning was lost in the general chorus of congratulation bestowed on all sides on the new pro-

gramme. For the moment Europe refused to recognise the two main objections to Count Berchtold's scheme, objections on which the Governments of Bulgaria and Servia laid the greatest stress. In the first place, the two Balkan States asked for a positive definition of what was meant by 'Albania,' the district which was to enjoy, under this Austrian initiative, certain benefits. So far as the Sublime Porte was concerned, Albania was non-existent. The Ottoman Empire possessed some seven vilayets in Europe; but the region marked as Albania on European maps, which seem to be drawn up on some peculiar system of their own, has not the remotest connexion with the boundaries of any one of these vilayets. Albanians are also to be found in large numbers in the parts known to Europeans as Macedonia. The question of delimitation arose at once. In what districts and how far were Count Berchtold's reforms to be applied?

In the second place, the Bulgarians considered that a 'progressive' application of the reforms proposed by Austria to regions such as the vilayets of Monastir, Kossovo, Salonika and Adrianople was not sufficient. Nothing short of complete autonomy for what Europe knows as Macedonia and Thrace—an autonomy based on the lines of Art. 23 of the Berlin Treaty—satisfied their legitimate desires. In the meantime popular indignation, already seething under the procrastinating policy of the Powers, had been further excited by the Kotehana massacres; and the Sofia press, instigated by a body of ex-Ministers who were temporarily under a cloud and in consequence had everything to gain by extreme measures, clamoured for war. Great pressure was put by the Great Powers upon M. Gueschoff's Cabinet to maintain a pacific policy; and in order to check this excitement, the Ministry was compelled to make a compact with the militant party. The details of that agreement were of the utmost importance in view of the consequent development of affairs.

M. Gueschoff and his colleagues proved that they were not following a peace-at-any-price policy, and that the army was very far from being neglected, as it was rumoured in the newspapers. They believed, however, that the Powers were sincere in their desire to introduce radical reforms in Macedonia, and that it would be far

more advantageous to Bulgaria to gain her ends by pacific means than by a costly and bloody war. At the same time, if it became clear that autonomy for their co-nationalists across the frontiers could not be secured by peaceful negotiations, the Government would have no hesitation in declaring war. The Ministry had therefore decided to await a more explicit announcement of the meaning of the Austrian programme from Count Berchtold before presenting to the Powers a joint note from the Balkan Allies as to the nature and extent of the reforms which must be introduced by the Great Powers without delay. Failing a favourable reply from this quarter, the confederated states had determined to address the Porte direct; and on the nature of the reception of these overtures would depend the question of peace or war. In the meantime military preparations would be carried on without ostentation, so that Bulgaria would be fully prepared in view of any emergency. In return for this frank and full exposure of the Government's intention, the militant extremists agreed to curb the jingoistic utterances of the Press.

Ever since the Memorandum * issued by the Bulgarian Government to the Powers on August 10, 1903, containing a list of the outrages committed by the bands of several nationalities, under Turkish auspices, on Bulgarian Macedonians, the Bulgarians had known that a deliberate attempt to exterminate their co-nationalists was being made. The wisdom of certain statesmen had caused the growth of a better feeling between Bulgaria and Greece and Servia, so that M. Trikoupis' dream of a Balkan Alliance has actually been realised; but none the less the old campaign of forcible proselytism and terrorism was being continued under the Young Turk régime. Bulgaria, as well as Europe in general, had held out the hand of friendship to the Young Turk, believing that a new and better era had dawned; but the latter had done nothing save to substitute chastisement by scorpions for the former chastisement by whips; and Bulgaria realised that the time had come for a full settlement of claims. It may be that some of the massacres had been evoked

* This Memorandum, not published in the British Blue Book, is given in 'Macedonia and the Reforms,' by M. Draganof, p. 16.

by the bomb-outrages of the internal Revolutionary Organisation; but nevertheless the policy of repression was so persistent that many Bulgarians feared that in a few years the extermination might be an accomplished fact, and that the nation in consequence would have no claim in the near future on Macedonia.

Unfortunately the Great Powers were slow to recognise the imminence of war and the urgent necessity for immediate action. At the same time other events combined to render fruitless what can only be described as the eminently moderate attitude of the Sofia Cabinet. Count Berchtold's speech towards the end of September, when he used the ominous phrase 'volcanic soil' and spoke of the highest interests of the Monarchy being *en jeu*, awakened the greatest misgivings throughout the Balkan States. At the same time the military preparations which were being carried on in both Bulgaria and Servia did not escape the vigilance of the Sublime Porte. A complete train-load of guns and munitions of war destined for Servia was held up at Uskub by the Ottoman authorities. Servia somewhat naïvely requested an explanation of this high-handed procedure; but, without troubling to reply to this diplomatic move, the Turkish Ministry of War suddenly proclaimed its intention of holding general manœuvres near Adrianople.

Although it must be admitted that this decision on the part of the Turkish Government hastened the declaration of war, it was, from the military point of view, the best thing they could do—if they were determined to fight for their rights in Thrace and Macedonia—since it neutralised in some measure the start already gained by the Allies. It was evident that the Turk would not yield except to the demand of a united Europe—if then—and it was equally evident that such united action was impossible; the only question was whether the crisis was to come at the end of September or of October. It is true that the Ottoman Government tried to postpone the conflict by suggesting the application of reforms on the basis of the agreement with regard to Eastern Roumelia; but the Balkan Confederation had had already too much experience of the dilatory nature of diplomatic conferences and *pourparlers*; and, as all the world knows, the result of the mobilisation in each of the five countries

was the Balkan War. Forebodings of its outbreak were generally discounted, for, so far as journalistic talk is concerned, such prophecies have developed into a hardy annual these seven years past, the occurrence being regularly timed to take place at the period known poetically as 'the melting of the snows.' This time, however, they turned out to be true.

On the course of the war itself there is no need to dwell; it is discussed in outline elsewhere in this Review. The future, however, is of infinitely more importance than the past. The whole balance of power not only in the Near East, but in Europe generally, requires re-adjustment; and it remains to be seen whether the restoration of the necessary equilibrium can be effected by pacific means and diplomatic negotiations. Unfortunately the aims and interests of the various races are so complex and in many cases so necessarily antagonistic that it will require the highest statesmanship to reconcile them. The innate and inevitable jealousies of the Balkan States came to light in the failure of M. Trikoupis' premature attempt to found a league for the expulsion of the Turk from Europe and for the partition of his provinces, to which reference has already been made. On that occasion the well-meant efforts of the able Greek Premier, who throughout his career had the ill luck to be in advance of his age, were thwarted by his great contemporary, M. Stamboloff, the most illustrious statesman that the Balkan peninsula has produced within the last century. Stamboloff saw that Bulgaria needed time and development in order to ensure her future. Her unique geographical position, her admirable aptitude for assimilation, the robust virility of her peasantry, and their dogged resolution, so remote from the hysteria of the Hellene, had marked Bulgaria out as the state predestined to play the leading rôle in the Balkans.

Few peoples have asserted themselves so determinedly as the Bulgarians to make good their national independence. In 1880, regarded by Europe as a mushroom creation of curious character, despised and rejected on all sides with the exception of England, Bulgaria was threatened with immediate absorption into the Muscovite Empire. Stamboloff and a devoted few resisted the

overtures and the intimidation of General Kaulbars, M. Kolander and their agents. The patriots fought with the gloves off, and won; and this victory, more than any conjunction of European forces, crushed the hopes of Panslavism. In a similar way Stamboloff refused at so early a stage all overtures for co-operation with Greece. A great struggle in the nineties would have crippled Bulgaria for half a century; and he knew enough of Greek and Servian aspirations to be aware that, in the event of victory, Bulgaria's reward would be in small proportion to her exertions. A Balkan Confederation, so far as his country was concerned, was out of the question until Bulgaria was able to take the lead and dictate practically her own terms. That time has now come; and Stamboloff's policy, supported and strengthened throughout the last ten years by Tsar Ferdinand's untiring diplomacy, is fully justified. But the full consequences have now to be considered, since the victory of the Allies has stimulated ambitions in other quarters, ambitions which are for the most part alien to and hardly reconcilable with those of Bulgaria herself.

Hatred of the Turk and the desire of territorial aggrandisement were the only bonds of interest between the Allies. Racially, save in the case of the Servian and Montenegrin—and even in Montenegro there existed the contempt of the highlander who has preserved his liberty for the lowlander who has not—and psychologically, the four peoples are poles apart; and with the defeat of their enemy the cement of the alliance is threatened with immediate disintegration. Jarring interests and clashing ambitions have already shown themselves. Even before the negotiations outside Tchataldja had come to a temporarily successful conclusion, some instances of the growing friction had come to light. King Nicholas has made no secret of his disapproval of a Servian port on the Adriatic while Antivari is lying open for Servian trade. Naturally enough, Montenegro has small reason to desire a commercial rival on that coast; whereas, by linking up the two countries by rail and establishing a customs union, Antivari would rapidly develop a thriving export trade. At the same time General Todoroff published a statement of his grievances against the Greeks in Salonika; while the refusal of the Greek

delegates to sign the armistice negotiations scarcely tended to increase the harmony.

Relatively, however, these details are of minor importance in their bearing on the future. The two main questions, the development of which will exercise the greatest influence on Near Eastern politics in the future, are (1) the character of the relations between the two chief Balkan Powers, Serbia and Bulgaria, and (2) the settlement of Austro-Servian differences, which involve the question of Albania and must affect the destiny of the Slav nationalities in the Dual Monarchy.

Reference has already been made to the revival in certain quarters of ambitions irreconcilable with those of Bulgaria; and by these ambitions are meant the hopes of every Pan-Serb for a restoration of the great empire won by the national hero, Stephen Dushan (1336-56). At the same time ideas of the expansion of Bulgaria to the dimensions which her Empire attained under Tsar Simeon (893-927) have received fresh encouragement. The 'Big Bulgaria' created by the efforts of the Panslavists, Ignatieff and his colleague, at the Treaty of San Stefano placed the dream of Bulgarian patriots within the bounds of possibility. These hopes were, however, shattered by the Treaty of Berlin; Bulgaria was whittled down ruthlessly; and, although the *coup d'état* of Philippopolis doubled the size of her territory once again, although the partition of European Turkey among the Allies will mean the restoration of much of which Bulgaria was deprived in 1878, and although she will in all probability gain Adrianople and the remainder of the vilayet at least up to the Enos-Midia line, the 'Big Bulgaria' of 1913 will probably still be smaller in a westerly direction than that of May 3, 1878. The national ambitions of Serbia and Bulgaria must thus inevitably clash; and it remains to be seen whether the two Governments will adopt a policy of reciprocal self-sacrifice and so adhere to the spirit of the Balkan Alliance, or pursue independent aims.

There can be little doubt that in this respect much will depend on Russia. In Serbia Panslavism has found the most fruitful soil for its growth and culture. The last forty years have been marked by a bitter struggle between Russian and Austrian influences in Serbia. A

detailed account of that struggle would read like some page from the history of the Borgias or of the Medicis, for the object was little else than the extermination of the Obrenovitch dynasty, whose members possessed one very ugly fault in Russian eyes, that of looking to Vienna rather than to St Petersburg for guidance. How far King Milan's passionate desire to abdicate was fanned by his mistress, and how far she was a Russian agent, can only be conjectured. Of the two attempts upon his life one at least was directly traced to the Russian secret service agent in Bukarest; and, although it is frequently stated that the King's notorious infidelity* and his relations with Nathalie brought Servia into disrepute, it is undeniable that he was immensely popular in the army, and that his return to Servia after his abdication, so that he might be of assistance to his son, was regarded with the utmost disfavour by Russia. Accordingly no efforts were spared to widen the breach between father and son; and at last Milan was forced to retire into exile. To-day the Radical party, which is avowedly Russophil, no longer possesses its old-time overwhelming majority in the Skuptshina; indeed, there is a good chance of its sustaining a severe defeat at the next elections, though this will depend chiefly upon the extent of Servia's territorial gains at the conclusion of the war; while it must also be remembered that the Opposition has no definite foreign programme of its own as a substitute for that which has been prosecuted for so many years in Belgrade.

On the other hand, there is every indication that Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is at present on very friendly terms with Austria-Hungary. His repeated journeys to Vienna have caused endless comment in the European press; and the moderation and calm displayed in Bukarest throughout the crisis have been interpreted by some as an additional proof of Austrian regard for Bulgaria. It is possible, however, to over-emphasise the importance of these relations and to be over-astute in

* M. Mijatovitch, in his interesting book, 'A Royal Tragedy,' traces the series of disasters which have overtaken the Obrenovitch dynasty from their dealings with the so-called weaker sex. He even accuses Russia of having cleverly encouraged Alexander in his relation with Draga, since this *liaison* would not only tend to increase his unpopularity with the people, but would also effect the much-needed breach with his father.

trying to read between the lines. Throughout her existence, Bulgaria has proved again and again that it is her fixed determination to pursue a policy of independent development; and she is just as unlikely to commit herself too deeply with Austria, as she would be to support Serbia in her aims of territorial expansion, if she really suspected that such expansion would ultimately favour the interests of Russia or of Panslavism. Whatever Tsar Ferdinand's private feelings may be, he has far too keen a sense of duty to allow them to influence his conduct of the national policy; and if he did not possess this sense of duty, he is far too sagacious to sacrifice his self-interest. Although Bulgaria rejected an exaggerated form of Russophilism, she has never forgotten the ties of gratitude that bind her to Russia.

The complete *débâcle* of the Turkish army in Macedonia, and the consequent tide of over-confidence and jingoism which flowed throughout Serbia towards the end of November and early in December, foreshadowed unmistakably the collision which must inevitably occur between Serbia and Bulgaria in the course of the next three or four years, unless great moderation is shown by both Governments. This quality, however, is conspicuously absent in the majority of the men who in the natural course of events will dictate the policy of Serbia during the ensuing decade. M. Pashitch, able and adroit politician that he is, cannot be compared with the late M. Milovanovitch as a statesman of real depth and foresight. Although all those acquainted with the real facts of the case will acquit him of having deliberately signed the statement of Servian claims in Albania and on the Adriatic, which appeared in two or three leading British newspapers and consequently read like a direct challenge to Europe, there is not the slightest doubt that the observations attributed to him in that interview were his own. Indeed, on several occasions about the same time, he made no secret of Serbia's intention to remain in those parts. 'Only by force' could she be removed; and it was not till the Great Powers made it perfectly clear that in the question of Albania, at least, Serbia was unlikely to receive much support or encouragement, that the Government of Belgrade felt obliged to alter its tone. M. Milovanovitch would certainly never have gone

to such extreme lengths, for he not only perceived the necessity of pursuing a policy which would enable Serbia to steer a middle course between the two great influences that were continually aiming at predominance, but he was wisely averse from exciting public opinion to an extent which rendered a revolution not impossible, supposing the nation found its desires frustrated.

The question of Albania and of the Adriatic port arose so suddenly that the crisis had been reached before most people in Europe were aware of the rights of the contending parties or of the difficulties underlying the controversy. At the outset of the campaign, it was not even expected that the Servians would occupy Monastir. With their knowledge of the country, they anticipated the utmost difficulty in forcing the passes which guard Uskub and Prisrend; and it is indeed past comprehension how a military race like the Turks can have been so panic-stricken as to throw away two positions apparently created by Nature herself for defensive purposes. The Servians themselves acknowledged that it would be a great triumph for their arms, if they should be able to hoist their flag over Uskub at the end of the campaign. That their ancient capital would surrender within the first fortnight was undreamt of; and the Servians can scarcely be blamed for allowing their lightly won victories to lead them further, especially as the Greek army had not fulfilled its share of the work and had retired after an unsuccessful engagement before Monastir. The occupation by the flying column under General Yankovitch of Alessio and Durazzo on the Adriatic littoral was effected under very different conditions. Austria-Hungary had given notice that in no circumstances could she acquiesce in the occupation of these places; but Serbia, in flat defiance of this *communiqué*, continued her military advance and even extended her sphere of interest and entered Tirane and Elbassan.

Admittedly the problem of Albania (which may be considered to include the retention of the Adriatic littoral) bristles with difficulties. Europe has unanimously avowed its intention of disregarding the original declaration of the Balkan Governments, in which they disclaimed formally all pretensions to territorial expansion. It has been stated as an axiom that the *status quo* cannot be

maintained. On the ethics of this complete *volte-face* there is no need to dwell. Turkophile apologists are not overstating the case when they say that, had the fortune of war favoured the Ottoman armies, no extension of Ottoman territory in Europe would ever have obtained the sanction of the Powers. But it has long been an established fact that Turkey is quite incapable of applying a wholesome administration in the European vilayets; and, since even her military power has now crumpled up, it is certainly due to the victors that they should be given a chance of trying to rectify the chaotic and deplorable state of affairs which has existed so long. Few save the most purblind and bigoted pro-Turks can object to this; but to initiate the new era of 'the government of the Balkans by Balkan peoples' with the absorption of Albania into Serbia would have been an unpardonable sin. There is a fair prospect of the Albanian question being peaceably settled now, but it is worth while to examine the reasons which led the Servians to adopt so obstinate an attitude.

The Servians account it for a sin to the Albanians that the latter took up arms and fought with the Turks. The attitude of the Servians, in wishing that the Albanians had acted otherwise, is intelligible; but no one can blame the Albanians for defending their own territory. They were equally resolute in resisting the 'Ottomanisation' propaganda which was inspired by the Committee of Union and Progress; hence their conduct on these two occasions points very clearly to their unshaken determination to uphold at all costs the existence of the Albanian nation.* The Servians contend that a separate Albanian state will be a constant menace to the peace of the Balkans, and at the same time a hotbed of Austrian

* Witness the proclamation of independence under Ismail Kemal Bey and a body of leaders of all parties. Unfortunately the creation of an autonomous Albanian State is attended with precisely the same difficulties as the 'Albania' of Count Berchtold's propositions. How is it to be delimited? There is a famous definition of Albania in a despatch from Lord Fitzmaurice to Earl Granville in 1880, in which he refers to Albania as 'the land which falls mainly within the vilayets of Scutari and Janina, but extends also in an easterly direction beyond the watershed of the mountains dividing the streams which fall into the Adriatic from those which fall into the Aegean Sea and includes portions of the vilayets of Monastir and of Kossovo.' Succinct as this is, there is little chance of the autonomous Albania covering so much territory; and the definition of boundaries will be an arduous task.

intrigue and conspiracy. Even granted that such an argument is correct, it is not easy to see that the incorporation of Albania into Servia would simplify matters. It is indisputable that the Albanians would resent any efforts at 'Serbisation' as vigorously as they withstood the dragooning methods of the Young Turks. The experiences of Turkey during the past three years in Albania should have warned Servia of the risks which she would incur and the expenses in which she would be involved, if she adhered to her ambition of retaining Albania.

The existing divisions between the various tribes of Albania afford some show of argument to the opponents of autonomy; but deductions drawn thence may easily be pressed too far. The abstention of a tribe in the south-west from fighting with its kinsmen against the Servian is no real proof of sympathy with the invaders. Inactivity was merely due to the fact that the territory of the tribe in question had not been violated. Such lethargy may, of course, be adduced as a proof of the inability of the various Albanian clans to unite; but, once granted the existence of a rooted dislike to foreign aggression—and no traveller in Albania can honestly deny that it exists—it must be admitted that unity is more within the realm of practical politics than the prospect of Albanian submission to foreign rule. On one point at least the Albanians are not divided, and that is in their desire for the institution of the Albanian language in all schools and for the application of Latin characters in teaching that language. The Young Turks, on their part, have resisted the introduction of these reforms, since they feared it would tend to unite the tribes; and as these reforms are certainly among the first which will be introduced under an autonomous Albania, the prospects of unity are more hopeful than is sometimes alleged.

Intimately related with the foregoing question as it is, the claim on the Adriatic littoral opens up different points. Few people in Great Britain can help sympathising with Servia in her intense longing to obtain an outlet on the sea, by which she may foster commercial and economical development. Unfortunately Servian ambitions refused to be satisfied with one port. After the occupation of San Giovanni di Medua by Montenegrin troops in the

name of Serbia, a flying column was sent off westwards, despite a strong protest from Austria against any further encroachment on the Adriatic littoral. Serbia, however, unearthed some medieval claim to the coast towns of Alessio and Durazzo, and occupied each place in turn. It then became clear that mere economic necessity could no longer be advanced in excuse of this occupation. Many indeed had already refused to admit this argument in the case of an Adriatic port at all. It was pointed out that with the declaration of a customs union among the Allies Serbia would, to all intents and purposes, possess in Salonika a port of her own at her very gates. Further, the construction of the long-awaited Danube-Adriatic railway would still be feasible. It is not the want of an outlet on the sea which has caused its postponement, since the Montenegrin port of Antivari is there already. The difficulty in the past has been the question of linking up the two countries by a railway through the Sandjak—a difficulty which no longer exists. It was evident, therefore, that political ambitions had been aroused; and Austria professed to see in these ambitions the cloven hoof of Russia. Relations between the countries became very strained, and Servian actions seemed to be inspired by a spirit of mischievous provocation. Fortunately it may now be hoped that the decision which the ambassadors of the Great Powers assembled in London arrived at on December 20, respecting an autonomous Albania and commercial access to the Adriatic for Serbia, has obviated for the present any danger of an armed collision between the two States.

The Pan-Serb dreams which recur so constantly in the Belgrade press can only be realised by the ruin of the Hapsburg monarchy, and by a complete alteration in the map of south-eastern Europe. Moreover, the achievement of this ideal demands as an essential factor a whole-hearted response from the Croats, who in Belgrade are supposed to be ready to rise at any moment in concert with an attack by the Servians of the kingdom. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the Croats would ever lend themselves to this utopian scheme. The Pan-Croat idea is in direct antagonism to the Pan-Serb idea; and, now that Count Aehrenthal has passed away,

the former scheme is regarded favourably in the highest Austrian circles. The aged Emperor is universally recognised as a staunch upholder of peace; and Count Aehrenthal was obliged to have recourse to forged documents in order to persuade his Sovereign of the existence of grave Servian intrigues. The Heir-Apparent was deceived in a similar way, since, despite his known objections to the ultra-pacific policy of Franz Josef, he was recognised as being far too able and far-sighted not to understand the real value of Croatian support in the Empire. The sensational disclosures of the Friedjung trial and the exposure of the Vasitch forgeries shed a lurid light on Count Aehrenthal's methods; and both the Emperor and his heir clearly perceived that a deliberate attempt had been made to blind their judgment.

The course of events has proved that in Count Berchtold the Dual Monarchy possesses a Foreign Minister of very different calibre. Although involved in a situation of extreme delicacy, he has studiously avoided using the methods of intimidation; indeed, he has even curbed the undoubtedly bellicose ideas of his countrymen. With such a man at the head of affairs, it is not too much to suppose that the aims of the Pan-Croats, namely the erection of a Croatian Kingdom under the House of Hapsburg as a third State on equal terms with Austria and Hungary, has some chance of fulfilment.

The persistently reactionary policy of the Magyar oligarchy in Budapest has been the main obstacle in the past. The Magyars have studiously arrested all development in Croatia; even the construction of railways has been based on a sinister and relentless system of strangling the commerce of Croatia. After the blindness of the Vienna politicians had forced the Croats into a misguided alliance with the Magyar group, the latter abstained from keeping their side of the bargain. The Croats now realise that their strength lies in the fact that, by virtue of their geographical and strategical position, they can either, by a close alliance with Austria, upset the balance upon which the Dual system is based in favour of Vienna, or, by throwing in their lot with the Pan-Serbs, break away from the Empire and cause a European conflagration. Fortunately the Croats favour neither of these extreme plans. They admit, what has long been

an axiom in European politics, that the existence of Austria-Hungary is essential to the balance of European power, and that, even if the State were destroyed, it would have to be reconstructed. Hence they are urging with the utmost vigour the adoption by Vienna of what is undoubtedly the ideal solution, the admission of Croatia into the Empire as a third integral and equal partner. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has stimulated the idea of Croato-Serb unity; and Franz Ferdinand and Count Berchtold have it in their power by wise statesmanship and honest encouragement of the Serb party in Bosnia, whose aim is to promote Croato-Serb union under Hapsburg sway, to allay for ever the constant friction between Belgrade and Vienna, and to give a new lease of life to the joint Monarchy.

Despite the unceasing work of Russia and the constant intrigues of Pan-Slav agents in Servia, the more moderate and far-seeing people in that kingdom are fully alive to the dubious value of Russian promises. The Radical party, which has been supreme in the country since 1903, ought, under the ordinary constitutional rules which govern the party system, to have appealed to the country months ago. At the last general election, although bribery, coercion and electioneering jugglery of all kinds were used, as they only can be used by the Governmental party in a young State, they could only return with a majority of two; and it is generally believed that, if on the signature of peace the country finds that its new possessions are not as extensive as popular ambition demands, the Radical party will be almost annihilated.

Admittedly at the moment the racial animosity between Austrian and Servian is very bitter, and it is being encouraged by the diatribes of the Press. Therein lies the danger. The military Chauvinists want war; the Pan-Serb fanatics preach the gospel of a Pan-Serb empire; a group of self-seeking politicians, of the type described by Gambetta as *sous-vétérinaires*, would calmly risk a European war if it might prolong the existence of the Radical party for another year; and for the moment the people are intoxicated with victory. Fortunately the extremists do not entirely control the destinies of the country. The senior delegate to the Peace Conference is

a man of known moderation and unimpeachable integrity. The Balkan Alliance cannot be reckoned as durable enough to make efficient support a certainty; while Russia has proved at least once in the past a broken reed upon which to lean. Above all, King Peter knows only too well that an unsuccessful war would mean the final disappearance of himself and his dynasty; and, since he at least must be fully aware of the hopelessness of a struggle with Austria, it is evident that the recent tension need not be regarded as certain to recur, and that Austria has a great chance before her.

From Dalmatia and Croatia Austria draws the best material for her navy and mercantile marine, the two main factors in her Adriatic supremacy and in her persistent struggle with Italian ambitions. Moreover, if a conflict for that supremacy takes place, the issue will rest largely with the Slav provinces, since they command Hungary's access to the sea and are of the greatest strategic importance. It is therefore obvious that Austria has everything to gain by a wise encouragement of Croato-Serbism. Pan-Serb idealists would no doubt be bitterly disappointed by the success of Trialism; but, since the hopes of these Chauvinists are but visionary, and since in their heart of hearts they must recognise that the Croats have never evinced any striking desire to exchange the rule of the Hapsburgs for that of the Karageorgevitch, it would be far better for them to abandon these Imperialistic dreams and accept Austria as a friend. For Servia such a friendship is highly desirable, for not even the most rabid Pan-Serb can regard the prospects of the Balkan Alliance with equanimity. At the present moment, naturally enough, it is of the utmost importance for the allied states to present an unbroken front to the rest of Europe. With the conclusion of peace the racial ambitions of each nation will be unleashed; and, apart from the collision of interests in Macedonia, all eyes will be turned towards Constantinople and the possession of the coveted Dardanelles. What attitude will the Balkan League adopt in the struggle for this supreme prize? Are we to suppose that the League will admit Turkey to alliance, and steadfastly hold out against Russia's ambitions in that direction; or will the supple and adroit diplomacy of St Petersburg foster discord among the confederates and so

pave the way to the goal at which each Muscovite Tsar in succession has aimed?

With the practical disappearance of the Turk from Europe has arisen a series of Near-Eastern questions which are at least as important as the old problem of Macedonia. The difficulty of reconciling the territorial ambitions of Servia and Bulgaria, not to mention those of Greece and, in a less important degree, of Montenegro, the limits of an autonomous Albania, the future of the Aegean Islands—all these are new questions which have surged up within the last two months. But above all looms that of the future of Constantinople—a question which vitally affects European policy as a whole.

Whatever be the issue of the present negotiations, it can hardly be doubted that the Turk will be left in possession of Constantinople and of sufficient territory to ensure his control of the Straits. His hold will, it is true, be but artificial, since it will depend on the general determination of the Great Powers that Russia shall not control the Dardanelles. But, if artificial, it need not be insecure, for that determination is based upon the common interest of Europe. The only alternative to the Turk is the Bulgar. No doubt a Bulgarian Tsar on the Bosphorus would be more acceptable to Europe than a Russian; while the acquisition of such a prize would more than balance concessions to Servia which would satisfy her ambitions and eliminate a dangerous rivalry. But, in the first place, the Turk is there; and, in the second, for fairly obvious reasons, the Bulgar does not want Constantinople. Such a possession would be splendid, but it would be too corrupting, too responsible, and above all too much exposed.

There is yet another solution, that the Turk should migrate across the Straits, and that the capital should become a free city, under the guarantee of the Powers. But here national jealousy steps in. Neither Serb nor Bulgar would like to see Constantinople in the hands of the Greek; for that, owing to the strength of the Greek element in the population, would soon be its fate. Salonika may indeed be neutralised, and a bone of contention may thus be removed; but not Constantinople. There, for the present at least, the Turk must stay; and

Europe will have to see that Russia does not turn him out. It has been suggested that the Balkan States should admit the Turk into their League; but, apart from the fact that the continuance of the League is highly precarious, it is inconceivable that they should undertake the charge of defending his Asiatic Empire. On the other hand, a more limited alliance with the League, or better still with Bulgaria alone, for the defence of Constantinople and nothing more, is not out of the question.

The possibility of the formation of a Near-Eastern Confederation creates a new factor to be reckoned with in European politics. The Balkan League has been widely regarded as a new agent on the side of the Triple Entente, chiefly owing to the undisguised language of German military experts, who have harped on the need of maintaining and strengthening the predominance of Turkish military power in the Near East, especially with a view to a possible Anglo-German conflict, and the consequent desirability of framing German policy in accordance with Turkish interests. The results of the two wars in which Turkey has recently been engaged have undoubtedly dealt a serious blow at German expectations in this direction. Whether this will have a pacific effect, or the reverse, remains to be seen.

The position is complicated at present by the vacillating policy of Bukarest. During the past decade Roumania has turned persistently to Vienna for instructions; and there was a period when it was understood that she had given Turkey a definite promise to oppose actively any attack on the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. No renewal was made of that compact; but, for all that, Roumania held herself aloof from the Balkan Alliance. She has now realised the folly of that policy of separation; and, since she can scarcely hope to obtain any appreciable territorial concession from Bulgaria in return for her non-interference, her only hope of any ultimate expansion is in the direction of the region of Transylvania wherein a certain number of Roumanians are settled. Such a policy would of course entail a direct breach with Vienna, and would be only likely to succeed in the event of Austria giving a blunt refusal to the adherents of the Trialist idea; but it is

clear that the adhesion of Roumania to a Near-Eastern Confederation would, while strengthening the bulwark against Russian aggression, also largely increase the difficulties of Austria-Hungary.

The immediate prospects of European peace can scarcely be regarded as golden. The overthrow of Turkey, it is true, deprives the German Powers of a valuable ally; but the Balkan League, even if it may be reckoned as naturally leaning to the Triple Entente, and even if it succeeds in coming to terms with the Porte, is of an unstable character, and will, for some time to come, be occupied in reconciling the divergent interests of its members. Unless, then, the conflict between the Germanic and Slavonic nations, which is becoming more and more a general menace, breaks out within the next few months, and only then if the fortunes of war turn decidedly against the Slav, the Balkan Powers are not likely to intervene. At most they can be regarded as neutralising the Turk. Italy, moreover, having obtained all she could hope for from Turkey, is hardly likely to join heartily in a European conflict on the very remote chance of picking Tunis out of the fire. In view of her obvious interests, her recent pronounced flirtations with Russia, and the many causes of friction with Austria-Hungary, it would be a mistake to regard too seriously the premature renewal of the Triple Alliance a few weeks ago, a measure obviously designed for immediate use in regard to the Austro-Servian imbroglio. In spite of all this, there are, no doubt, certain considerations which might lead the Cabinets of Berlin and Vienna to decide on war. There is, in the first place, the fact that Russian military organisation is still far from having recovered from the shock of the Japanese war, and that the season of mid-winter offers serious obstacles to Russian mobilisation. There is, further, the fear—to which bellicose German writers are constantly giving expression—that in a few years, especially if Vienna adopts an irreconcilable attitude towards the Croats, Slavism and the Slav element in Europe will be too strong to be subdued, and that therefore, if the conflict is, sooner or later, inevitable, it had better come at once. Moreover, neither Germany nor Austria is likely to overlook the present exhaustion of Serbia and Bulgaria, and may prefer to strike now

rather than wait until those States have had time to recuperate.

The position of England at the present moment is one of extreme delicacy. An influential section of the British public is avowedly antagonistic to Russia, and always ready to assert, not without reason, that the interests of Great Britain and Russia in the Middle East, if not elsewhere, are in reality irreconcilable. Simultaneously there appears a growing tendency to dislike the obligations which may be forced upon us owing to our position in what is known as the Triple Entente. It is also possible to trace a marked improvement in the relations between Great Britain and Germany—an improvement which has been cordially welcomed on all sides. Everything, so far, points to an understanding between London and Berlin regarding the difficulties caused by the Balkan crisis; and the pacific tendency of British policy during this crisis should convince the most Anglophobe of German publicists, even General von Bernhardi, that their suspicions of British intentions are groundless. On the other hand, it is not to be forgotten that Germany has announced in the most explicit fashion her intention to support her allies; and, though the 'Concert of Europe' has apparently been revived, and an agreement upon one, and that perhaps the most knotty, point has been reached, we are still by no means out of the wood. If at this crisis we occupied our old position of 'splendid isolation,' the balance of power, and with it the peace of Europe, might be more easily maintained. In some measure it may almost be said that Britain, at least temporarily, has re-occupied that position. That her hands, so far as possible, should be free is much to be desired. We look for no radical alteration in the map of Europe, no fundamental dislocation of its component parts. A crushing defeat of Germany and Austria on the one hand or of France and Russia on the other would be equally opposed to our interests and, we may add, to those of the world at large. Either result would necessarily entail the complete domination of Europe by the victors, and would constitute an appalling menace to the British Empire. The interests of that Empire are based on peace; and by the prosecution of a definite and independent policy the Government may be able to

exercise a weighty and beneficent influence in that direction on the councils of Europe.

The next few weeks will indeed be full of anxiety; and, although the Balkan Allies are to be congratulated on the determination which they have shown and on the results they have achieved through their ungrudging sacrifices on behalf of their Christian co-nationalists in European Turkey, they will have accomplished an even greater feat if they can manage to moderate some of their respective demands and lay the foundations of a lasting peace. Unfortunately past experience has given them little reason to show much gratitude to Europe, whose unceasing jealousies have delayed the Macedonian reforms promised more than thirty years ago. So far as the Macedonian question is concerned, it is true, they have cleaned the slate; but, in the place of that which has been wiped away, new and ominous signs are visible on its surface.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

IN regard to certain remarks made on p. 301 of the previous number of the 'Quarterly Review,' in an article on the Panama Canal, touching the often alleged intervention of the United States Government in the affairs of Panama, it is only fair to say that such intervention has been distinctly repudiated by no less an authority than Mr John Hay, who, writing as Secretary of State to General Reyes, January 5, 1904, speaks as follows:

'Any charge that this Government, or any responsible member of it, held intercourse, whether official or unofficial, with agents of revolution in Colombia, is utterly without justification. Equally so is the insinuation that any action of this Government prior to the revolution in Panama was the result of complicity with the plans of the revolutionists. The Department sees fit to make these denials, and it makes them finally.' (Moore, Digest, iii, 91.)

The words 'but little foreign competition,' in the first line of p. 305 (same number), should read 'no foreign competition.'

* History persists in disbelieving his denial, and is more positive the U.S. fomented the revolt and financed it. The outcome suits the objections of the U.S. as well that no other explanation fits as well. Of course Hay would deny it; what else could he do!

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